TRUE WEST

NON-FICTION

April, 1968 35¢

LINE CAMP OUTLAW

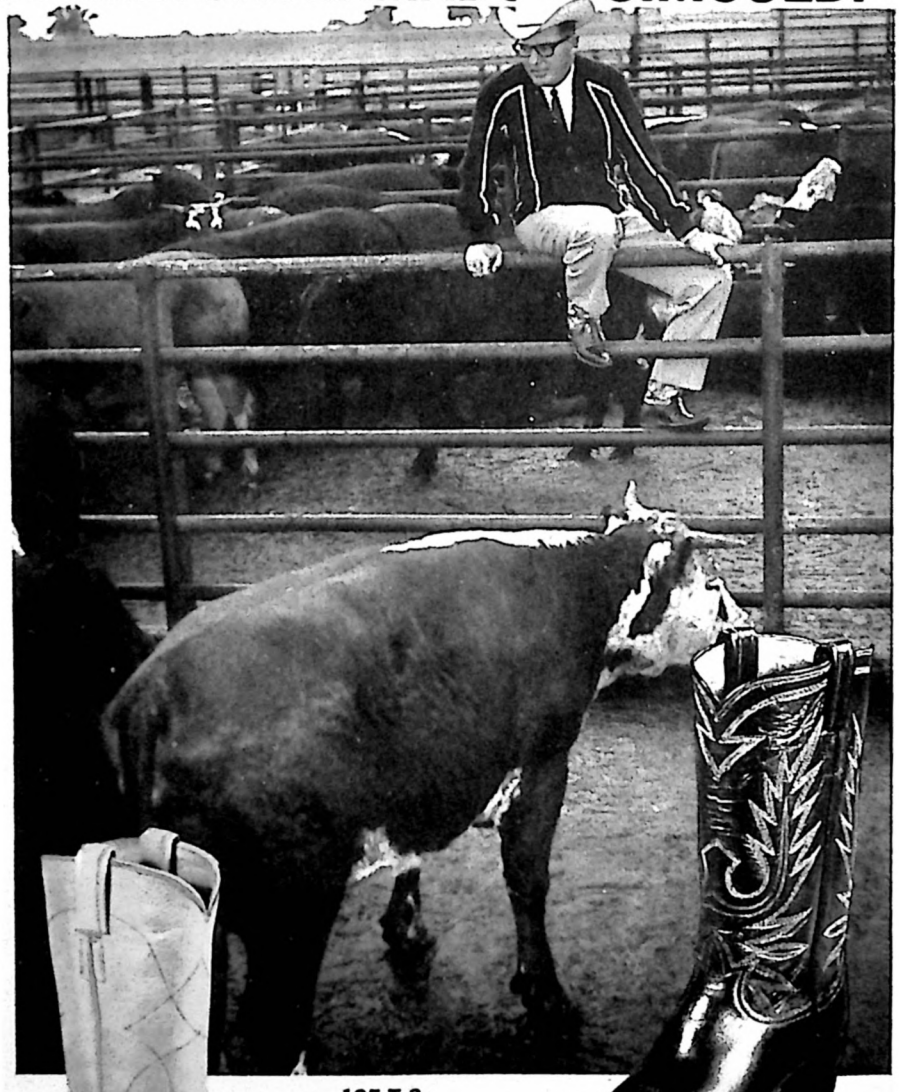
BY WALT COBURN

MY MOTHER

BY J. FRANK DOBIE

LURE OF THE GOLD CAMPS

"NOWIMGONNAGETTONYLAMABETTERGIVEMETONY LAMAGONNAGIVEONETWOTHREEFOURREASONS GONNAGETLAMANOWLAMAHASTOPLEATHERSONE LAMAHASHANDCRAFTEDFITTWOLAMAHASGREAT STYLINGTHREEANDLAMAISTHEWORLDSBESTMADE BOOTFOURBETTERGIVEMETONYLAMABOOTSIMSOLD!"



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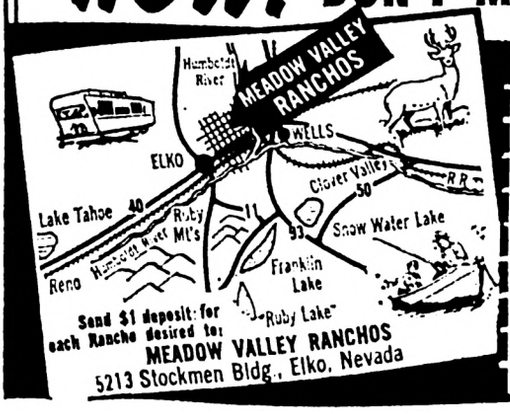

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True West

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Truly Western

Sam Brown

Dear Sir:

To update the story of "Black Gold of the Borego," which appeared in your magazine last year and brought me quite a bit of mail from all over the West, you and your readers might be interested to learn of the death of Sam Brown, the surviving member of the storied prospector team. Sam died at his home in Denver last May after a lengthy illness. He very much enjoyed the great bulk of mail he received about the Borego gold story.

The search for the gold continues. I have had contact with several parties who have followed its trail, found the clues to be true, and hope to bring it to a climax this winter.—Bonnie Speer, 2605 W. Borchard, Santa Ana, California.

The Spicer Murders

Dear Joe:

In your October 1967 TRUE WEST issue you have a story, "Strange Murder of the Spicer Family." My father-in-law, Sgt. Melvin E. Carr at that time, was with the 6th U. S. Cavalry close to Fargo, North Dakota—Fort Yates, I reckon. My father-in-law was in the detail to track and hunt the murderers in this crime. These pictures were taken from the original photos, which my mother-in-law, Mrs. Alta Carr, has.—R. M. Lott, 752 No. Warman Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana 46222.

Dear Sir:

As a native of the area where the Spicer massacre occurred and having heard the story told by neighbors of the victims, I find that there are at least two versions of this story, the one by Carol Marek, and the one by the neighbors.

No doubt it is difficult to learn all the details after three quarters of a century; therefore I doubt that either story is entirely correct.

I was born in the neighborhood where the Spicers lived, in the valley of the Cattail Creek, about six miles from Winona and some ten miles from Fort Yates, which is on the west side of the Missouri River in the Standing Rock Indian Reservation. The last time I visited there was in 1909.

At the time of my birth, this was Dakota Territory; statehood was granted several years later. Homestead lands were available and a small number of settlers had moved here where they were fairly close to the Fort, as there was always the possibility of renegades leaving the Reservation, bent on making trouble.

This is the story as it was told to me by several neighbors of the Spicer family. It was no mystery why the renegades went to the Spicer place. They were directed there by a stage driver who made weekly trips from Eureka, South Dakota, to Winona, with the mail; he had been bringing liquor to the Indians for some time.

On this trip he was bringing some, but on arrival at Winona he learned that there were Federal men in the village making inquiries about the source of liquor being supplied to the Indians, and trying to stay clear, he told the Sioux that he didn't have any whiskey for them. Also, as he was about as afraid of the Sioux as he was of the Federals, he told the Indians that someone had said that Spicer had some whiskey in his cellar.

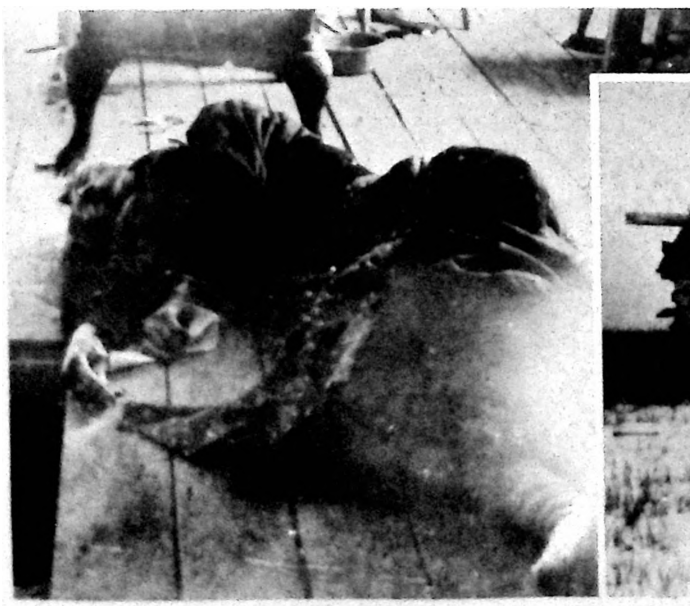
Rev. Spicer being a Methodist missionary, this would be as unlikely a place as one could imagine to find liquor but the renegades rode out there. They found Rev. Spicer working in the barn, tending to his team and they beat him to death. Meanwhile one of them ran to the house and told Mrs. Spicer that her husband was being attacked. She ran to the barn and was killed by a blow to the head as she stepped through the barn door. They then went to the house where they killed everyone there. Two girls were out berry picking and thus escaped. They found what had happened to their folks when they returned home.

Soldiers rode out into the settlement and warned the citizens, and advised them to be on the alert until the renegades were captured.

The two daughters who escaped were living in Southern California the last information I had about them.

The renegades were captured and it soon became apparent that strong forces were at work trying to get the Indians released. There were five in the group and the ringleader was taken to Bismark for safe keeping.

It was difficult to learn much about what transpired the night of the lynch-



Left, Mrs. Spicer's mother, Mrs. Waldron, was beaten to death by the Indians. Below, the Spicer homestead near Fargo, North Dakota.

Photos Courtesy R. M. Lott

ing, but I doubt that there were more than twelve to fifteen men in the group. There just weren't as many men available as told in your story.

I recall receiving a letter from a boy friend living there in the late nineties, telling about how all the cowboys took a long ride one night and hung all the renegades that were in the county jail, and later one of my cousins told me more about what happened. She was living there at the time.

I enjoy reading your magazines, as I like to read about the early days of the West. I've lived in Colorado, Arizona. New Mexico, California, and Texas. I settled in Oldham County, Texas and lived there for many years. Tascosa was the county seat, and I have served on the jury there more than once.—Buren Spande, P. O. Box 51, Goodman, Missouri 64843.

Ollie Stewart

Dear Sir:

I am forwarding a clipping from the Tulsa *World* about Ollie Stewart—to me no man ever lived a fuller life. He died October 6, 1967. You ran his story in the June, 1965 TRUE WEST.

Pioneer's Career Ends

Ollie Stewart, who once said he wanted to live to be 105, had surpassed this mark by nearly three and a half years when he died Friday at the age of 108. An independent man, Stewart refused to let his daughter, Mrs. Reba Cordray of 4708 S. 63rd West Ave., have someone take care of him or have him move in with her. He cooked for himself and did light chores, the daughter said.

Stewart came to Oklahoma when he was seventeen and settled north of what is now Sallisaw. He had told his relatives that he and his family "built a house out of posts and put brush on the top to keep out the sun and strain the rain.

"When I came to Oklahoma (in 1870, when the land was still Indian Territory) it was covered with tall wild grass, over my head in a lot of places," he said. "There weren't any towns, only Indian villages."

He used to say that Oklahoma was as different as night and day when he compared the state today and what it was when he came. "I saw some Indians who carried scalps on their belts and I used to go to their stomp dances."

Stewart used to say that in those days he and his father were "right at home" with outlaws of the day. He and his father built up a prosperous business with the Indians by selling whiskey. He remembered that one business associate was an outlaw, and he remarked that ". . . we all were, but we never considered ourselves as such."

He knew the James boys and Cole Younger and said they were "right nice fellers" if you didn't treat them bad or crowd them.

He lost his first wife and three children in a fire that burned his farm near Sallisaw in 1918. His daughter Reba (Mrs. Cordray) and another daughter escaped. A second fire in 1960 wiped out his home and personal possessions. His second wife died in 1963.

Survivors in addition to his daughter include a son, Willie Stewart; three stepsons, George Jones, and Lee and Jesse Jones; seven grandchildren and thirty great-grandchildren.—W. P. Wooten, Box 665, Bowring, Oklahoma 74009.

Two Westerners Are No More

Dear Pat:

A famous historian just died—Dr. L. F. Sheffy of West Texas University's History Department. He has written numerous articles and books on the West in the era you concentrate on and was probably one of the most qualified historians of the early West. He was eighty-five when he died but was active at the University until recently.

Floyd Studer, amateur archaeologist, also died recently. Because of him we have the Alibates Mines National monument at the Canadian River site. In his youth he discovered the Indian pueblo villages (by accident) and has uncovered everything from dinosaurs' legs to prehistoric elephant trunks and Indian burials in this part of the country. He used to visit with the Indians out here to learn sites in which to dig. He was truly remarkable—ran a thriving business on weekdays and hit for the prairies on weekends. He was also about eighty. Many of your readers will remember these men.—Jean Ehly, 5211 Alvarado, Amarillo, Texas 79106.

Treasure Cruise

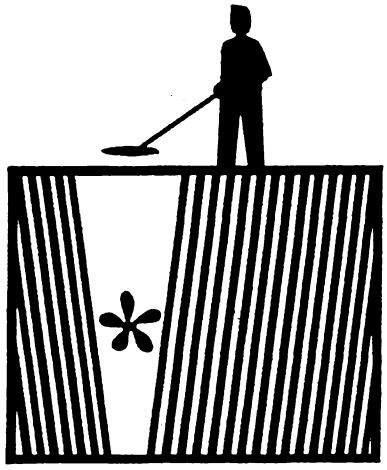
Dear Joe:

I know a lot of your readers are interested in treasure. On January 7, 1968, expert diver "Brad" Bradburn and I will climb aboard an airliner at Love Field, Dallas, Texas. We will load aboard about half a ton of carefully selected equipment consisting of diving gear, metal detectors for land, underwater detectors, plus all my still cameras, 16-mm cameras and one underwater 16-mm movie camera. We will also carry a magnetometer (still experimental but doing an excellent job).

First stop will be Miami, Florida, where we make final arrangements with Captain Mike Burke. Then on the 9th, we'll airline again to San Juan, Puerto Rico. Here we will board a sailing vessel, and the search is on. We intend to operate the magnetometer at all times when underway—around the clock if necessary. Brad and I will don diving gear and go over the side to inspect whatever gives us a signal. True, we are bound to find the rusted hulks of several modern-day wrecks and these we will just pass by in search of the ancient galleons of the treasure fleets. In the event we find the remains of actual treasure ships we do not intend to attempt any prolonged search at this time. But we will carefully determine our exact location so we'll be all ready to go to work when we go back. We actually have over a dozen areas and underwater locations to search. Most of these are from ancient Spanish records.

I should be back sometime in February and have all the information we need.

(Continued on page 55)



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LINE

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

SOMETIME during the early part of January, the cowpuncher wintering at our Rock Creek line camp on the Missouri river near Rocky Point Crossing, sent word by one of Gregory Doney's sons that he was suffering from a toothache that had been giving him hell for a week, and for the Circle C to send a man down to take his place while he went to Landusky to have the wisdom tooth pulled. The note was penciled on a sheet of brown wrapping paper.

"All that jasper wants," Jake Myers, the Circle C foreman said, "is to go on a big drunk in town. Wisdom tooth, hell! He ain't got a brain in his bonehead skull." Jake was fit to be tied as he cursed around about the outfit being short-handed.

"Saddle up first thing tomorrow morning, Walt," Jake told me. "Pack your bed on your extra horse. You've been hankerin' to winter in a line camp where you can be your own boss. By the time the Chinook winds cut the drifts this spring you'll mebby have a bellyful of shovelin' hay to a hundred or so head of pore cows and choppin' the ice for water holes. You need any help in a tight, call on Gregory Doney or Tex Alvord. Hang and rattle till the snow melts and the green grass comes, on account of directly that cowpuncher shows up at the ranch I'm tyin' the can to his bushy tail."

That was the best news I'd had since the summer my name went on the books as a forty-a-month cowhand at the age of twelve about seven years before. A line camp job and my own boss, I felt like giving three cheers and dancing a jig, but I kept my mouth shut and acted wise as a hoot owl.

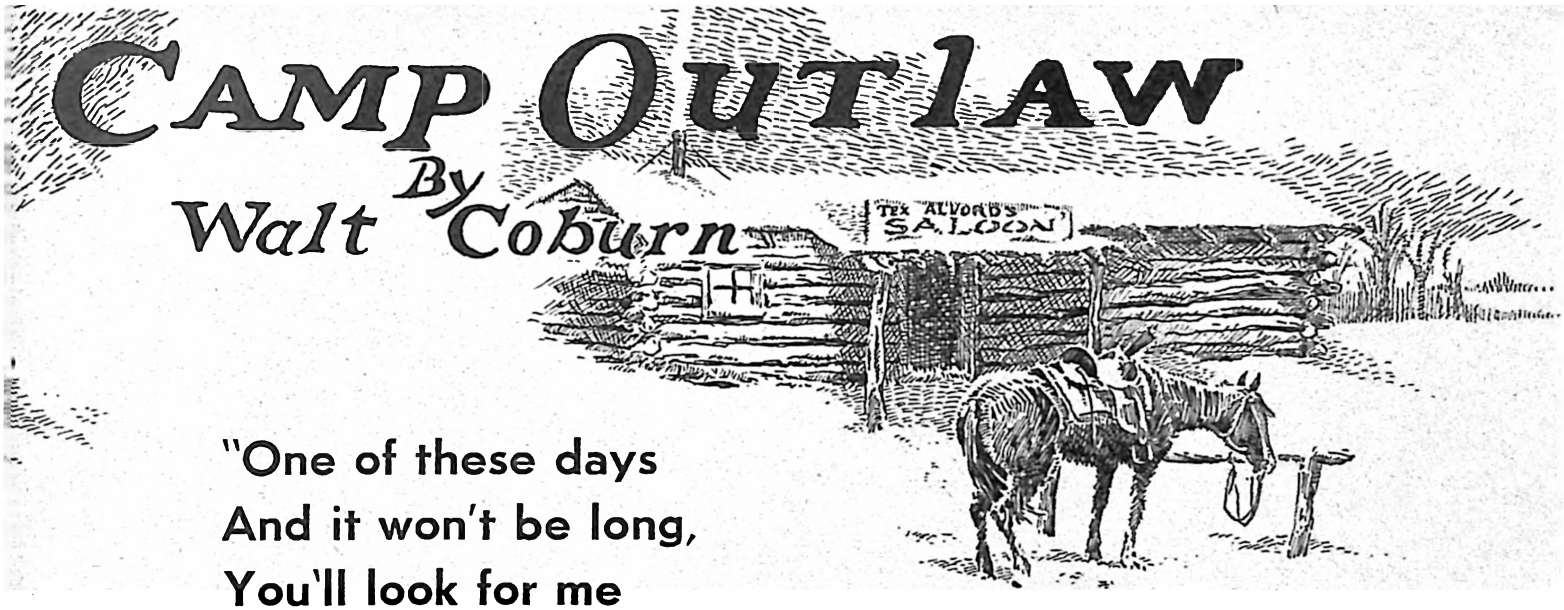
That evening I filled my warsack with what I needed. A couple extra pair of fleece-lined wool underwear, a pair of blanket-lined canvas pants, two heavy blue flannel shirts and half a dozen pairs of wool sox. A caddy of Bull Durham and cigarette papers, and a caddy of Climax chewing tobacco.

Sunrise next morning I was on my way on the snow-covered old freight road to Rocky Point, riding a big blue-roan gelding called Big Blue, my bed packed on the chunky quarter horse Standby. I was bundled up in a muskrat cap, a sheepskin-lined canvas coat and new black angora chaps, wearing high four-buckle overshoes over my boots. A Colt .45 six-shooter was in my chaps pocket and a new issue U. S. Cavalry box-magazine Winchester .30-40 carbine in its saddle scabbard buckled on the right hand side of my full-stamped, round-skirted Garcia saddle. The saddle pockets were covered with long black angora wool to match the chaps. The saddle and chaps had set me back a month and a half's wages. I owned both my saddle horses.

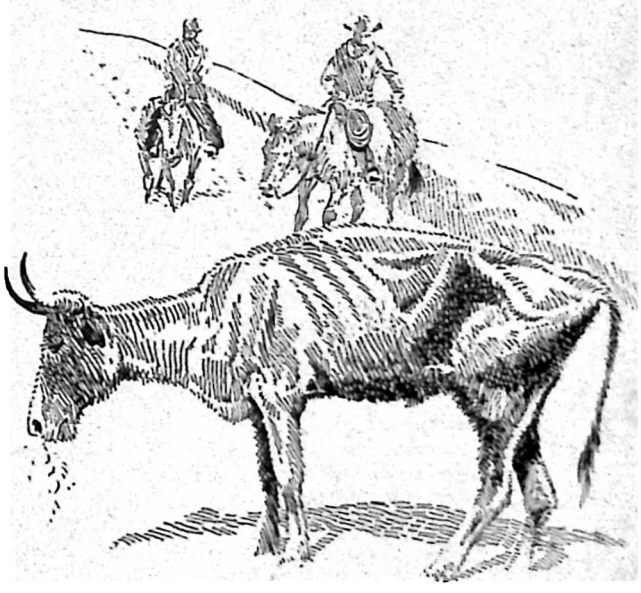
On that cold frosty morning there was nary a cloud in the blue Montana sky. I was free, white and going on twenty-one, without a care in the wide world. I kept admiring the long shadows me'n Big Blue and Standby cast on the snow. From now until the ice melted in the wide old Missouri I was my own boss. I was give-a-damn-Jones as I rode across the snow covered prairie along the old freight road that roundup wagons used. The road followed the high ridges at the edge of the badlands. On either side the country slanted down into the cut coulees and long draws and canyons. Snowdrifts had piled almost to the tops of the scrub pines. The open prairie was antelope country, and the blacktail deer ranged in the broken badlands. The more timid whitetail deer stayed along the flat river bottomland. Prairie wolves and coyote packs roamed the whole country. Mountain lions and

Camp Outlaw

By Walt Coburn



**"One of these days
And it won't be long,
You'll look for me
And I'll be gone!"**



grizzlies, black and cinnamon bears prowled the badlands of a summer and hibernated there during the long winter.

BEFORE the coming of the white man to Montana this vast stretch of land between the Missouri River and the Cypress Hills in Canada to the north, east to the Larb Hills (so named for the larb berry bushes) and west to the Little Rockies (called the Island Mountains by the Indians) was all Indian country—the disputed hunting grounds fought over in countless battles between the Assiniboine Sioux and the Gros Ventres tribe of the Blackfoot Nation.

Then came the Indian wars and by some ironic mismanagement, or accidently on purpose, the Assiniboines and Gros Ventres, bitter enemies, were forced to live together within the confines of the Fort Belknap Reservation that took in part of the Little Rockies.

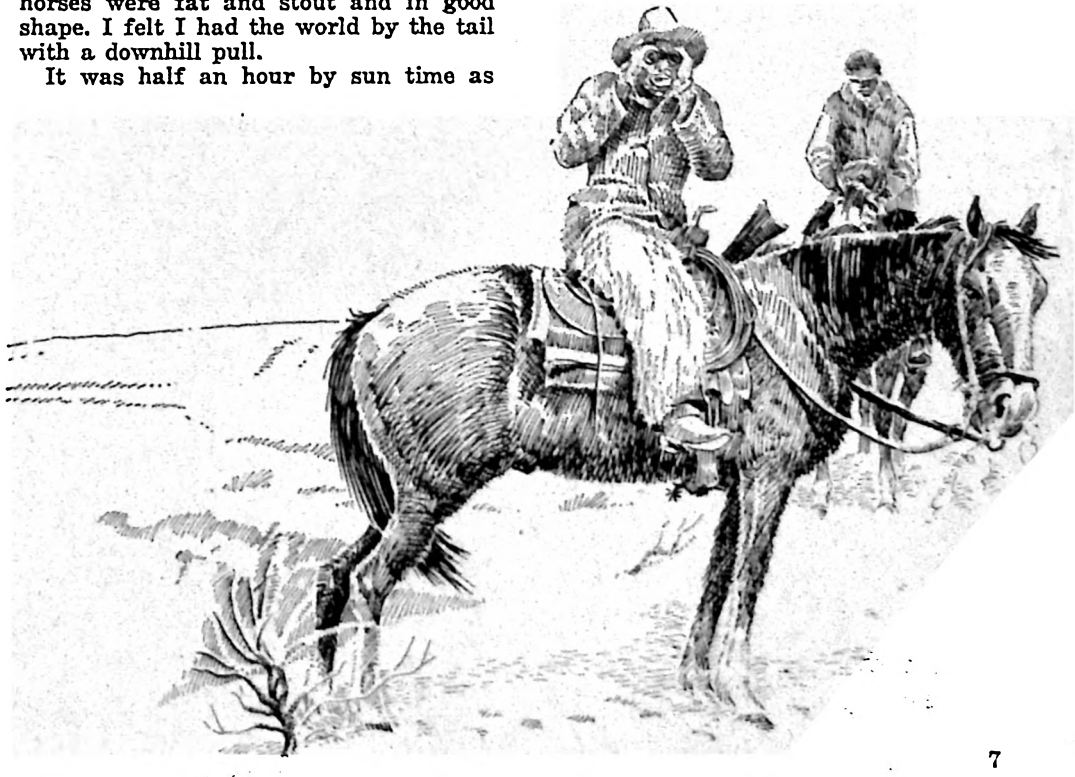
The badlands country between the Little Rockies and the Missouri River was outlaw country. Kid Curry's hideaway was located near Thornhill Butte in the badlands south of the Little Rockies. Jim Thornhill and Kid Curry had been pardners in a cow outfit in the shadow of Thornhill Butte until Kid Curry killed Pike Landusky and quit the country to travel the Outlaw Trail.

It was one of those cloudless winter days when the human eye could see a great distance. The pale sapphire of the sky was reflected on the ragged snow-covered peaks of the Little Rockies to the west. The broken country of the Larb Hills lay to the east beyond Sun Prairie, and the rolling prairies lay north across Milk River to the Canadian border and south to the Missouri. It was the vast free range still claimed by the pioneer cattlemen, with the badlands and the Little Rockies within my kid memory a sort of lawless country.

There was an iridescent rainbow-hued sundog circle around the white sun ball that shed no warmth, and the sun glare on the snow was hard on the eyes. I'd seen a few cowpunchers rub black soot on their cheek bones to lessen the glare, but you seldom saw a cowhand wearing dark glasses.

Well, the fear of going snowblind was the least of my worries. I was just about the happiest feller alive. Or, as Jake Myers put it that morning when he said so-long, as happy as if I had good sense. My horse was shod with Never-Slip calked winter shoes. Big Blue traveled on a loose rein. Standby's horse-hair hackamore rope was slacked. Both horses were fat and stout and in good shape. I felt I had the world by the tail with a downhill pull.

It was half an hour by sun time as



Courtesy Bill Armington

Tex Alvord in front of his log cabin saloon and ranch at the Rocky Point Crossing on the Missouri.

I rode down the slant of the hogback ridge to the line camp at the mouth of Rock Creek. A mile or so below was the log cabin, the log horse barn, the long thatched-roof cattle shed, the feed yard where the hay was scattered twice each day. It extended from the open shed to the river bank where the long narrow water trough was chopped in the thick ice. The wind-swept ice of the wide Missouri was the color of a blued-steel gun barrel. The snow covered the underbrush of wild berry and rose bushes and you could see the bare limbs of the giant old cottonwood trees and tall willows.

A spiral of smoke from the cabin rose in the still chill air like an Injun smoke signal, and cattle were feeding at the scattered hay. Only the tops of the fence posts showed in the barbwire-fenced hay meadow, and the pole gate at the road entrance. Snow blanketed the sod-roofed cabin and barn and cattle shed. This was the Rock Creek line camp that was to be my home for a few months.

"BY GAR! Long time no see!" Big Gregory Doney's booming shout of welcome sent flat echoes back into the broken badlands. He stood in the open door of the barn, his large white teeth bared in a wide grin. Since I could remember, Big Gregory and I had been close friends. Gregory Doney belonged to a large tribe of Metis who lived along the Missouri River.

Gregory helped me unload my tarp-covered roundup bed at the cabin and he lugged it inside. He said for me to water my horse at the river and that there was hay in the mangers and bedding in the stalls. He told me that Floyd Harper had pulled out yesterday.

The last rim of sun was going down behind the ragged badlands when I opened the cabin door. I hadn't eaten since six o'clock breakfast and had a few wrinkles in my belly. It was a homemade pine plank door that fastened with a heavy hardwood latch made from a wagon spoke that dropped into a horseshoe. One-half of the horseshoe was countersunk into the log wall and spiked in solid. The whang leather latchstring threaded through the gimlet hole in the door hung on the outside. If a man inside wanted nobody coming in, all he had to do was yank the latch string inside. The story was that Kid Curry had rigged up the wagon spoke latch when he and his brothers and their pardner Jim Thornhill first came to the Little Rockies about '86-'87 when they all worked for the N Bar and DHS and the Circle C outfits, before the Curry boys built up a tough rep.

When I shoved open the door the mingled odors of simmering coffee and venison steaks frying in the skillet were far sweeter to my hungry nostrils than any fancy French perfume ever sold for five bucks an ounce. Raw fried spuds were in another skillet and a pan of baking powder biscuits in the oven.

Big Gregory Doney in plain buckskin shirt and blanket-lined canvas pants and high moccasins, with a grin on his frost-bitten swarthy face, shore made it old home week, his eyes sparkling as he eyed the new model Cavalry Winchester carbine I hung up on the antler gun rack.

I unbuckled my overshoes and kicked them off and shed chaps, coat and cap. I spread my tarp covered bed out on one of the two bunks and shoved my six-shooter under the warsack pillow. I wanted to pitch in to help get supper but Gregory grinned and shook his head.

He handed me a brief penciled note the fellow with the "toothache" had left on the table, weighted down with a bottle of vinegar. The note bore no signature and was without salutation. I read it aloud. It said, "Some camp robber done cleaned out most of the winter grub supply in the dugout. You better get Gregory Doney to fetch some grub from the Rocky Point store."

"She's dat cowhand dat rob de camp," Gregory said. "She's sell de grub to dat white nester take up de squatter rights across de revair below de narrows. She's got two beeg girls with yaller hair. Hime think she's stuck hon dem girls, me."

Big Gregory squinted one eye shut and tilted his head. "Dat one," he spoke in a lowered tone, "shoot de slow elk. Cut hout de stray brands. Cut de ears have de earmarks. Shove de cow hides

hin de airhole hin de ice. Peddle de meat. She's bad medicine." The big halfbreed Metis shook his head slowly from side to side.

"T'ree-four days ago," Gregory said, "Hol' Tex Alvord tell you man dat stock hinspector George Hall has de John Doe bench warrant for some feller bin butcherin' stray beef steers. Nex' day dat one show hup at my place. Say she's got de bad toothache. She give de letter to Jake Myers to me to send to de Circle C ranch. Say she's pull hout right now for Landusky. Me, hime come here. Feed de cows, keep de water hole hopen. Me, hime think dat feller long tam gone. Hol Tex throw bad scare."

"Is George Hall at Rocky Point at Tex Alvord's Saloon?" I asked.

"Hell no!" Big Gregory grinned. "Dat stock inspector ain't show hup all winter. Hol Tex tell de lie to throw big big scare into dat cowhand." Gregory let out one of his big belly laughs.

After supper while the two of us smoked he brought me up to date. It seemed that our line camper had been butchering stray beef from time to time all during the winter and selling the meat. Gregory Doney and the other 'breeds living along the Missouri knew about it and were scared that if the stock inspector happened to find out what was going on and rode down to Rocky Point to investigate, the cowhand would shift the burden of guilt to the river 'breeds and even to Tex Alvord. So Doney and Tex had a medicine talk and old Tex sprung the beartrap to scare the jasper plumb out of the country. And Gregory had added a warning that if he caught him fooling around with any of his daughters he'd wake up in hell, shot where his galluses cross, not knowing how he got there.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society

Montana cowpunchers in the days of the Circle C.

THAT NIGHT I made out a grub list and wrote out an order on the Circle C to the storekeeper at Rocky Point. Gregory would deliver it next day on his way to his ranch a few miles down the Missouri, where he'd hook up his team to a bobsled and fetch back my grub supply.

Once I got onto the ropes of feeding and watering the cattle it was pickings. Using the six-eight foot long hay-knife I'd saw through the tightly packed haystacks and fork the hay into the hayrack. The gentle work team would travel at a walk, their slack reins wrapped around the front end of the rack. They knew their way around and all I had to do was fork off the hay in scattered bunches. Mornings I'd chop open the night ice on the long narrow trough sawed in the thick river ice, and spread sand on the ice all around the trough to prevent the cattle from slipping.

Because the days were short and the nights long I'd be up before daylight. Breakfast over I'd do the barn chores, forking dirty bedding out of the stalls and filling the mangers with hay, watering the work team and my two saddle horses. I scattered hay twice a day and had the hayrack filled for next morning. There was no time for noon dinner because every minute counted during the short day, and I'd cook supper long after dark.

I had no alarm clock. No calendar. No thermometer to tell how cold it was outside. I- woke up automatically and went by sun time, keeping track of each day by whittling another notch on a long dry willow stick, and pay no never minds to the temperature. Cold, very cold, cold as a well digger's feet, it made no difference. Come a two-three foot snow I'd hook the work team to a triangle plank snowplow to clear the feed lot as far as the river before scattering the hay.

Days and weeks went past without anybody showing up, but I was kept too busy to get lonesome. By candlelight I read the two mail-order catalogs from cover to cover, as well as the old newspapers that papered the inside walls of the cabin, some upside down and crossways.

Due to my hasty departure from the ranch I'd forgotten to pack my open razor, shaving mug and brush, and in the slightly warped mirror that hung over the wash bench I viewed my daily growth of mangy drab-colored whiskers that in spite of yellow laundry soap and hot water, always had a dingy look. My thick thatch of brown hair, parted off center and brushed back over my ears, gave me a burr-headed wild look, and the ratty whiskers, the weathered frost-blackened cheeks and nose, completed the backwoods touch. For all the world I looked like Jo-Jo the dog-faced boy in Ringling Brothers' sideshow.

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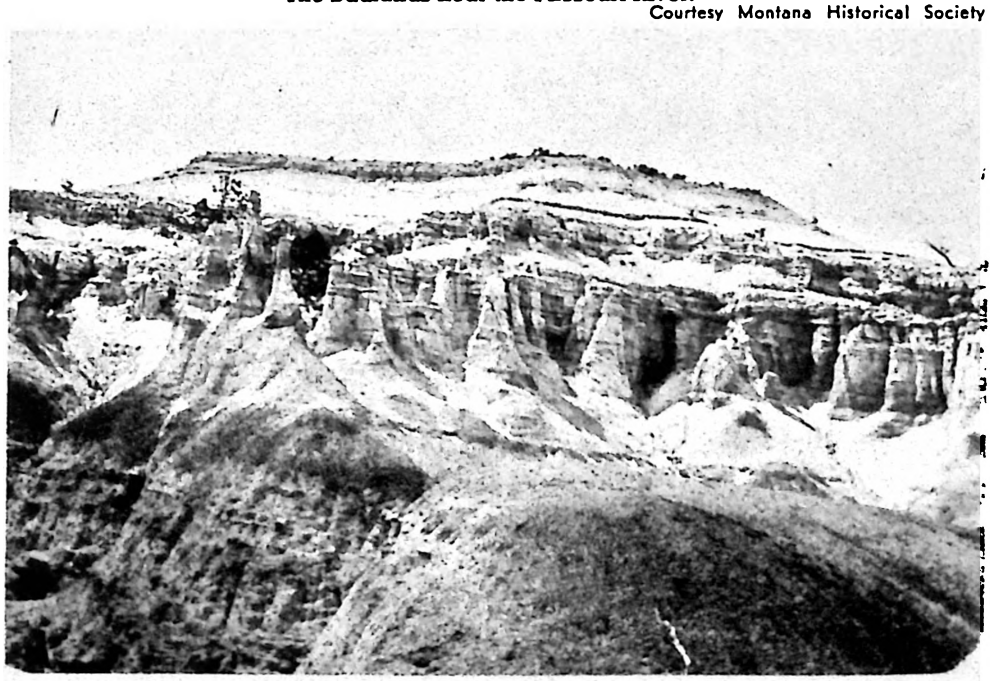
The Badlands near the Missouri River.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society



MY MOTHER was born on her grandmother Byler's plantation in Fayette County, Texas, the year the Civil War broke out. When she died, November 22, 1948, she in her long span of years had seen more changes in the ways of living in this country than had taken place between the discovery of America and her own entrance upon the scene.

Her father, Rufus Byler, who had served in Hood's Texas Brigade, was presumably murdered for a fine horse and a moneybelt after the Civil War ended. He had just left his family on the Byler plantation, where they had lived during the war, and was riding to Rancho Seco on the Nueces to rehabilitate his ranch home before moving them back to it. He was traced only as far as the San Antonio River. Nobody ever knew what the murderers did with his body. Someone started the rumor that he had deserted his wife and three children and left the country for South America, but, according to all accounts, he was very fond of them. His brother, Frank Byler, eventually rode to Nebraska after two men supposed to have killed him, but either did not find them or found them innocent.

The Byler brothers ran cattle on the open range in Nueces County. One was for buying land; the other said that since the grass was free, buying land it grew on would be a waste of money—even if a man had money. After the disappearance of Rufus, his brother Frank took charge of the cattle. Grandma moved back to Rancho Seco, a small settlement of ranch people, with her "younguns." In 1869 she married Friendly Dubose, range man and a very picturesque individual, and with him reared a family of sons. He had a brother named Neighbor.

Perhaps I should say that Rancho Seco became Bluntzer, six miles from Banquete, the post office. Names of neighbors as I remember my mother's giving them sound to me like an old refrain, though I know they cannot have connotations for most people: W-Six Wright (W-6 was his brand), Nick Bluntzer, George Hendrickson, Sam Fusselman (my grandmother's brother), and always the Bennetts. But neighbors were not close.

During the Rancho Seco time, before Grandma married Mr. Dubose, a fair-skinned young man came along who "looked like he might read, write, and recollect." The settlers hired him to teach school, the house of learning being a dirt-floored Mexican *jacal* with a board supported by stumps for a table running down the middle of it, and a backless bench on either side.

"But what's the use of having school?" the Kellet children asked. "We don't have any books."

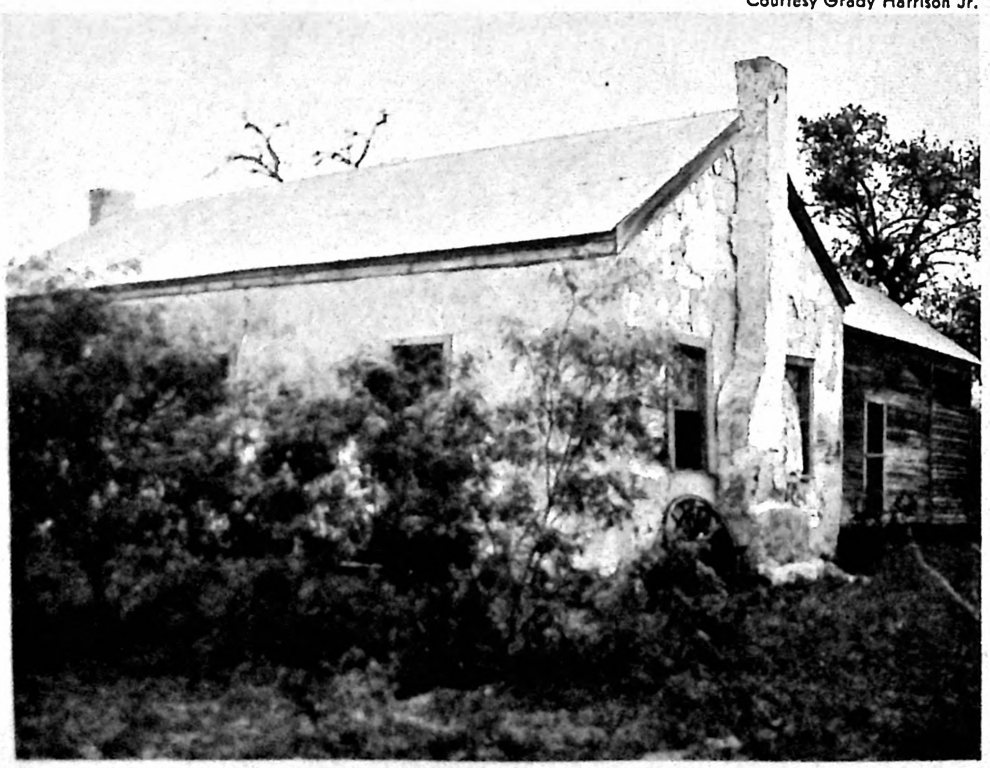
"There's the Bible," their father answered. It was the only book in his home, but there it was.

"Mr. Kellet," my mother used to tell, "was what you'd call a character. People called him 'Honest John.' Time meant little to him. If he saw somebody in a hurry, he would say, 'You must be getting rich, for only people who are, hurry.' He liked to talk and when he was talking would thrash his arms about like a windmill. In those days the road from San Antonio to Corpus Christi ran through Rancho Seco, and Mr. Kellett used to go out to this road and wait there, hours sometimes, until a freighter came by and then hold him up and invite him to turn off and spend the night at his house. He wanted company and wanted to hear what was going on in the world." In that part of the country the freighters seldom camped out alone; there was too much danger.

THE CHILD Ella helped in the rearing of her brother and sister and her half brothers as they came along. Time and again I have heard her tell how she read Scott, Dickens, *Ben Hur* and *Tom Sawyer* aloud to them and three or four other ranch boys. She could command them by threatening not to read. She attended school for a term at a Catholic convent in Victoria, but was not the kind to be confined in convents. Then

To her, life was a big Christmas package—its savor much like that moment when the ribbons part, giving the first glimpse of what's inside. "Maybe I don't always get what I want," she used to say, "but I always want what I get."

The Dobie home in Live Oak County, Texas.
Courtesy Grady Harrison Jr.



From SOME PART OF MYSELF by J. Frank Dobie. Copyright 1967 by Bertha Dobie. With permission of Little, Brown and Company.

she went to a "female college" at Chappel Hill, Texas. She was a good horsewoman, but said she could not hold a light as a rider to her sister Fannie. She was teaching in what was called Lagarto College, an elementary school, part free and part pay, at Lagarto in Live Oak County when, in 1887, she married Richard J. Dobie and took up life on his ranch about six miles away.

While I was still a child, my mother came upon a list of "the best ten books for young people under sixteen years of age," selected by a group of educators.

Courtesy Bertha Dobie
Mrs. Ella Byler Dobie, 1912.

My Mother

By J. FRANK DOBIE

It is still a good list, as the titles show: *Pilgrim's Progress; Robinson Crusoe; Ivanhoe; Tom Brown's School Days; A Child's History of England; Plutarch's Lives; David Copperfield; Black Beauty; John Halifax, Gentleman;* and *Heroes and Hero Worship.* My mother proposed to get these books for her children, and got them. The list is still posted inside the door of her walnut wardrobe.

Uncle Tom's Cabin was not on the list. My mother had been reared to regard it as evil and did not approve of my reading a copy borrowed from a neighboring ranch. She had read the *Youth's Companion* a good part of her life and kept on taking it for her children. Some of the adventure stories in that magazine remain among my most delightful memories. Her mind had more play than my father's. Yet they were well suited to each other.

My mother read to the older children and taught, or tried to teach, us to play the piano. She had scant time for such things—less and less as the family grew. She never milked but she made butter and curd. She raised chickens. At times she had to cook for the Mexican ranch help as well as for the family. Men might come at any hour of day or night. All had to be fed and bedded. All of her children were born on the ranch, and I realize now how much work we made. I have heard her say that for long periods of time she did not get more than four or five hours of sleep out of the twenty-four.

She never idealized ranch people, though she belonged to them from the ground up. Not long after I went to the University of Texas to teach English I was telling her how tired I got of associating with pedants and how much I'd rather associate with ranch people.

"Law me," she said, "some of 'em don't have brains enough to fry an egg in."

She saw no romance about ranching. She had seen too many drouths, too many bad times, too much drudgery and loneliness, too much lack in human relations. She was naturally gregarious and liked people with something to talk about beyond seasoning for potato salad.

When she was alone with her first children, she was always uneasy, sometimes frightened. Less than a mile to the east a family of Mexicans named Persuelo lived on half a section of land. They were reputed to be horse thieves or to harbor horse thieves. Anyhow there was always a lot of coming and going, riding and spurring around the Persuelo ranch—just a cabin under some trees, with access to a dug well a hundred yards away. When Papa was gone, Mama would have the .44 Winchester at the head of her bed. It was a great relief to her when he bought the Persuelo men out.

Papa was away a great deal, riding after cattle, buying yearlings or receiving them. In his prime he was a man of extraordinary energy and a good deal of ambition. Mama said the days were never long enough for him. Many times after he had ridden out to his own pasture it would be past dark before he came home. If he was off on business, it might be far into the night. I remember how Mama would listen for his whistle or for the sound of his horse's feet on the sandy loam.

ALTHOUGH she was extremely proud of her children, she viewed them with a critical objectivity, in some respects at least. She was never prouder of them than during World War I when she had four sons and one daughter in the services. After my father died in 1920, she was capable manager of her own business affairs—not big, but sufficient for her independence. She built a cottage on a high hill in the Methodist Assembly grounds near Kerrville, on the Edwards Plateau of Texas. For many years she went there to spend the summer. During the last five years of her life her younger daughter, Martha, was with her constantly.

No person in need or distress ever asked her for help without getting it. She did not wait to be asked if she knew of need or suffering. After the family

(Continued on page 46)

PROWLING for LOOT on Delaware Creek

When there's a cantankerous farmer and a pack of dogs to contend with, that old "No Trespassing" sign gets to reading like "Rest in Peace."

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

THE INDIAN TERRITORY was still young when "Old Man" Charlie Barnett settled near the Choctaw-Chickasaw Nations line in what later became Coal County. In his time he had been a trapper, prospector and stockman. Surprisingly, for a frontier wanderer, he possessed a good education and was versed on many scientific subjects.

When I knew him he lived on the side of a little creek against the foot of a hill near the village of Kitty. The settlement disappeared in the year of statehood, 1907; its site was just across the dirt road from our east pasture ranch gate.

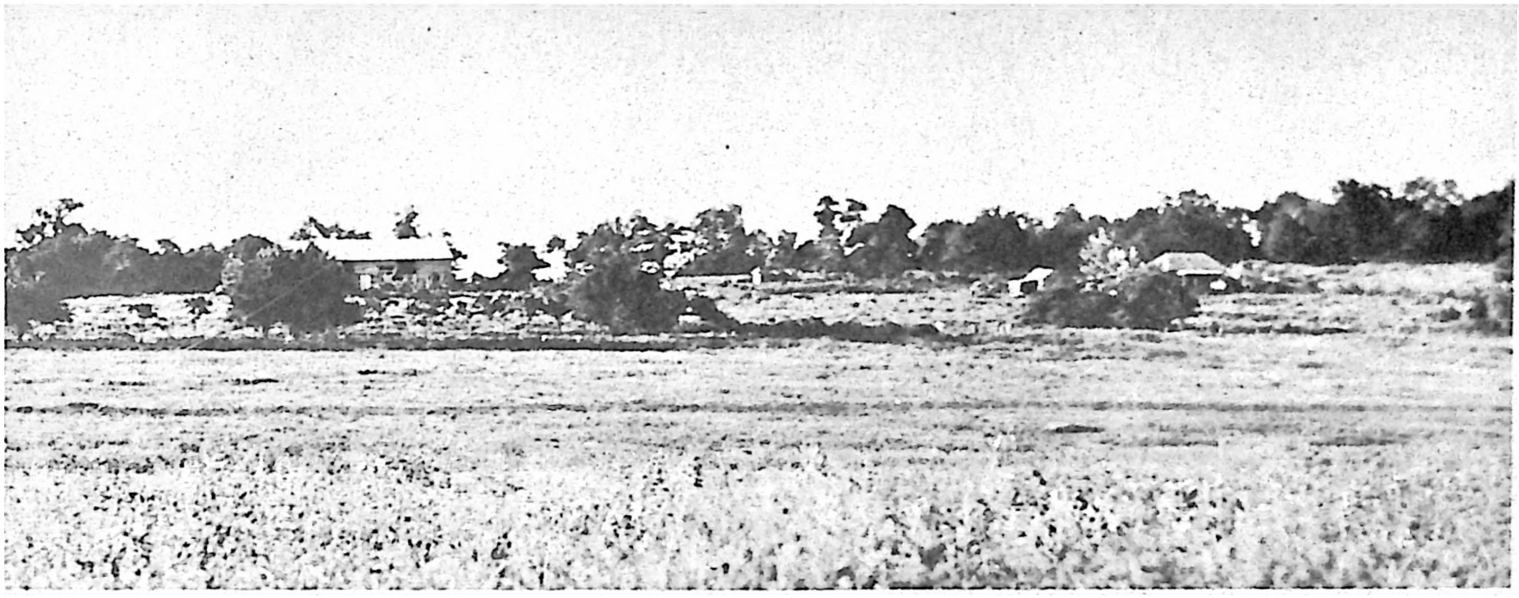
Barnett, then crippled so badly he could walk only a few steps, usually sat in a rocking chair on the front porch. At that time he and his wife lived alone. Stacked against the front wall on the porch was a collection of fossils, including the bones of a mammoth, and heaps of mineral specimens.

He wasn't exactly a talkative man, but when I stopped by to look at his fossilized rocks he sometimes discoursed at length on ancient species. The scientific names fluidly rolling off his tongue were a foreign language to me.

His knowledge of western history, particularly that bearing on Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, was vast because of a retentive memory. On one visit he abruptly switched from the discussion of fossils and minerals to the Bill Cook robber gang. That came as a surprise.

The story Barnett related was that in

Left, the group which hunted for the robber's loot: Standing, Charley Plummer, Elmer Ray and Gorman Green. Sitting, Cecil Richardson and Jimmy Kitchens.



The A One Bar ranch near Clarita, Oklahoma, from which treasure hunting expeditions often were made.

October, 1894, Bill Cook and two other outlaws held up and robbed the Rock Island Pacific passenger train east of Ardmore. From the passengers they took money and jewelry, and from the mail car $62,000.

Cook's crew of cutthroats consisted of Henry Munson, Lon Gordon, Curtis Danson and several others. This band of outlaws gained considerable notoriety within weeks, pulling one successful train robbery after another. Officers in Oklahoma and Texas were after them hot and heavy. None of the original gang was with Cook when he robbed the train at Ardmore.

AFTER COMMITTING the crime Cook and his two confederates started south. On Red River at the state border they found Texas Rangers waiting to extend personal greetings, so they turned back and fled northwest. By that time federal marshals were on their trail. Cook and his two robbers shifted again, toward Coal County. They had trusted friends in Stringtown.

When officers were pressing close on their heels above Tishomingo, the gang crossed Blue River and, by-passing Wapanucka to the west, reached Delaware Creek. In a lay-over there they began dividing the loot, and a bitter argument developed over the spoils. Guns smoked and when the crashes died away in the timber, Cook alone remained alive. The loot, contained in two sacks, was thrown across his saddle.

Taking off in a run, Cook got only a short distance before riders, attracted by the gunfire, were all around him. Pulling into a stand of timber Cook prepared to hold them off. Using only a pocket knife, the outlaw dug a hole in soft ground and buried the sacks.

Mounting up, he set off at a walk. By this time he could hear nothing whatever of riders chousing around. Maybe he would get through after all. At the thin timber edge he halted to reconnoiter. Ahead under the moonlight stretched a bald prairie. It could be dangerous in the open. Selecting a draw a hundred yards away, he started for it so as to get under cover quickly.

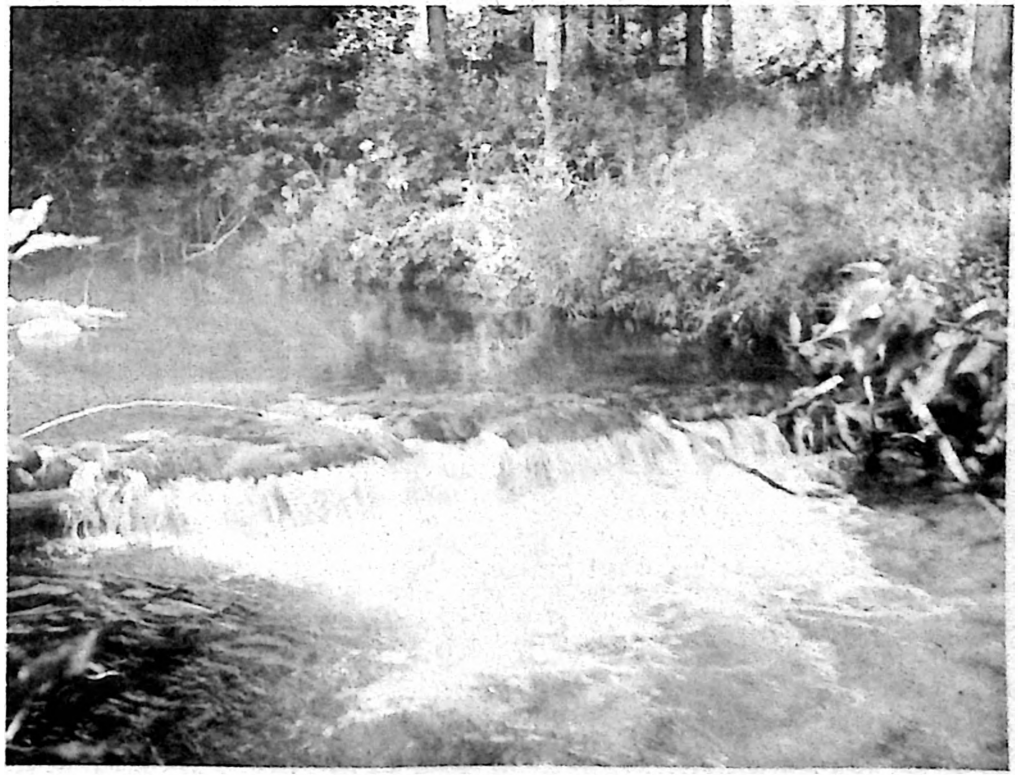
About half-way he was startled by the thunder of fast slashing hoofs. A spread-out line of riders was pouring at him from the timber where they had lain doggo watching for just this kind of carelessness.

Putting spurs to his horse he sped into the night, but not before he had sustained a rifle bullet high in the back of the left shoulder. Cook made the draw, and by dodging and shifting around managed to elude the posse. Dawn found him at a small muddy creek, where he fell from the saddle from loss of blood.

A little later that morning his horse showed up at Barnett's feed corral. Reasoning that its owner must be injured, he backtracked and found Cook lying unconscious in the grass. At that time Barnett didn't know the outlaw, and loading the injured man in a wagon, Barnett hauled him north to the small railroad town of Tupelo. A doctor there gave little hope of the stranger's survival.

On regaining his senses and learning the brutally bad news, Cook asked how he happened to be there. When told who had brought him in, he wanted to see Barnett. He had not yet left town and was taken to where Cook lay on a bed in the doctor's home. When the two men were alone, the outlaw revealed his identity and said that he did not expect to live.

Delaware Creek near the site of the buried train-robbery money.



Obie Dodson and Mrs. Dodson with daughter Mary on the front porch of their home.

"I want you to have the stuff that's buried," Cook declared, and described where he had cached it near Delaware Creek. "You did me a favor," he insisted feelingly, "though it ain't going to help me none. You keep your mouth shut to lawmen and you'll have yourself a good-sized stake."

INSTEAD OF DYING Cook began a remarkable recovery. In a few days he could get around on his feet. Realizing that he would be recognized sooner or later, he departed Tupelo in the night.

When Barnett heard of his flight he supposed that Cook had gone for his loot. Whether he had or not, Barnett was afraid by then to inform officers of what he knew. Cook might well come back and kill him.

As was proved later, Cook rode the train from Tupelo, hiding out in western Oklahoma and, later, in New Mexico. Officers found and arrested him in Fort Sumner, January 11, 1895. Taken to Fort Smith, Arkansas, he was sentenced on twelve counts of robbery to not less than forty-five years in a federal prison in Albany, New York.

When Cook was put away, Barnett got in touch with a federal marshal, relating where Cook told him the train robbery proceeds were buried. The officer went there but was unable to find it. He did learn that the two dead outlaws, never identified, had been buried by settlers in unmarked graves on the spot where their bodies had been found.

When I repeated Barnett's story to some friends of my own age, they were transfixed and enthralled by the alluring possibility of finding treasure almost in our backyards. We discussed the matter, excited and thrilled at the prospects. Of course, we were going to search for it. Even if we didn't find anything, although our kid hopes ranged higher than the moon, it would be a wonderful outing. I returned to Barnett for more information, and he was happy that somebody, even us boys, was going to hunt for it.

"It is on this side of Delaware Creek and could be as far away as Dunk McMillan's bull pasture on the edge of the prairie. Start your hunt on a line between the creek and where I found the manganese," Barnett said.

The manganese was in great chunks of iron-solid black rocks, heavy beyond belief. Ranging from the height of a man's waist to his shoulders, they stood clear on level ground. The airline distance from them to the creek was almost two miles. Delaware Creek, called a river today, began near Witch Hole, directly west of my father's ranch across the line in Johnston County. Taking a southward course below the town of Bromide, it makes a big curve directly east, passes Bromide and Bromide Junction and enters Clear Boggy Creek beyond Wapanucka. It is a clear running, swift little stream abounding with several species of fish. Along its course, even enlarging from lesser streams, are a number of low waterfalls.

According to Barnett's information the course from his manganese field reached the Delaware before it made the east curve. In that area at the time no roads and very few trails existed. It was all cattle country, fenced into great pasture squares.

On a Saturday morning, six of us—Elmer Ray, Charley Plummer, Gorman Green, Jimmy Kitchens, Cecil Richardson and myself—carrying sandwiches in pockets, set off early. We traveled southwest from my father's A One Bar ranch near Clarita. It was the shortest way through the pastures and across intervening water courses.

At the great blocks of manganese (which were later shipped to smelters during World War I) we halted briefly. Then we followed Barnett's instructions and set out for the nearest section of the rambling creek.

Near the end of the McMillan pasture, a growth of timber and persimmon sprouts began. When Cook came through here, there had been considerable timber, but it had since been cut out. Crawling under the McMillan fence we were on someone's 160-acre plot of land.

Through the trees appeared a dwelling, barn and barn lot where we were met by a scowling farmer who needed cleaning up badly.

"What you fool kids doing monkeying around on my property?" he began shouting at us while still some distance away. We told him we wanted to go through to Delaware Creek.

"Get off my land and stay off it!" he roared. "Next time I see any of you I'm going to blister your hides with buckshot!" By way of emphasizing his threat he brought a single-barreled Long Tom shotgun into view. We boys, ranging in age from fourteen to seventeen, were duly impressed.

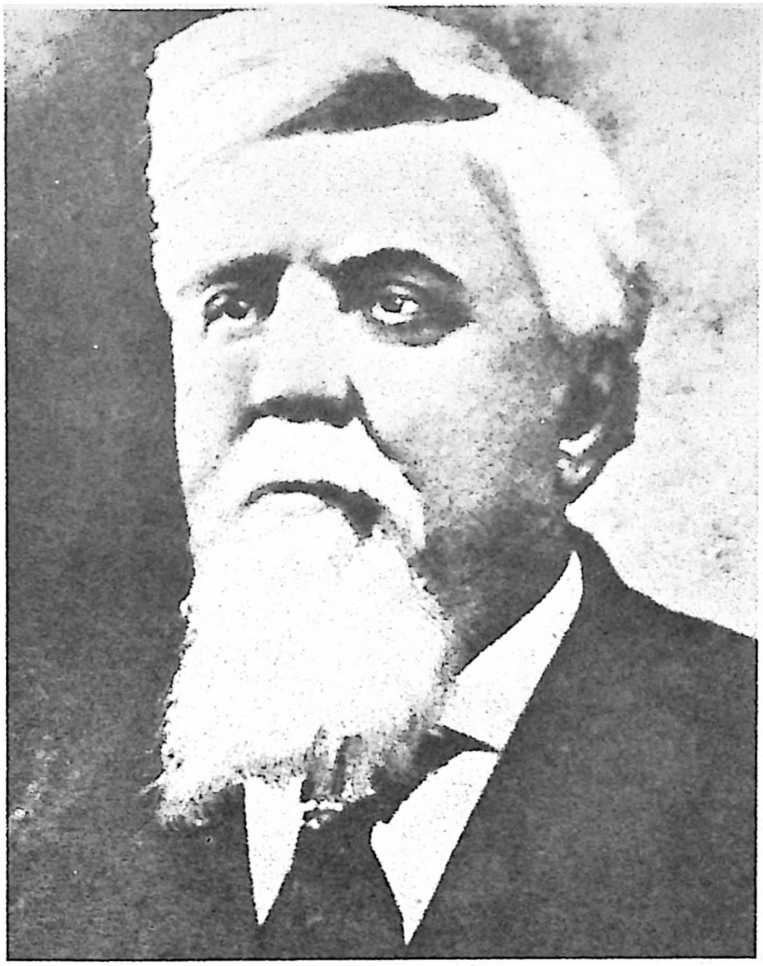
After we left the property, and hit a winding sled trail studded with rocks, Charley Plummer, half Chickasaw Indian, exploded. He was going to tell his numerous brothers and his uncles so that the unfriendly farmer could be put in his place.

As we approached Delaware Creek another fenced farm blocked our way. On my suggestion we moved forward openly, walking through the yard gate to the porch of the unpainted plank house. A man in a tattered blue shirt and denims came around the near corner when the dogs barked.

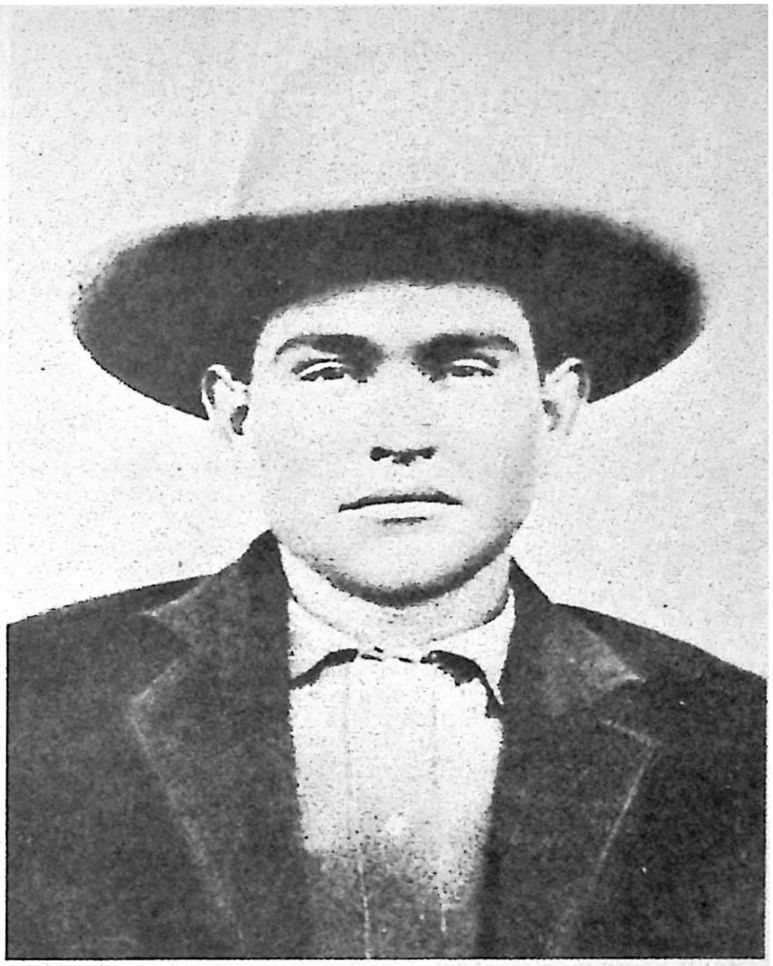
He did not look in the least forbidding and greeted us in amiable fashion, but when his permission was asked to pass through his property to the creek his face went somber.

"You come by Clem Simmons?"

"If that's his name we did, and he ran us off with a shotgun."



Judge Isaac Parker sentenced Cook to prison for forty-five years.



Bill Cook hid the train robbery loot but good!

Introducing himself as Obie Dodson, the man said, "I'll tell you about him. He won't let even his nearest neighbors set foot on his land. The man's plain cracked in the head. Claims a fortune in outlaw loot is buried over there. He figures that everybody who comes around is going to take it way from him."

This was our first intimation that anyone else knew about Cook's cache. Dodson and a few others living along the creek, however, knew no more than unsupported rumors about the train hold-up swag. This information undoubtedly grew out of the U. S. marshals' search for it with the help of volunteers. The actual details about Cook and the origin of the cached treasure was unknown to them.

None of them had bothered searching for it; probably they were too busy trying to make a living on hardscrabble land. Besides, to them it was just another folklore tale.

HIGHLY ELATED, we hurried on to the Delaware. There we set about trying to locate the graves. All that day we crawled through thorny thickets along two miles of the east side of the stream, and all the way down to the bend. The graves were going to be extremely hard to locate, we realized. More than likely they were overgrown with vegetation, but we hoped sunken ground or a few rocks would disclose the site. Surely those who interred the bodies piled something up indicating graves.

We had not even mentioned them to Dodson because they were a direct clue to the robbery loot. A line from them to the manganese blocks should reveal all to us—or so we fondly imagined.

That night we built a small fire on the creek bank and ate some of our sandwiches. Although tired, we were still excited over the day's adventures and remained awake past midnight. The following day, Sunday, was spent hunting almost in a run to cover as much territory as possible. At a late hour we were unhappily forced to set out for home.

The most exciting thing in our country-boys' lives became the loot hunting expeditions, and it was impossible for my friends to keep their lips buttoned. Soon their families knew everything they did. From them our quest became public property. At school and in town we were called the "boy treasure hunters." Most people were tolerantly amused, but there were several grownups who regarded the matter seriously. Some of them offered advice or produced corroborating facts from unusual sources.

Storekeeper Andy O'Neal was a craggy faced, glum looking man. A rigid church goer, one would naturally suppose that such foolishness as hunting outlaw swag would be frowned on by him. On the contrary one of his customers was an early settler who talked, and O'Neal passed on the information with the volunteered promise that he would find out more.

According to the settler, Cook had taken time to carve the figure "7" in the bark of one live oak and an "X" on another. The cache was exactly between the two trees. From his grandfather, Charley Plummer learned that a couple of years after Cook was sent to the penitentiary, the loot was hunted by someone in the vicinity of the Bromide rock quarry, and over on the Delaware near the ruins of the old Indian Wapanucka Academy.

A dozen other clues came to us in various ways, but when I checked with Barnett he shook his head after due reflection.

"Cook told me exactly what I passed on to you."

Many weekends were spent hunting. Even if we found nothing they were most pleasant and occasionally we fished on the Delaware. Each time we dropped by the Dodson family home. The Dodsons had a girl about twelve who always wanted to go along.

On one expedition we gave the rock quarry area a good searching. Then we crossed the creek to the old academy, spending a day there. The premises had grown up in weeds and briars. Cisterns behind the main school building were all dry. We could not resist opening the trap doors to inspect them.

Going to one, Charley threw back the heavy trap door and stared down the shaft of sunlight.

"Something down there!" he called loudly.

We rushed over and, sure enough, several coins lay on the cement bottom.

(Continued on page 62)

By HARRY E. WEBB

Photos Courtesy Author

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Among Western Indians of a very early day, names were influenced by some momentous occasion; later, most of their offspring took the name of someone whose name suited their fancy. So it is quite probable that E-sha, on hearing Charlie Kilpatrick's name, or perhaps knowing him, adopted his name.

The first white man known to have viewed "Lame Charlie" (E-sha) after the Indian was shot, was a Mr. Bruffey of Mineral Hill. Bruffey had come upon the queer object worming through the sage and as he raised his rifle the cripple called, "No shoot! Me no coyote!" Bruffey took the helpless one in and later made crutches for him but several years went by before Charlie could be persuaded to use the "long wooden arms."

At the time of our meeting, Charlie claimed to be 116 summers old. That sounded like a lot of years, yet facts gained through more than fifteen years of research have gone far in corroborating his statement.

In 1930, two years after my interview with him, Charlie died of the one disease peculiar to the venerable red men—civilization. The local Department of Indian Affairs had had him moved to an elaborate Indian Village at Elko, thus speeding him to his eternal abode up there with Te-lu-gu-pu.

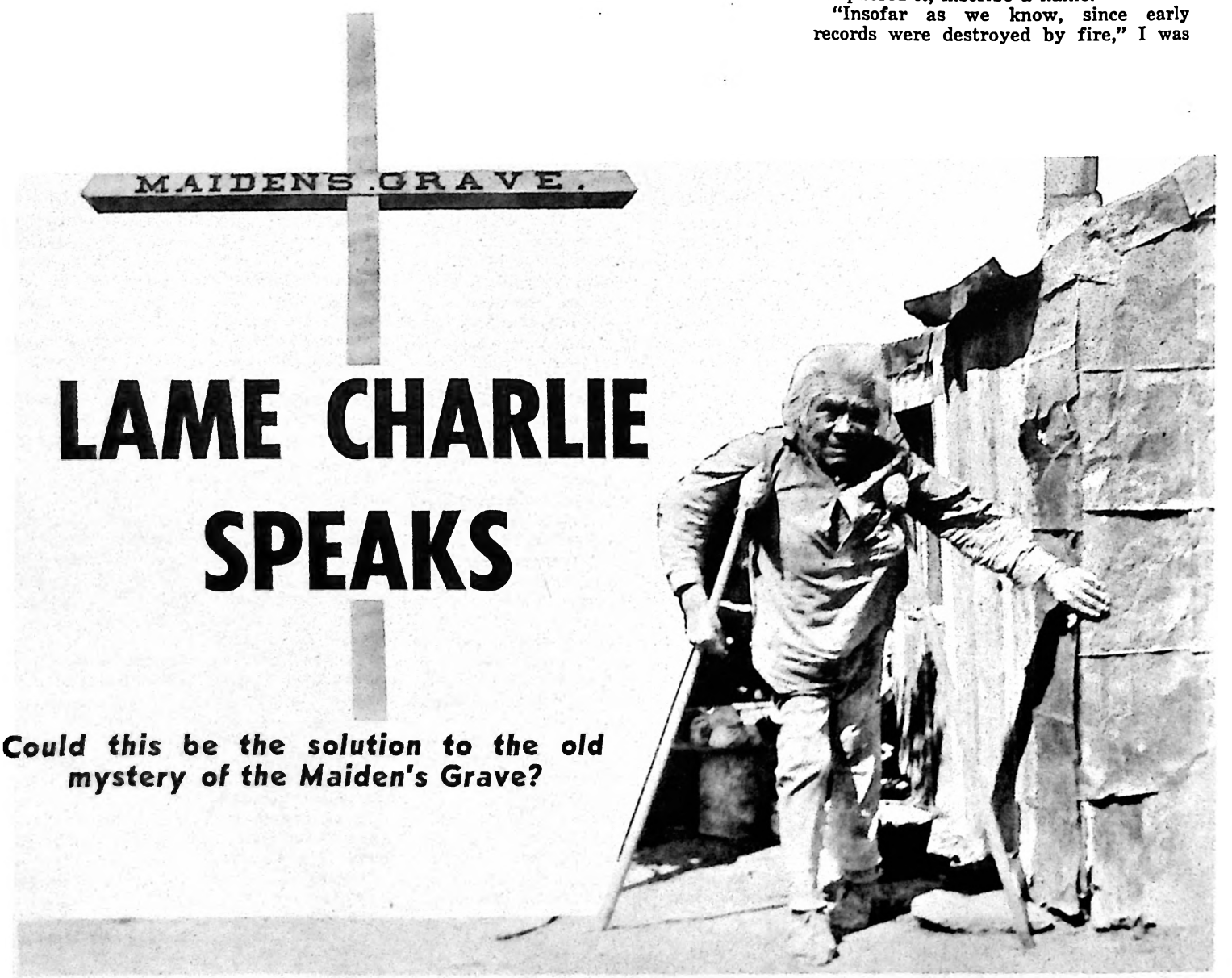
IT WAS while running mustangs in May, 1915 that I first viewed the massive, incongruous cross rearing its broad arms high above a small butte jutting up from the flat Nevada wastelands. Halting my horse I studied the black inscription, readable a mile distant, and pondered the why of its existence.

"Maiden's Grave"—just what strange conjurations might beset those who chanced to read this solemn declaration? Surely one of struggle and strife; perhaps violence. In those bold letters was an indisputable tang of mystery. As I circled the hill a name stood out ten feet wide: "Lucinda Duncan." Now who was Lucinda Duncan to rate such an impressive monument?

Obsessed with a penchant for delving among the musty pages of the past I started on the back-track of Time. Questions, questions among young and old brought but one answer—beyond this, none could go: A Chinaman's shovel had unearthed the remains somewhere down in the flat near the Humboldt River. That clue started me on an exchange of letters with Southern Pacific Railroad officials in San Francisco and Ogden, Utah.

I there learned that when the Central Pacific was straightening a curve in its tracks, the mortal remains of a blonde female, presumably young, had been exposed. The coolie grade builders had moved the bones and tangle of hair to the top of the nearby butte. Later, a section worker had found a weathered, termite-eaten board near the site of the old grave. Apparently a name had been carved in the board. This rotted remnant of a wagon end-gate had prompted the Company to erect the cross and, as they deciphered it, inscribe a name.

"Insofar as we know, since early records were destroyed by fire," I was



LAME CHARLIE SPEAKS

Could this be the solution to the old mystery of the Maiden's Grave?

informed, "Miss Duncan died from natural causes." But those deep and wandering ruts left near the cross by untold hoofs and Conestogas spoke too eloquently of the hardships of those who had toiled this awesome path for me to give up the chase.

Years of inquiry led me from one old-timer to another until I was somewhat rewarded in the person of Charlie Kilpatrick. Charlie's name had been linked with incidents involving renegade Indians along the lower Humboldt and freight roads to the south.

I found Charlie at the County Poor Farm at Elko, Nevada, but like many of his ilk he doled out information as if it were dollars. But, though one did have to pry words from him, his eighty-six years had not made him the least bit senile.

"Yep," he offered at last, "I've kilt a few Injuns, all right. I 'member—" But gruesome and interesting as was his yarn it dealt with dramas other than those along the Humboldt and especially any incident pertaining to the huge cross. Charlie had heard of the cross but that was as far as his knowledge or interest went. Although he had not come West via the covered wagon he knew many who had, including one member of his own family.

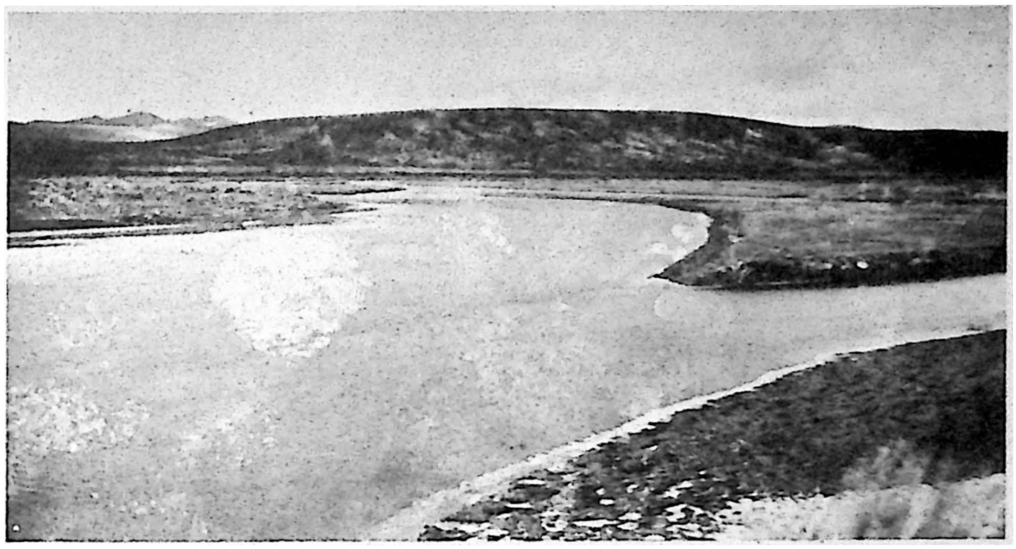
AFTER an interminable wheezing and reloading and match searching he spoke of the death of his father; touched on the hardships that followed and told of their excitement when news poured "back East" of the fabulous riches to be had for the shoveling in the California streams. It had been a momentous decision when his mother scratched together her few coins so that Charlie might board a full-rigger, loaded with mine and mill equipment for San Francisco.

"T'was January of '59 when the danged cargo shifted in a storm some'eres along the Pacific an' we was swamped." His pipe having gone cold he sat silently squinting into the past.

"How'd you get out of that mess?" I ventured.

"Happened t' be one of the few picked up by a side-wheeler," he cackled. "Figgered on gittin' a few pounds of gold an' sendin' back fer my folks, but she never turned out that way. Didn't find no gold so took a job swampin' fer a feller named Jack Guinert who was freightin' from Sacramento to Austin."

I led him on and he warmed up a bit. "Well, I hauled into Austin 'til Jack was kilt one night when some Injuns run off our stock. Jack got hisself a couple of redskins, though, an' I blowed another half in two with a .52 calibre revolvin' Colt's rifle I'd just bought. Next mornin' though, all I could find o' him was a trail of blood and the marks where he'd drug hisself off. I'd of trailed the varmint an' got his scalp only I was too dang busy tryin' t' round up our mules and get Jack sort of planted. Ground was harder'n the hubs o' hell, too. But yuh know what?" Charlie paused for a belly-shaking laugh, "Heard years later that that blasted Injun lived t' crawl way t' hellengone to a medicine man. Not only that, but the varmint took t' usin' my name. Least, so I heard." Again cackling over the incident, Charlie settled back in dreamy retrospect.



Gravelly Ford on the Humboldt River, site of the many graves described by "Lame Charlie." In the upper left hand corner is the mouth of Stonewall Canyon.

"What about your folks—?" I asked. After finger-combing his foot-long beard a moment he began anew, but the toilsome narrative is best not told altogether in his words.

Events were too swift moving and obstacles too numerous for Charlie to immediately send for his mother and sister, and "a year or so later" a letter arrived from his sister. She and their mother had come to some place in Missouri—Joplin, he thought, to live with "Uncle Ben." Their mother had passed away and frantic and heartbroken the fourteen-year-old girl was "talked into headin' fer Californy with some friends that was all het up with gold fever—but she never made it." With this he lapsed into silence.

Some sixth sense whispered that through him I might yet be led down the years to some turbulent happening that would account for the little batch of bones brought to light by a Chinaman's shovel.

"Indians?"

"No tellin'. Never could find out."

Did he know the party's name his sister was with? Charlie thought a while on this. "Seems like it was Benson or somethin', but I don't rightly recollect."

From Fort Ruby, near the headwaters of the Humboldt River, had come another letter dated September 5th. This told of trouble aplenty. Mrs. Benson, or whatever the name, a frail woman at best, lay buried near the Platte. Then, to worsen matters, the drover's son, Obediah had "got an eye hooked out by some feller's ox." Drouth had stalked the emigrant route until "some of the teams was next t' buzzard bait so her an' the others throwed in with another outfit whose stock was still pretty good."

"Was your sister's name Lucinda?" I asked abruptly.

Charlie's head snapped up. "Now how'd you know that?" he asked, puzzled. I explained the name on the cross and that it might possibly be a clue to what became of his sister.

"Could be," he mused, "but girls with that name was thicker'n fiddlers in hell so I never give it no thought."

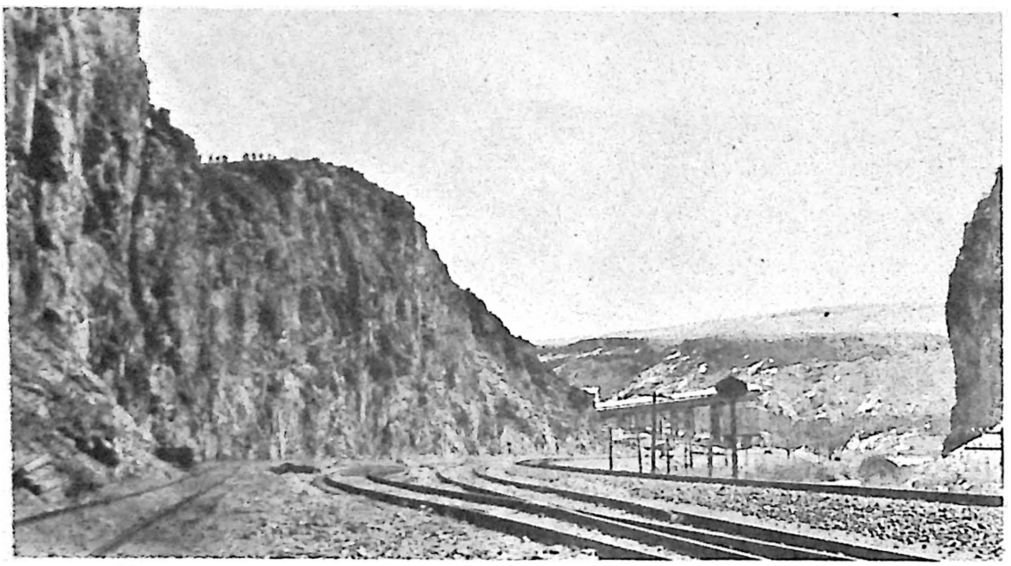
After the letter from Fort Ruby all trace of his sister was lost, Charlie said. He had never been able to learn the identity of the new party eighteen-year-old Obediah and Lucinda had joined up with. They had vanished completely. Letters were slow and records jumbled, and by the time he had exchanged a couple with a Major Dodge at Fort Ruby another year had elapsed. Hordes of emigrants were still pounding the trail westward and with increasing Indian trouble demanding the attention of Dodge and his troops, attention to missing individuals was lost in the shuffle.

NOTHING POSITIVE had been gained from Charlie on which to hang any conclusions, yet the trail had at least grown warm. For even though he had informed me that "Lucinda" was a common name in that era the girl's last message, coupled with Major Dodge's investigations, seemed proof that she and her one-eyed companion had disappeared somewhere along that 300 miles between Fort Ruby and Fort Churchill near the base of the Sierra Nevadas. For here, on account of repeated massacres along the Humboldt, a system of registration had been adopted.

The trail, it seemed, had come to a dead end. Years were to elapse before it again grew warm. A Paiute Indian, whom I became acquainted with, told me of another of his clan: "He old, old man. Callum Lame Charlie."

"Lame Charlie!" I couldn't hide my interest. Perhaps just another link in a weak chain; probably not. My informant, "Boo-hoo," so named by virtue of his constant squalling when he was a papoose, was at the time well saturated

Left, "Lame Charlie" (E-sha) believed to be 116 years old in 1928. Well fortified against cold weather, he wears rag moccasins, two shirts and two pairs of trousers.



The "Palisades" between Gravelly Ford and Carlin, Nevada, 1930.

with toddle foot, and talkative.

Lame Charlie's tribal cognomen had been discarded somewhere in the past but unless Boo-hoo had let his imagination run away with him, Lame Charlie had been the counterpart of Satan on horseback. Long, long ago Boo-hoo had heard stories he was not supposed to hear; sorties by a renegade band of Paiutes who had plundered and killed all along the Humboldt River and particularly between Maggie Creek, where the town of Carlin now stands, and Gravelly Ford.

History tells us this fifteen-mile stretch was a literal slaughter-pen for the unsuspecting emigrant. As they approached the lush grass flats and shallow waters of the ford they had to traverse the narrow floor of Stonewall Canyon where they fell easy prey. Boo-hoo only shrugged when asked if Lame Charlie had a hand in any of these raids. "Mebbe," said Boo-hoo. "Long time ago pretty much coyote."

Did he know if Lame Charlie was crippled by rifle ball a long time ago? "Me hearum 'bout gittum shot," he conceded. But, according to Boo-hoo, no earthly power could persuade old Charlie to speak of his past, especially the incident in which he became crippled.

FAR BACK in the Cortez Range I found the ancient tribesman's "e-no-vi" built of flattened cans, but it showed no signs of life. Neither did my shouts bring a stir to the landscape. Some yards away stood a fair-sized house, the abode of Boo-hoo and his relations but these appeared deserted also. (Due to Charlie's infirmity he had long been banned from the others.) Then, some rods distant, my eye caught something that might have been a rabbit brush gone to tassel had it not been moving about.

Clad only in a flour-sack shirt, Charlie was sitting flat on his bare buttocks, and his wrinkled face showed not the slightest awareness of my presence as I came close. "How, Charlie," I said.

The broad face, umbrellaed by a mop of dirty, white hair, remained impassive. His legs were twisted and drawn and his torso looked as if it had been hammered down from the top until it swelled out all around like a beer keg. This formed a base for a massive, neckless head. I had begun to think him both blind and deaf when his hand suddenly darted forth to capture a meandering pinch-bug and pop it in his mouth. Only then did he lift a pair of red-brown eyes.

"Go!" he grunted.

"Where Boo-hoo?" I inquired in a friendly tone.

"Go, heap quick!" This time his growl was menacing.

"Me friend of Boo-hoo," I insisted. "Where go?" It took a full minute for him to answer.

"Who Boo-hoo?" he mumbled, his eyes searching the ground.

"Your friend," I told him.

"He go."

"Where Boony?" I went down the line of six other members and each time got the same, "He go." I got to Nina, a fourteen-year-old. Charlie pointed off in the sagebrush. "In moose. Sick."

All these, I must explain, were supposed to be Charlie's kin. In what degree Boo-hoo nor anyone else knew. They ranged in ages from ten to sixty. It was evident none except Nina were around, and she being in seclusion I could look for no help there. As silent as the brush around him he now sat scrutinizing a wood-tick crawling up a shriveled limb only to be plucked and on its way to join the pinch-bug. At last, without looking up, he grunted another "You go," and I knew it was useless to pry further. The clan was no doubt off gathering piñon nuts.

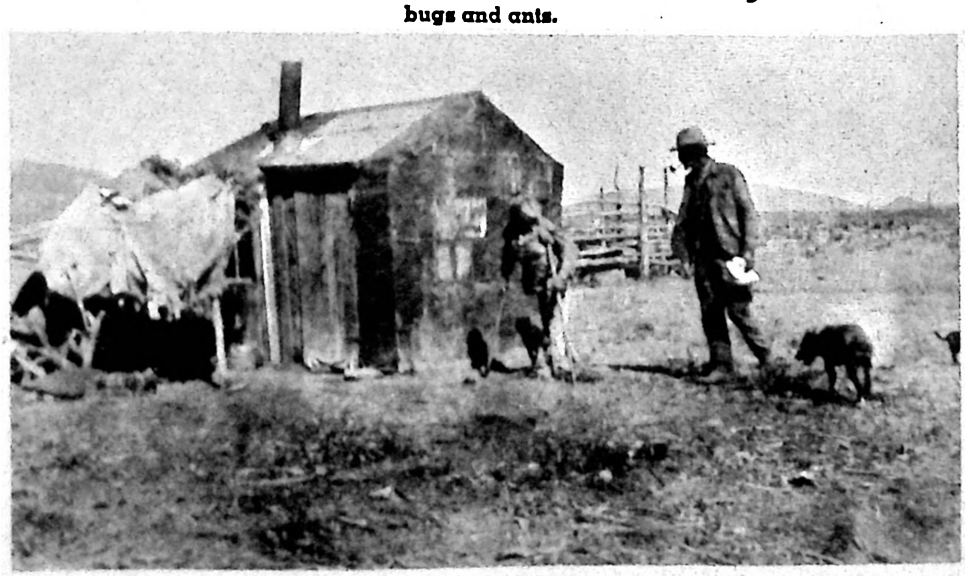
I got out a can of tobacco and a book of papers which he took without a word or a softening line in his warped old face. From then on my interrogation fell on a surly silence so I unslung my camera and things happened fast. His eyes lit up with a mixture of hate and fear.

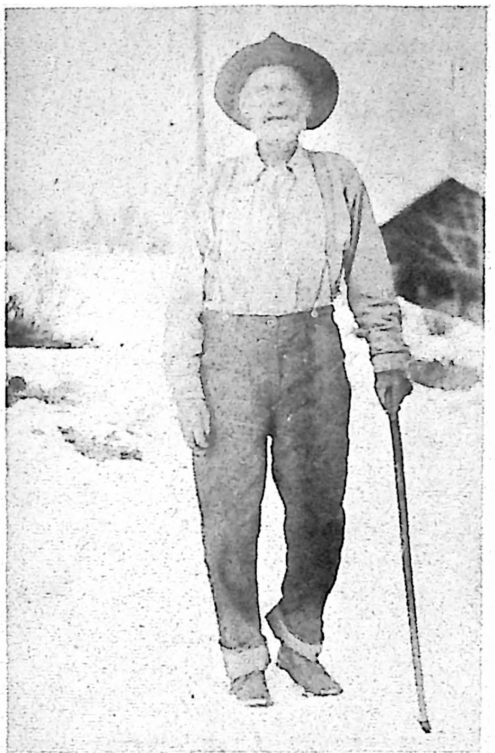
I well knew that many old Indians feared a camera as they would the eye of the devil but I believed Charlie might prove the exception. Not so. Grunting some sort of mumbo-jumbo he dug his knuckles into the earth and took off. Twisting in and out among the scrub bushes he shoved himself along on his buttocks far faster than a man could walk. As he burned the skin off in his haste to reach his tin shack I surmised he wasn't shoving himself along at that speed just to hide, and in a few strides I had him outdistanced. Leaping into the car I went bouncing over boulders and sage in a hasty exit.

THAT EVENING I stopped at a little cow ranch, a few miles from Charlie's domain, and its owner, Al Thatcher, proved to be just the man I'd needed all the time. Al claimed to be part Cherokee and not only could he "talk Paiute better than a Paiute can" but was on the friendliest of terms with Charlie. The old Indian owed him a sizeable debt of gratitude for warding off actual starvation when his clan had left him without food for weeks on end (as they no doubt now had).

Thatcher was dubious, though, as to getting him to talk about the early massacres. Once, Al told me, when Charlie

Al Thatcher with "Lame Charlie." Charlie had been out rustling his breakfast of bugs and ants.





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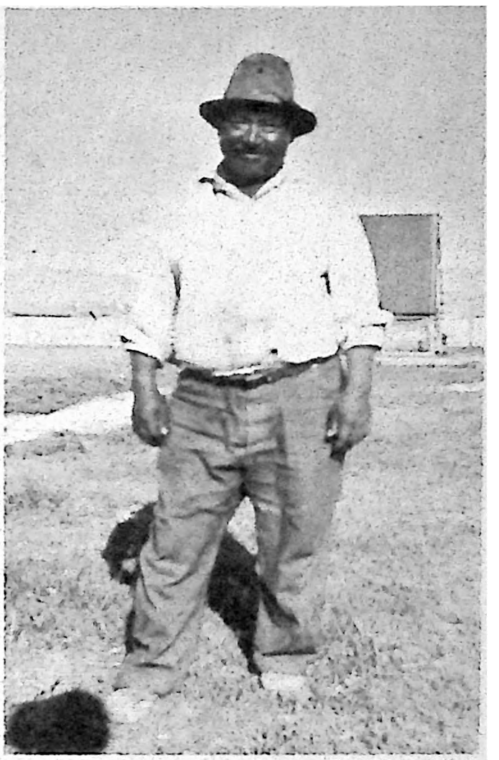


Courtesy Elsie Goodfellow

Left, Charlie Kilpatrick, who in his youth went west to San Francisco to look for gold, shown here in 1931 at the age of 89. Middle, "Blind Mattie," who gained nothing but a world of darkness for her heroic effort to save the emigrant party. Photo taken 1909. Right, Boo-hoo, Indian who had often heard stories of a renegade band of Paiutes.

had discovered and drenched himself with a pint of Boo-hoo's cached firewater he had whooped aplenty of his escapades, only to later grab Boony's carbine and literally clean camp when questioned regarding these mouthings.

At Al's suggestion we assembled an assortment of food parcels and a handful of small change, knowing Charlie would place a much higher value on several small packages than on a single large one. We also secured a box, with an opening in each end, on the left fender of my car and in it fastened my camera. On top of this we piled a roll of bedding, being careful not to obstruct the forward end of the box. This trickery was thought up so that I might possibly get a few pictures of the old fellow.

Halting the car a few feet from Charlie's hut I pretended to work on the car while Al reconnoitered. But again Charlie was off in the brush. Al found him squatted by an ant hill appeasing his hunger, though the insects were growing scarce due to Charlie's voraciousness. He was somewhat hostile over my returning but after much argument Al persuaded the belligerent to return to his e-no-vi where "much food" awaited him.

When the two drew near, Charlie eyed me with unalloyed misgiving as he swung along on a pair of homemade crutches. These, I learned, were usually used when carrying water from a distant spring or gathering firewood.

After much fierce gibberish Al came over to the car and hauled forth our offerings. "I've told him," he said, unconsciously falling into a disjointed jargon, "that you givum lots spud and bacon for long time if he makem big talk about Injun killum *nin-nih* along Humboldt River. I tell him Great Spirit be plenty mad if he no tell big secret he has in his heart."

Al went back, showed Charlie the contents of the bags, and resumed the powwow, though Charlie's scowls told me he was far from being favorably impressed for he kept jabbing a finger in my direction and muttering a word I took to be "isham!"

Becoming curious, I called to Al: "What's all the fuss about now?"

"He says you're a panther's liver and a liar." However, peace was made at last and Al motioned for me to join them.

I gave Charlie the coins Thatcher had promised him and with these tightly clutched in one fist he proceeded to gorge himself on our offerings—eating everything raw. A week's supply was devoured in a few minutes. It looked like we might be ready for business as Charlie wriggled into a comfortable position among some sacks and cans, but by the time Al and I found a restful spot our hoped-for narrator was already on his way to slumberland.

Shaking him violently Al apprised him of his promise, getting a few half-hearted grunts in return. "Lame Charlie speak when sun die," Al told me with a shrug. In these few seconds Charlie had lapsed into a deep torpor and there being nothing we could do about it, we sat on our shoulder blades and bided the time.

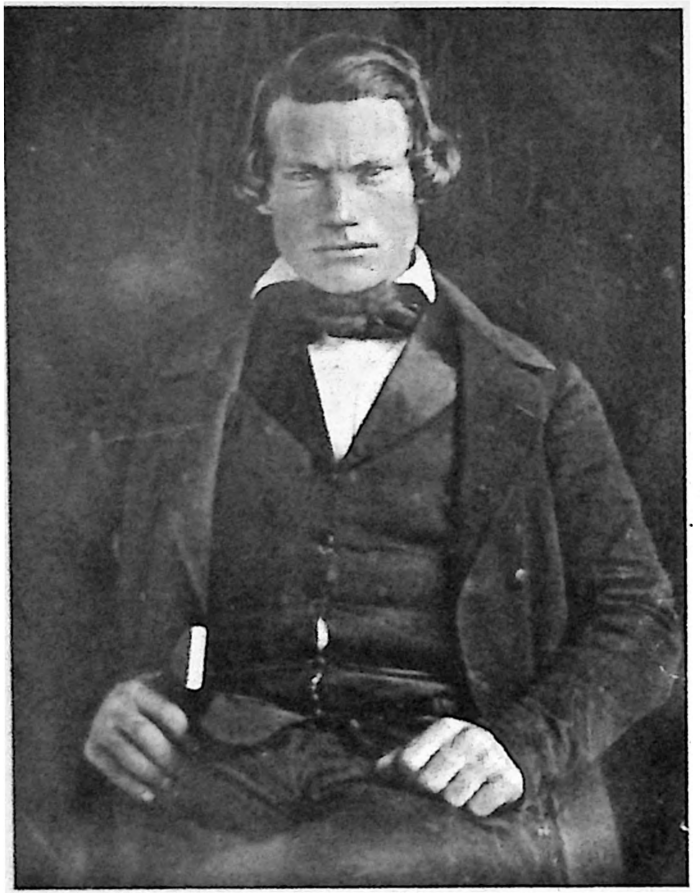
As the golden tint was fading from the peaks far across Pine Valley Al gave Charlie a few pokes in the ribs. Blinking dully, our host suddenly popped up like a Jack-in-the-box and swiftly propelled himself around the corner of the shanty. A few moments later he came sliding back. Then, from among his rags came a string of deep-chested Paiute. "Lame Charlie speaks," Al said in a relieved voice.

NO SOONER had Al relayed my first question than it became obvious Charlie cared not a whoop for my interest in individual spots or events. He was off on the history of his existence with each particular happening coming in its proper sequence. Nothing could change that. But in his deep Paiute tongue, now and then interspersed with simple English, there was the spell of a polished orator as he wove unbelievable, fantastic tales of the origin of the red man in Nevada—*land of storms.*

In his first utterances the childish simplicity and imaginative mind of the Indian was manifest. It was the story of the legendary lost Indian boy and girl being swallowed by a coyote who, himself then becoming lost, had strayed far to this land of the rabbit, etc., until "Him children-and him children- and him children's children" inhabited all this part of the world east of the "Great Mountains." Our narrator, though, little understood the ethics of dictation and Al was kept busy rehashing one yarn, so that I might understand it, while listening to the next.

Cold came sharp and penetrating with the night and the old man's string of magic words was broken while he worked his clubby feet and shriveled limbs into an extra pair of flour-sack drawers. At long last Charlie got down to the era when the gun-toting *"nin-nih's weegans"* (wagons) poured across his domain and the killings were on; though in the ghastliest of these he denied active part,

(Continued on page 52)



Courtesy Madera Historical Society

Courtesy California State Library

Right, sketch of the head of Murrieta, said to have been drawn directly from the head in the bottle. Above, William T. Henderson, ranger generally credited with the killing of the notorious Murrieta.

HELL for Leather Rangers

They were a three-months' whirlwind designed to suck up only one man—the elusive Murrieta

"TALK, damn you, talk, if you know what's good for you!" A bloody head dangled from Jim Norton's hand. He flicked his bowie knife toward the two captives tied together on the ground in front of him and repeated his demand. But the prisoners scarcely flinched.

"Cut away, Señor," one of them glowered, lifting up his chin. "I'll not talk."

The rangers, led by their captain, Harry Love, had finally caught up with Murrieta's band at dawn, July 25, 1853. After a brief but furious fight, Murrieta and "Three-Fingered Jack", plus two others in their band, had been killed and two outlaws captured. A month later the rangers ceased to exist.

They had been formed for one purpose and one purpose only: to wipe out Murrieta and his savage band. The man who had led them, who had out-smarted and out-lasted California's most famous desperado, had also been responsible for their formation. This was Harry Love, a huge man with long black hair and a walrus mustache, a frontier lawman, scout, and miner.

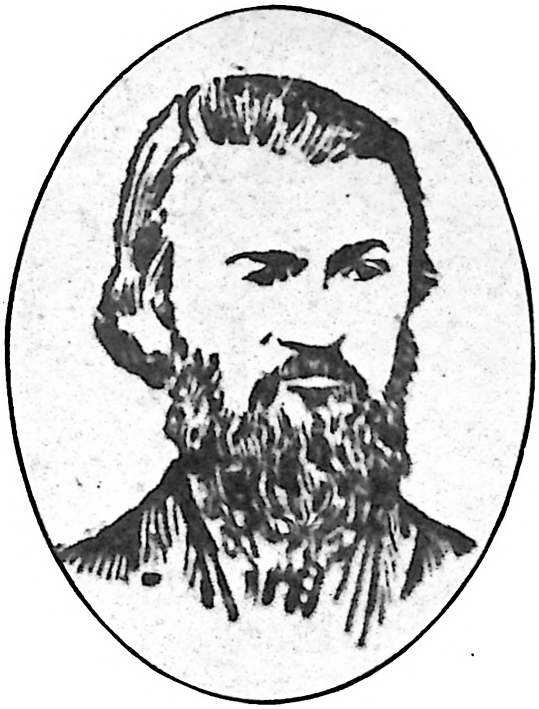
According to a brief biography, published in 1865, Love had been born in Vermont, a descendant through his mother of Ethan Allen. He had gone to sea at an early age and later had served in the Blackhawk and Florida Wars as a scout. He went to Texas and fought in the war for independence and in the American war against Mexico. After cessation of hostilities he headed for California where he served as a deputy sheriff at Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.

Murrieta's name had etched terror across the face of California's mining country during the winter of 1853. Joaquin had a well-organized outlaw gang, complete with spies, spotters and suppliers. Posses following the trail of plundered camps and bleeding bodies were outmaneuvered at every turn.

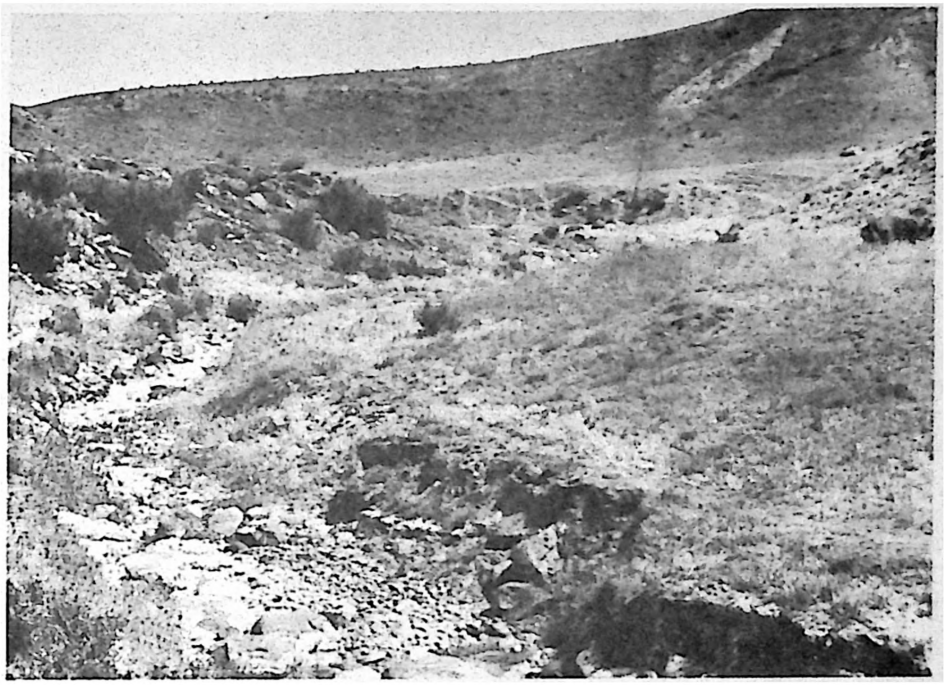
Shortly after five Frenchmen had been murdered near Mariposa, a rancher on the Salinas plains reported that Joaquin had stopped at his ranch for a meal. He described him as being about twenty-one years of age, carrying four pistols and a large Bowie knife. His companions were similarly armed and all were mounted on fine horses.

On April 21, 1853, a petition signed by 127 citizens in Mariposa County urged the State Senate to organize a group of twenty to twenty-five men for the sole purpose of running down Joaquin Murrieta. It further requested that the group be called the "California Rangers" and be paid by the State.

The petition was read to the Senate on May 4 and referred to the Committee on Military Affairs. Before the committee could act on the proposal, another petition from Mariposa County was received. This document bore the signatures of 100 settlers and miners, and not only urged that a group of men be organized but that Harry Love be appointed to head the group. The petition went on to extoll the bravery and experience of Captain Love



William Byrnes, the man who had known Murrieta and identified him for Captain Love.



Above, Cantua Creek, site of the killing of Murrieta. Below, the first poster advertising the exhibition of the head of Joaquin Murrieta.

WILL BE
EXHIBITED
FOR ONE DAY ONLY!
AT THE STOCKTON HOUSE!
THIS DAY, AUG. 12, FROM 9 A. M., UNTIL 6, P. M.
THE HEAD
Of the renowned Bandit!
JOAQUIN!
AND THE
HAND OF THREE FINGERED JACK!
THE NOTORIOUS ROBBER AND MURDERER.
"JOAQUIN" and "THREE-FINGERED JACK" were captured by the State Rangers, under the command of Capt. Harry Love, at the Arroya Cantina, July 24th. No reasonable doubt can be entertained in regard to the identification of the head now on exhibition, as being that of the notorious robber, Joaquin Murrieta, as it has been recognized by hundreds of persons who have formerly seen him.

By WILLIAM B. SECREST

Photos Courtesy Author

in border warfare and his knowledge of the California terrain.

THE Committee on Military Affairs could not ignore these petitions. The suggestion that a group of special lawmen be formed seemed the only recourse to the legislators and on May 17, 1853, an act creating the California State Rangers under the command of Captain Harry Love was signed and approved by Governor John Bigler. The act authorized Captain Love to raise a company of mounted rangers, not to exceed twenty men. They would be in service for a period of three months unless sooner disbanded, and the pay was to be $150 a month per man. The rangers were to supply their own food, horses and ammunition, and the term of enlistment was to begin on May 28.

Love lost no time. As soon as word of the government's authorization reached him, he left Mariposa and headed for the ranch of William J. Howard twenty miles to the west. He had heard that Howard

Courtesy Wells Fargo History Room, San Francisco

Captain Harry Love, commander of the California State Rangers.

Mariposa, California as it looked in 1854. It was here that the idea of the Rangers was formed in April of 1853.

stocked some fine horse flesh and was thoroughly acquainted with the area.

Howard was more than helpful. He volunteered to let Love use his ranch as headquarters and offered to go with him to Quartzburg to help select the twenty rangers. It took a full day to interview and assess the men whom Love and Howard met there. Early the next morning the California State Rangers, under the command of Captain Love, set out for Howard's ranch to set up their organization.

Love chose Pat Connor and William Byrnes for his first lieutenants. Connor was a first-class fighting Irishman. Born in Kerry County, 1820, he had taken part in many battles in the Mexican War and had been promoted to the rank of captain. Byrnes was of a lesser stamp but was a tough gunman and also a Mexican War veteran. What was more important, he had been a professional gambler for the past few years and had known Murrieta before Joaquin had turned outlaw. George Evans and Charles F. Bloodworth were commissioned second lieutenants and the other sixteen men were privates.

The rangers were all hardy frontiersmen, used to a hard life in a rough land. They came from all walks of life and were probably as interested in finding Murrieta's loot as they were in ridding the state of its worst outlaw. Included in the group were veterans of the Mexican War, ranchers, a saloonkeeper, professional gamblers, an ex-army colonel, a judge, two doctors, and a member of the State Legislature, which was now in recess.

AT Howard's ranch, Love outfitted his men and broke them into small scouting parties so they could cover more ground. There was a saying at that time that anyone chasing Joaquin would have to rely on bullets to catch him, as it was well known that he had the best mounts in the state. Love, leaving nothing to chance, saw that his men were well-armed and well-mounted. He took several of Howard's race horses with him for good measure.

The *San Joaquin Republican* of June 8, 1853, noted that "robberies are a matter of daily occurrence" in Mariposa County. The same issue of the paper published a letter from Love dated June 3 at Quartzburg "Tomorrow we start for the mountains—we have taken the horse that Mr. James Welsh rode when shot between San Jose and Santa Clara, about two months since, and we're now in pursuit of the Mexican who sold the animal in this place." Another letter from Love to a Mr. Clark stated that the rangers had captured one thief and thirty-one stolen horses.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Alta* reported on June 18 that the rangers had just returned from a scouting trip and had captured a Mexican horse-thief whom they thought was Joaquin's brother. They also captured two other horse-thieves and sent them under guard to Quartzburg for trial. But these two prisoners were found dead along the wayside, perforated with bullet wounds. The long-suffering citizens were not going to waste any time or money on court proceedings for their tormentors.

Rumors flying up and down California made Love's job doubly hard. The *Sacramento Union* for June 16 reported that Joaquin was in the neighborhood of San Luis Obispo with about fifteen men. But an old pioneer's diary noted that in June, 1853, Joaquin was attacking a group of travelers near Temescal, many miles away. At this same time, a rash of crimes had been occurring around San Diego and it was stated in the papers there that Joaquin was responsible. He was everywhere and nowhere!

About the sixth of July, Love and his group heard that Joaquin was at the San Luis Gonzaga ranch, and the rangers headed West. A Stockton newspaper stated that "robberies have ceased in Mariposa County. The untiring efforts of Capt. Love, Lieut. Connor and their brave company of rangers have had the effect of completely ridding the country of the desperate murderers and horse thieves who infest that county. The rangers have been in the saddle nearly every day since they reached Mariposa County; they have recovered numerous bands of stolen horses, arrested many thieves and are now seeking the robbers in the Coast Range."

Lieutenant Connor arrived in Stockton on July 15 and reported that the rangers were still in the Coast Range. Love had written a letter to Governor Bigler from San Juan stating that he had arrested a brother-in-law of Joaquin and was going to try to get the fellow to lead them to Murrieta. He also mentioned a great number of horse thieves between San Juan and the Tulare (San Joaquin) Valley, in the mountains. That night Love and his men headed south along the coast, picking up intelligence on Joaquin along the way.

From San Juan, the rangers went to San Luis Obispo, then over the mountains to Tejon Pass. Here they received word from some Indians that a party answering to Joaquin's description had just come through the pass heading north. The Rangers wheeled and spurred their tired mounts toward Tulare Lake. At the lake, the trail split, with one going around the west side and other skirting the eastern shore. Love split his group and followed both trails. They merged north of the lake and angled off in a westerly direction, toward the site of present-day Coalinga. The rangers and their mounts were exhausted but their proximity to

Courtesy California State Library

Pat Connor, First Lieutenant of the Rangers, as he looked when a general officer in the Civil War.

Millerton, California in the 1870s. It was here that the public first viewed the head of Murrieta. Note the Indian bark teepees in the foreground.

their quarry seemed to give them new strength.

Just before dawn on July 25, Love's party rode into scrubby hills which lined the western ridge of the valley. Reaching the crest of a small knoll, they noticed a thin spiral of smoke and moved up cautiously. The outlaws, camped along Cantua Creek, were just preparing to settle down and rest their animals. Some were making fires, others were running down jack-rabbits for the meal, and in the creek bed stood a young man washing his saddle-galled horse.

Love split his men and came in from two sides.

Love and George Chase, in the lead of the first group, strolled cautiously into the camp. Several Mexicans sat up quickly as Love walked to the campfire where a fierce-looking man with matted hair and a thick beard was squatting.

"What are you men doing here?" Love demanded. "Who are you?" As he spoke, he realized the man in front of him was Three-Fingered Jack and he told Chase, at his elbow, to shoot him if he moved.

The man who had been bathing his horse in the creek interrupted. "Talk to me. I am the captain of these people." Ranger Byrnes stepped quickly forward. "That's him. That's Murrieta!"

As Love turned, Three-Fingered Jack snatched a pistol from under a saddle blanket and fired point-blank at the ranger leader.

The bullet clipped a lock of hair from Love's head but did not injure him. Other pistols were pulled and the firing became general. As Joaquin jumped on his horse and rode down the arroyo, Henderson threw up his shotgun and fired but his horse shied and he missed the fleeing desperado. Three or four rangers mounted and galloped after him, with John White and Henderson in the lead.

Joaquin jumped from a rock shelf into the creek bed but his horse landed on loose stones and the rider was flung to the ground. The outlaw quickly remounted and was off again just as the rangers reined to a halt on the rock shelf. Henderson fired another quick shot, trying to hit Joaquin's horse, then the rangers plunged into the creek bed after the fleeing bandit.

As Joaquin turned out of the creek and galloped up the bank, Henderson fired again, this time hitting the outlaw's horse and knocking him down. Again Henderson fired and Joaquin fell just as John White rode up. The bandit tried to get to his feet, White fired, causing him to slump again.

The wounded chieftain raised a bloody hand and cried out in Spanish but at that moment several other rangers rode up and—in their excitement—riddled him with bullets. Joaquin Murrieta was dead at last!

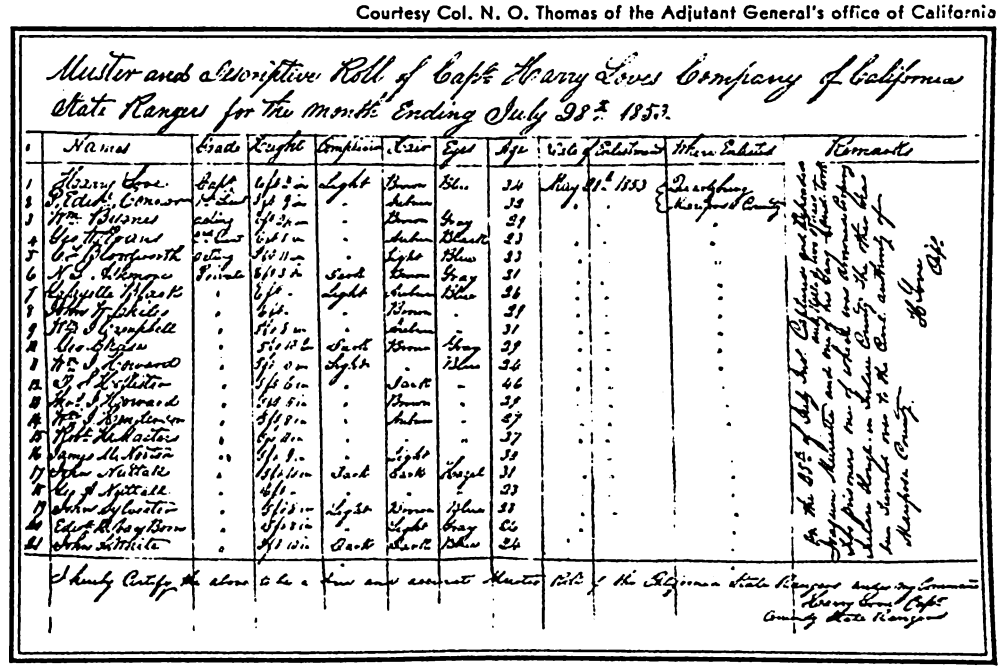
THE RANGERS threw Joaquin's corpse on a horse and rode back to the campground, three-quarters-of-a-mile away. The battle was over and a haze of burnt powder hung in the air above the grotesquely sprawled bodies of Three-Fingered Jack and two other outlaws. Two prisoners squatted by a small fire as the rangers clawed through the captured gear, seeking gold and other valuables.

For the next few hours, the lawmen caught up on some much needed rest, hunted for treasure, and ate a breakfast of coffee and tortillas. Love, Connor and Byrnes huddled together and decided that Rangers Byrnes and Sylvester should ride to Millerton with the heads of Joaquin and Three-Fingered Jack to

(Continued on page 48)

The muster roll of the California State Rangers under Captain Harry Love. In the right-hand column is the first written notice of the death of Murrieta.

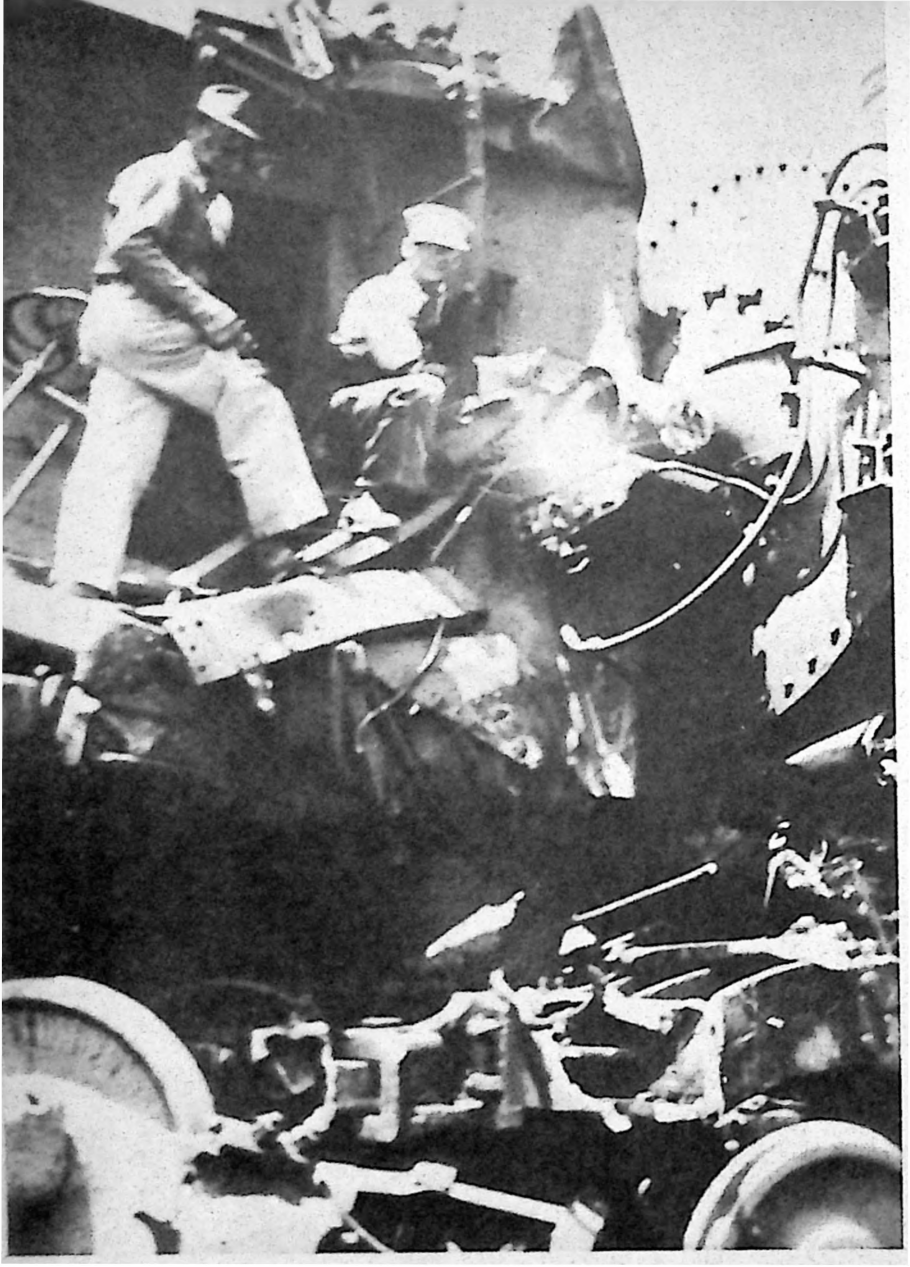
Courtesy Col. N. O. Thomas of the Adjutant General's office of California



Muster and Descriptive Roll of Capt. Harry Loves Company of California State Rangers for the Month Ending July 28th 1853.

	Names	Grade	Height	Complexion	Color	Eyes	Age	Date of Enlistment	Where Enlisted	Remarks
1	Harry Love	Capt.	6 ft 3 in	Light	Brown	Blue	34	May 21st 1853	Quartzburg, Mariposa County	
2	Pat Connor	1st Lieut.	5 ft 9 in	.	Auburn		33			
3	Wm. Byrnes	Ranger	5 ft 3 in	.	Brown	Gray	21			
4	Geo. Chase	2nd Lieut.	5 ft 8 in	.	Auburn	Black	23			
5	Geo. Blomfourth	Ranger	5 ft 11 in	.	Light	Blue	33			
6	N. G. Almonte	Private	5 ft 3 in	Dark	Brown	Gray	31			
7	Lafayette Moore	.	5 ft	Light	Auburn	Blue	26			
8	John Fobes	.	5 ft	.	Brown	.	21			
9	W. D. Campbell	.	5 ft 5 in	.	Auburn	.	31			
10	Geo. Chase	.	5 ft 10 in	Dark	Brown	Gray	29			
11	W. S. Howard	.	5 ft 9 in	Light	.	Blue	26			
12	J. J. Webster	.	5 ft 6 in	.	Dark	-	46			
13	Rob't S. Howard	.	5 ft 5 in	.	Brown	.	29			
14	W. J. Henderson	.	5 ft 9 in	.	Auburn	-	27			
15	Pete McAlister	.	5 ft 8 in	.	.	.	37			
16	James M. Norton	.	5 ft 9 in	.	Light		29			
17	John Nuttall	.	5 ft 11 in	Dark	Dark	Hazel	31			
18	Cy. J. Nuttall	.	6 ft	.	.	.	23			
19	John Sylvester	.	5 ft 8 in	Light	Brown	Blue	23			
20	Edward Seybourn	.	5 ft 8 in	.	Light	Gray	26			
21	John White	.	5 ft 10 in	Dark	Dark	Blue	24			

I hereby certify the above to be a true and correct Muster Roll of the California State Rangers under my Command.
Harry Love Capt.
Commdg State Rangers



Courtesy Santa Fe Railway

HORNY TOAD MAN

By LENORE DILS

Photos Courtesy Author

"Everything that has ever happened on any railroad has happened on the Horny Toad. Every situation devised by man, nature or the devil had to be faced and overcome by the men on that division."

Author's Note: The Horny Toad Division is that segment of the Santa Fe Railway which runs from Albuquerque, New Mexico, to El Paso, Texas. It includes also the branch lines to Deming, Silver City, Hurley, Bayard, Hanover, Santa Rita and Fierro—all in New Mexico. In 1884 there were also short lines from Nutt to the great mining area of Lake Valley and from San Antonio to the coal mines at Carthage. This segment has now been consolidated with two other divisions, and is called the New Mexico Division.

"ADVERSITY introduces a man to himself," someone has said. The Horny Toad man would agree to this. He has experienced adversity in many guises. He was never blind to approaching danger or risk, but when he was exposed to it, he faced up to it. One old-time conductor said, "You get so you can taste danger before it happens."

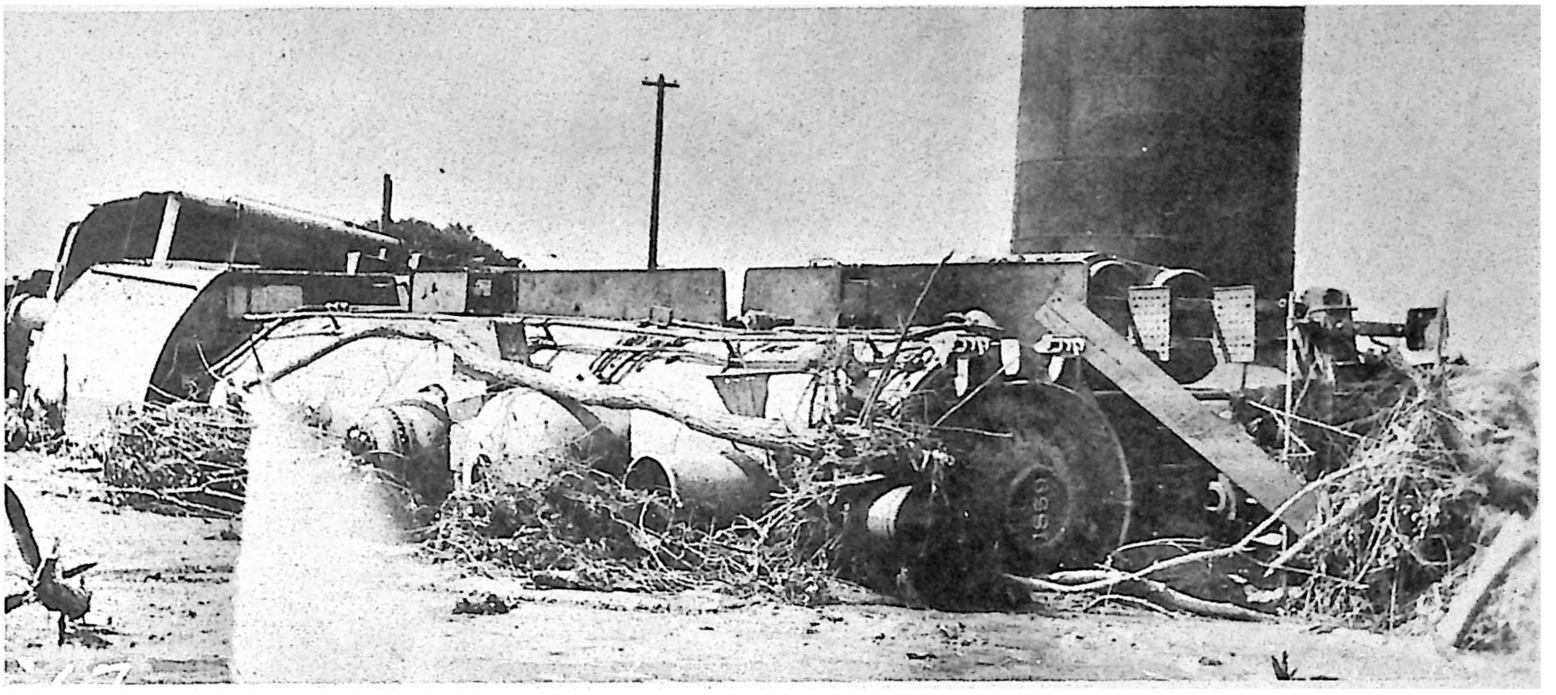
The Horny Toad man faced wrecks, braved explosions, defied holdup men, endured blizzards, chafed at recurring washouts and floods, and suffered from many other formidable and frightening experiences. Some of them in the eighties had run-ins with Indians.

The Horny Toad man never went looking for trouble, but when it presented itself, he didn't back away from it. He might be brownied frequently by the Santa Fe for any number of infringements of the rules in the little black book—one of them might be his disregard for "Rule G." This was the rule that prohibited the use of alcoholic beverages by engine or trainmen. Someone said that the smell of alcohol on a man's breath was sufficient reason to pull him out of service. One early railroader used to laugh and say, "No fruit cake for me—I'm going to get a run out in a couple of hours, and the smell of that brandy on my breath—well, now, you wouldn't want your old man canned, would you?"

In November, 1884 James Skuse and the crew on the night passenger train met trouble just a few miles south of Socorro. The train was en route from El Paso to Albuquerque when they came upon a pile of rocks on the track. Skuse stopped the train and asked the fireman to swing down from the cab and remove them. Just as the fireman started down, both Skuse and the fireman saw a group of men and horses jumping from behind the bushes. The holdup men ordered the crew to stop the train. The bullets started flying.

Skuse called out, "Don't shoot." He ordered the fireman to hit the deck, an unnecessary order. Skuse then opened the throttle as he followed the fireman's example and got down on the deck. The train went tearing through the roadblock, sending stones flying in all directions. The daring move completely surprised the holdup men. Although they fired more than forty shots, breaking many windows out of the coaches, no one was injured. Conductor J. D. Hedrick had started to investigate when the first shooting occurred, then had changed his mind, got back inside the coach and ordered his passengers to get down on the floor.

The only damage to the train was a



The 1859 on its side at the coal chute.

bent and twisted cowcatcher and many broken windows. When the train reached Albuquerque the passengers took up a purse for the "brave engineer, James Skuse."

IT WAS the duty of the trainmaster to "get the trains over the road" and it was the duty of the railroad men in charge of the train to comply with the order. There were times, however, when the men thought it unsafe to follow a trainmaster's orders, and then somebody had to change his mind.

Engineer Ben Keller was one who didn't change his. He is a thoughtful man, and when he made a misjudgment, he stuck to it. Now retired, Mr. Keller has a bright twinkle in his brown eyes as he answers a silly question which is posed. (Mr. Keller hired out firing in April, 1911.)

"Wrecks, did you say? Of course I had wrecks—several of them. All of us did. Once around 1920 or 1921 when I was firing on passenger, we were coming down a stretch of road leading to La Joya, near Socorro. Syd Hockett, who was later killed in a wreck, was my engineer. It was about three in the afternoon and the track looked good, but it had been raining some and rain can sure play hob with the Horny Toad tracks.

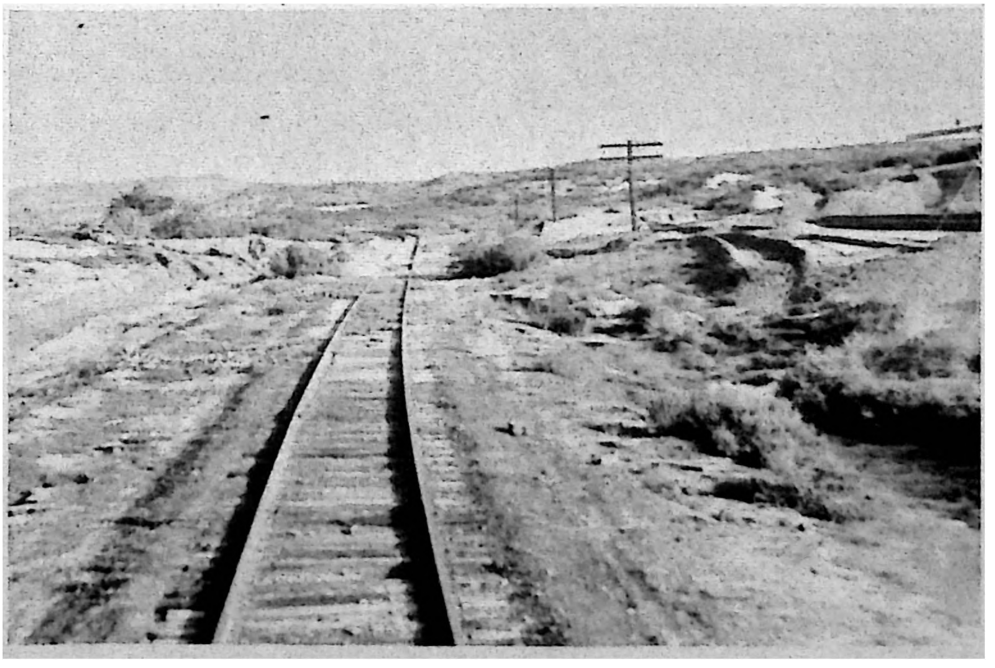
"Well, old 1478 suddenly jumped about four feet in the air and came down on the rails on the other side of a cave-in. The engine was still on the tracks and we kept rolling. That was back in coal-burning days, and we lost all the coal which was thrown out of the tank when the engine jumped. I remember looking back and being amazed when I saw that the engine had cut loose from the train. I saw the baggage car standing on end in the washout. That was the last I knew for some time.

"Somehow, the engine got to La Joya, how, I didn't know, and neither did Syd. Syd stopped it somehow and told the station agent to get help down to the passengers. Then he went inside and sent a telegram. I didn't know this at the time, for I was completely unaware of what was happening by then. I only knew that I had a terrible thirst. I had to have a drink of water, no matter what happened. I got the water bag off the engine and started walking. (We each carried a gallon water bag made of canvas, and evaporation kept the water cold as it hung on the engine. I walked down the track, and after a while Mrs. Elliott, the agent's wife, and her daughter saw me, and the daughter took hold of my arm and said, 'Mr. Keller, what are you doing down here?'

"'I'm thirsty,' I said. 'I've got to get a drink.' She saw that I was dazed, and she took hold of my arm and guided me back to the engine. When I saw Syd, I seemed to come to myself. 'Syd,' I said, 'we've got to get back to the train and see what we can do.'

"When we got back, we saw Conductor Elmer Watson with his hands all bloody, and his uniform torn. He had beat out the windows with his hands in order to help rescue the passengers. The cars were flooded and the passengers were climbing across them, and some were walking down the track like dazed cattle. One man was killed, his body still there in the water. Several passengers were badly injured."

Soft "washed-over" spot where Ben Keller's train once went in the ditch.



NOT ALL wrecks turned out so disastrously, Mr. Keller assured me. "Once when we were going down Grama Hill, south of San Marcial," Mr. Keller

Courtesy Santa Fe Railway

The San Marcial flood, August, 1929.

said, "I got a funny feeling—I guess you'd call it ESP now. I stood up and I just couldn't seem to sit down. It was like something was going to happen and I had to be ready for it. I kept thinking of a wreck for some unknown reason, and then I got the feeling that things would turn out all right. We got to Upham, headed in, and Shorty Whitman, the conductor, wanted to know why I was so on edge. I only knew that I'd feel a lot better when he got a clearance from the operator's office. I just thought he might not get a clearance. He came back from the office and I asked, almost afraid to—'Shorty, did we get a clearance?'

"'We sure did,' he replied. I told him I guessed I had been worrying about nothing, and he made light of it all.

"We started on down the hill from Grama and there before us coming up the hill was a train, and neither we nor the other train had time to stop before a collision. The engineer on the other train was Barton Dickinson.

"Everybody jumped. I took time to slow down first. There was snow on the ground, I remember, and we were pulling forty-six cars of coal. When I jumped I went down the right of way to the fence, but I couldn't climb over that high barbed wire. Yet when I looked back and saw those coal cars folding up like a deck of cards, don't ask me how I did it but I outran the cars. The two engines reared up like prehistoric monsters in a death struggle. Nobody was killed. The other men got over a fifteen foot cut—how, I'll never know.

"Dickinson's fireman was Frank Tomsic. My fireman was a boomer—can't remember his name but this wreck proved too much for him, and he quit. We lost a lot of boomers that way. They just couldn't take it, and soon thinned out and made room for men who didn't run away from the first difficulty that they came upon.

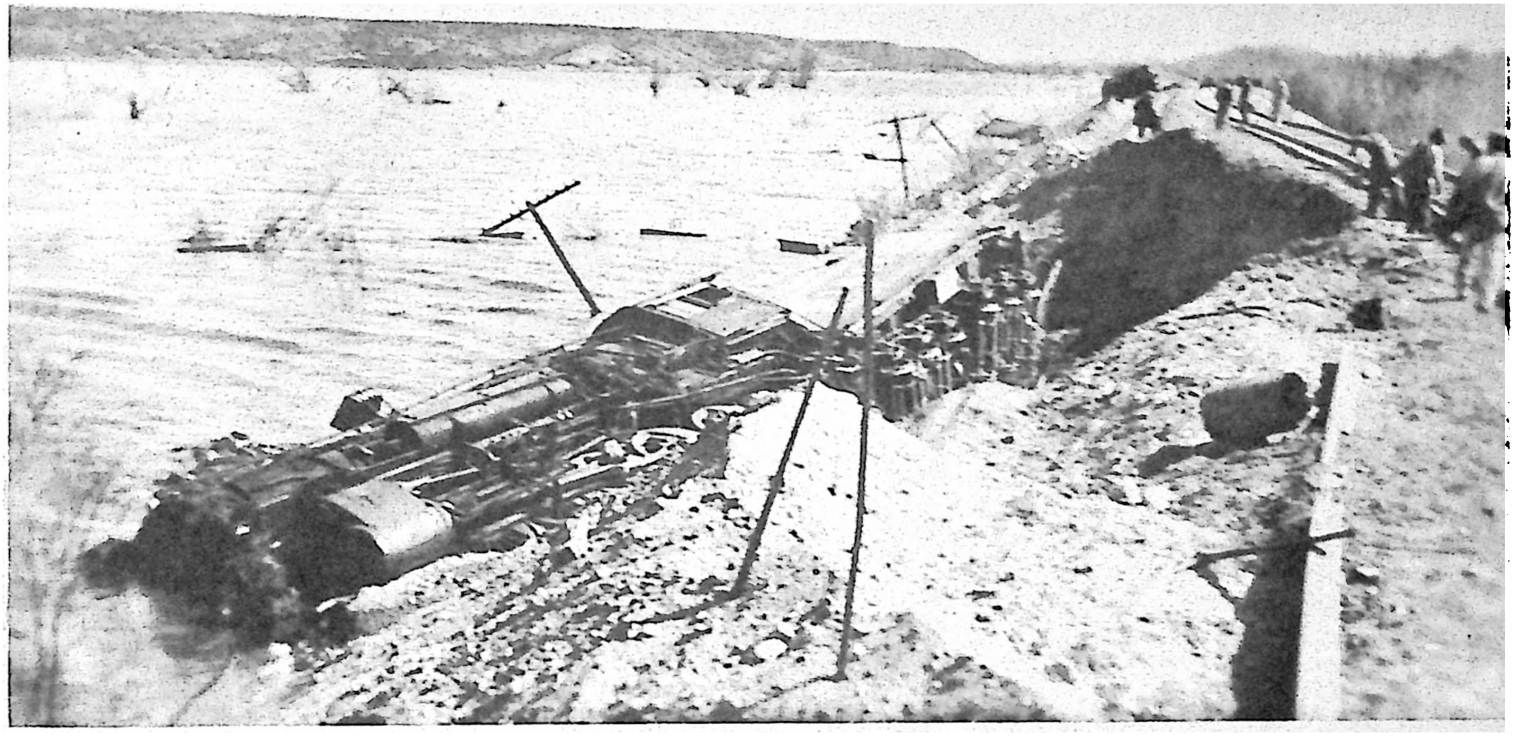
"I took my engine on to Rincon, but the other engine was put completely out of commission. Bob Black, the roadmaster, tried to pull the engines apart with the latest equipment, but Dickinson's engine rolled over and lay there several days before they could get it back on the track."

After a moment's hesitation, a faraway look came into Engineer Keller's eyes, and he said, "Well, I guess I had a lot of wrecks, some while I was engineer, and some while I was still firing. But there finally comes a time when a man just can't take it anymore. This time for me came on August 20, 1955. I had hired out April 24, 1911, so I quit after forty-four years in Santa Fe service.

"Despite the fact that I had my share of wrecks and other difficulties, railroading is an exciting and rewarding life. But after forty-four years you get so you worry more, and you're more critical, and when something unpleasant comes up, you just want to quit and leave it all behind you. That's what I did."

Rio Salado showing the washed-out east approach and channel widening.

Courtesy Santa Fe Railway



Two engines overturned at San Marcial within a month.

MR. KELLER held a fistful of tissue copies of train orders. "I got all these orders on that last day that I worked," he said. "I got out on passenger train number 13 from Albuquerque to El Paso. We were due at Socorro about 7:05, and when we arrived there they handed us a hold order—we were to wait until 11:30 before proceeding. Our order explained an abutment of a bridge was washed out.

"After holding us four hours and more, they called us and said the roadmaster reported the track would be all right by the time we reached the washed-out place. Then the roadmaster himself climbed on the engine and said he'd just had a man come over the track and it was okay. The man had come from Lava, so we didn't have a thing to worry about. We should take off.

"The roadmaster rode the engine with us. About a mile above Pope we came upon a lot of trash which had washed over the track and I decreased the speed. The roadmaster was impatient 'Let's go! What are you waiting for?' he inquired in an agitated voice.

" 'You dead sure this is safe?' I asked.

" 'I told you—I told you. Go ahead. I just had a man over it.'

" 'Well,' I demurred, 'there's a lot of soft earth here. I remember when they dug a place somewhere near here for that oil pipeline—probably it is still soft.'

" 'Let's go!' he repeated impatiently.

"I went ahead, and we didn't go very far until we went into a hole. Nothing turned over, thank God. With all those passengers, it could have been bad, really bad!

"I was mad I can tell you—not angry—mad! Well, there we were, and all we could do was wait for somebody to come along in answer to our wire for help. We had ways of signalling.

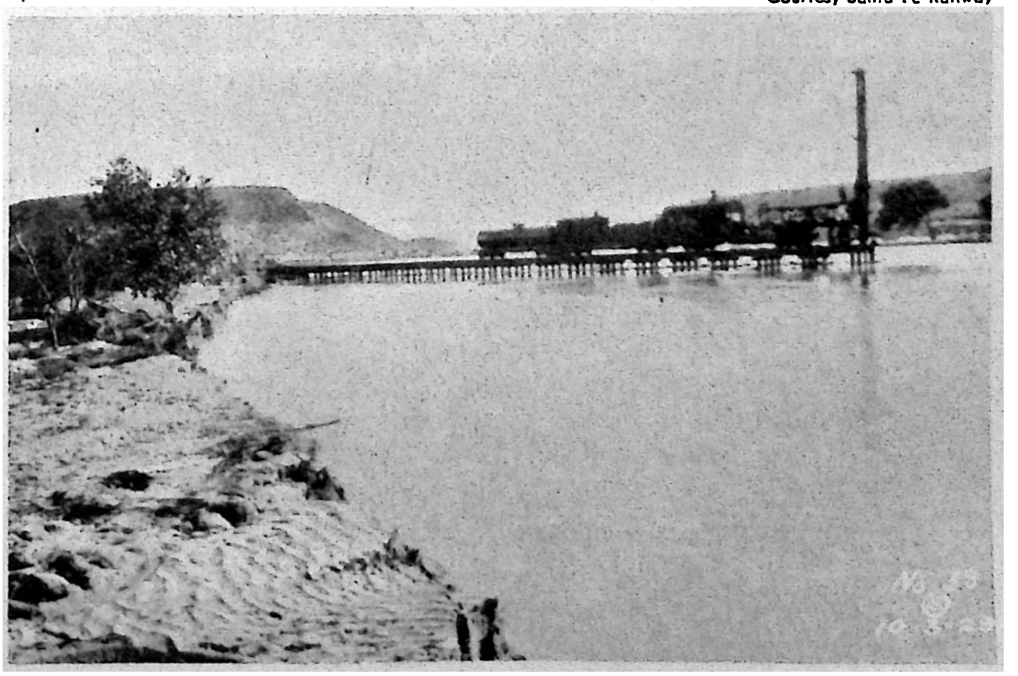
"It was about 1:45 p.m. before an old bus, with the radiator boiling, arrived from Hot Springs. The passengers and crew were taken there (now called Truth or Consequences) for lunch. This was the first meal we'd had since early the night before. I was so mad I couldn't talk.

"It was the same old story of a green roadmaster giving orders to an old road man. Every time they'd get us in trouble. When you've gone hundreds of times over a roadbed, you know it like your own back yard and you know what rains and snows and winds will do to any part of it. When I got to El Paso, I resigned. I've kept all those perplexing and absurd orders we got that day just to remind myself how lucky I was to spend forty-four years in service without a more serious accident. I felt I had had my share, and I wanted no more.

(Continued on page 58)

View of a temporary bridge east of San Acacia.

Courtesy Santa Fe Railway



NICK EGGENHOFER'S WEST

FOURTH IN A SERIES OF OUTSTANDING WESTERN ARTISTS AND THE PARTICULAR MEDIA OF EACH . . .

By LES BEITZ

Nick Eggenhofer. At the time this photo was taken (1928), he was already well established as an illustrator for leading western magazines.

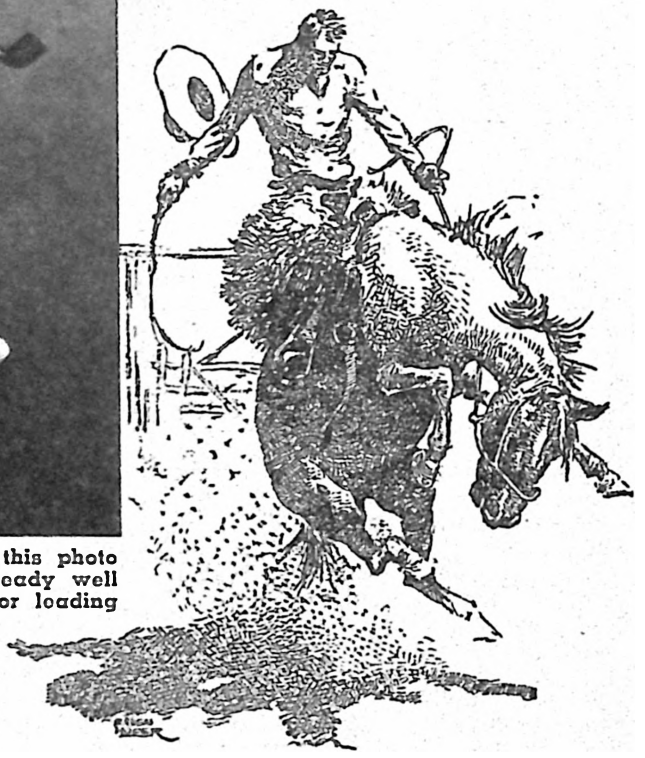


Illustration from *Cowboy Stories* (March 1928), shows Nick Eggenhofer's excellent graphic style in the handling of a tense hanging incident.

WHEN NICK EGGENHOFER goes about the business of sketching or painting illustrations for a book dealing with the West, the outcome is pretty much a foregone conclusion. His part of the assignment—making the volume graphically effective—stacks up squarely with the finest work yet done in all of western illustration. That's because of many things in Nick's background and experience as a practicing illustrator during the past forty-five years. But most of it boils down to one thing—a truly remarkable, largely self-taught talent, one that endows his work with such powerful ruggedness, vigor and depth as to almost make his subject leap from the sketchboard. Never before has technique, or "style," been more suited to portrayal of things western. It is these qualities of forcefulness, boldness, and spirited action that are the unmistakable brand markings Nick Eggenhofer has put on his stock-in-trade.

Nick Eggenhofer was born in Gauting, Bavaria (near Munich), in 1897. Almost from the time he was able to grip a pencil, the youngster had evidenced a natural bent for drawing the "cowboys and Indians" of the American West, very popular in Europe at that time due to Buffalo Bill's touring the Continent with his Wild West Show. Actually, the awe-inspiring influence of the great showman's spectacle had a lot to do with motivating migration to this country. And the Eggenhofers were part of the exodus.

He was sixteen when the family came to America, and like those hardy immigrants of earlier pioneer times, he wasn't long grasping the lower rungs of the ladder and climbing upward toward a significant place in the New World mainstream. Shoe clerk, hardware store helper, production line worker, apprentice, lithographer—all within a span of six years. During off hours, Nick drew pictures and, augmented by night classes in art at Cooper Union, New York, a career as an illustrator was underway. The thing he wanted to do most with his natural talent was to picture the Old West—to picture it with all the stark reality of those stirring times; to recreate the vivid, exciting episodes of wagons, mules and men.

Nick first broke into national publication in 1919 via the "pulp western" route. From that time on through a period of some twenty-odd years (until the mid-'40s), he continued to turn out huge stacks of illustrations annually for leading western magazines of the day—*Cowboy Stories*, *Ace-High*, *Street and*

Range Hand, above, and Stage Holdup illustration at right were done by Nick Eggenhofer for *Western Story Magazine* during the heyday of "pulp westerns." Originals of such work are eagerly sought by advanced collectors today.

Smith's Western Story, to name just a few. His dashing, broad treatment with brush and ink was an asset ideally suited to the requirements of those "fiction factories"; it's not at all unusual to tally twenty to twenty-four illustrations by Nick Eggenhofer in a single bi-monthly issue of *Cowboy Stories*, circa 1924.

For many years his work in *Street and Smith's Western Story Magazine* excited the interests of thousands of its readers. He made several trips west of the Mississippi and during these travels he kept busy sketching, making notes, gathering material and soaking in the region's color.

A good many of his earlier works are straight pen and ink illustrations. They are drawn with a sweeping spontaniety that almost defies the medium. Pen and ink rendering is usually employed to keen advantage in the handling of measured, quiet, more refined subject material. But Nick's strong technique endowed these pen line illustrations with a ruggedness and "brisk" outdoorishness seldom achieved through such a medium. Then he began doing "dry brush" and crayon work, a combination that affords wide scope for patterning and effect in the craft of picture making. The things he did along this line in the late '20s and early '30s take on a fine art character, rather than simply being ordinary, work-a-day business illustration.

In browsing through old pulp thrillers of that era, I find Nick's work to be in two distinct structural categories. About half of the illustrations are paneled or, rather, proportioned to fit standard column width. Formal spotting, it's called. The others are "vignettes"—rambling, irregularly proportioned compositions that amble around the page, jogging in and out of the type arrangement with abandon. These exercises in breaking up a magazine page for greater eye play are remarkable graphic presentations and were the foundation for much of Nick's later fine book illustration.

WITH THE FOLDING of most of the major "pulps" during the late '30s and early '40s, Nick turned to hard bound book illustration. Into this specialized area of the illustrator's craft, Nick channeled his two decades of graphic experience in pulp illustration. The results of his efforts in this demanding field go to make up some of the most outstanding volumes in the entire library of Western Americana: Titles such as *Shanghai Pierce*, by Chris Emmett (1953), *The Story of The Texas Rangers*, by Walter Prescott Webb (1957), *The Humor Of The American Cowboy*, by Stan Hoig (1958), *The Troopers*, by S. E. Whitman (1962), and Nick's own *Wagons, Mules and Men*—a classic work—with text and pictures about how the frontier moved West. In all, he has illustrated about forty books by the best western writers of our time.

For many years Nick lived and worked at his home and studio in West Milford, New Jersey. As his work became more and more in demand, book jacket assignments began to claim a fuller share of his work schedule. On many of these commissions, he went in for employing the full spectrum of his palette in producing colorful and dramatic paintings for reproduction on "dust wrappers" of western titles put out by some of the most prominent publishers in the country.

Many of these works are painting of the highest order—fine art accomplishments in every sense of the word. They are, in effect, the full blossoming of a major talent that has unobtrusively occupied a key position in the field of western illustration for nearly half a century. And the stream of masterful western art that has flown from his studio during those five decades shows no sign whatsoever of slackening.

To give some idea of Nick's prolific output over the years, a close estimate would put it at something in the neighborhood of twenty thousand paintings and pen-and-ink drawings since his first commission in 1919!

Nick is seventy now. He lives in Cody, Wyoming and is as busily engaged as ever in turning out easel paintings to satisfy all manner of gallery and private requirements. There is usually some

(Continued on page 42)

Jornada Cattle Drive

By NICK CARTER
as told to
KNOLES-PETERSON

Photos Courtesy Author

Cowpoke Ed Rhodes, left, who went on the drive across Jornada del Muerto, and a friend.

I JOINED a trail herd of 1,000 head of cattle, with a remuda of 70 horses, on September 1, 1908. The drive started from Jim Gould's ranch northwest of Alamogordo, New Mexico, and to reach our destination, a ranch near Lordsburg, we had to cross the southeast end of the famous Jornada del Muerto.

I have heard old-timers mention "trail herds" going to points in Kansas, but they had a real trail to follow. We didn't. There was a very dim single file trail from west of the San Andres Mountains to near the Pot Hook Well at headquarters which cattle had made on their way to and from water and which we followed, the only one we traveled.

I saw the Santa Fe Trail at Black Jack, Kansas, when I was a kid. It was fully two blocks wide. A cattle trail to Dodge City must have been much wider. Our trek was just called a "drive." Many of the old Texas drives were composed of cattle belonging to several outfits, and 3,000 head were considered a good number to drive, though some herds were larger.

My brother and I spent a few days at Gould's helping him gather up his cattle. We gathered 600 head, poor and rangy stuff, and started the drive to meet Jim Baird's herd at Baird's ranch south of Dead Man Canyon east of the San Andres Mountains. From Baird's ranch it was a good day's ride on a fast horse to Alamogordo. A so-called road ran south of the Sands. Baird ran about 3,000 cattle on his land, and was afraid of overstocking it. I guess he didn't want his range to get grass-poor like Gould's.

While we were gathering Gould's stock, I was intrigued with a large, imposing house on a homestead adjacent to his place. I learned that this house belonged to a Dr. Barrett, a bachelor who lived in Alamogordo. The homestead had been filed on 160 acres, a quarter of a mile wide and a mile long. A fenced arroyo, about 150 feet wide, ran down its center. The fence had kept all cattle out, so the grass within the boundaries of the arroyo made a fine pasture.

Gould, desperately needing grass for his stock, had gone to Alamogordo and tried to lease it, but Dr. Barrett wouldn't agree. Gould was disappointed, but returned to his ranch.

The night we reached the Gould place with the last of the cattle we were taking on the drive, Mr. Gould instructed us to saddle up and get behind the cattle before they bedded down. He waved toward the Barrett pasture where the fence had "accidentally" fallen down. That's all we needed to go into action. When we returned to the ranch, Gould ordered us to be up at the break of day. He didn't need to say why.

WE WERE up before dawn. Those cattle had to be moved out before anyone saw them. We had only ridden halfway down the arroyo when we looked up and saw two men standing on a high bank above us. One was Dr. Barrett, and the other a friend of his, J. Q. Grant. We all saluted and kept riding toward the south fence. Not a cow was in sight, but the fence was down for a long distance. It couldn't have fallen down. Barrett and Grant had evidently spooked the cattle during the night and caused them to stampede.

We rode perhaps a mile before we sighted a cow brute. Then we did a quick job of rounding up the herd, because Gould wanted to get going. The chuckwagon would catch up with us later.

The next time I saw Dr. Barrett was in 1912 when I went to Gillham, Arkansas to see Mr. Goff, father of Abner of "Lum and Abner" fame. Mr. Goff was busy when I entered the store so I found a keg to sit on and enjoyed the warmth of the potbellied stove. And I listened to the old-timers talk as they sat around, chewing and spitting.

A man came into the store, and I had a feeling that I'd seen him before, but couldn't remember where. He went out after a few minutes' conversation with the clerk, saying that he'd come back later when Mr. Goff wasn't busy. When he returned I moved closer. Then I recognized Dr. Barrett, of the arroyo incident.

"When did you leave Alamogordo, Doctor?" I asked. "And how is your friend, J. Q. Grant?"

He was probably forty years my

Seems like only two quantities of water were found on this trail—too much or too little. A man's tongue would swell one day; his hat would float the next . . .

senior, so I wasn't surprised that he didn't remember me. I told him of seeing him and Grant on the arroyo bank on his ranch in New Mexico that morning in 1908. I admitted that I was one of the men who rode through his pasture. When I asked why he didn't prosecute Jim Gould for trespassing, his answer was a hearty laugh.

"You don't think the evidence of two men is more convincing than that of *five* men in a courtroom?" he replied.

He would have been foolish to have pulled a gun on us, as he and Grant were outnumbered. I didn't ask about his stampeding our cows or making such a mess out of his own fence. I didn't mention, either, how hard and fast we worked to gather that scattered herd together. He was pleasant and didn't hold a grudge against me. He explained that he was buying a horse as one of his wagon team had died the night before. He was on his way to another town in Arkansas.

MOVING those poor cattle of Gould's was a slow job. Jim Gould had been ranching in the Crow Flat country for many years, but when grazing gave out from lack of moisture he moved to the place northwest of Alamogordo. When that ranch became overstocked he and Jim Baird got together and planned this drive.

We drove through Mayberry Gap, reaching the flats west of the San Andres Mountains. Old houses have always attracted me, and down on the flats just after we'd come through the pass, or Gap, was a very old house, so old that it was fast returning to dust. It was known as the Goldenburg Ranch. I think Robert Burch was the last one to live there. To the west, maybe fifteen miles, was the headquarters of the Pot Hook Ranch. Some called it the "T" Hook. Today on the road map it is called Turney Ranch. It is about twenty miles north of Las Cruces.

When Jim Baird's cattle had joined Gould's, we had 1,000 head. Though that wasn't considered a large herd, to me, watching them moving slowly along, it seemed quite a heap of cow brutes. It took two days to reach the south end of White Sands. The third day we let the stock graze, and on the fourth when we started northwest we found good grass in very tall mesquite. Here we loose-herded the stock for a few days, giving them a chance to rest up and maybe put on a few needed pounds.

We were now on the Jornada that I'd heard so much about. There must have been unusually good rains that year because the grass was tall and green. Here we were joined by Ed Rhodes, nephew of Jim Gould. He and another cowpoke had preceded us about a week for the purpose of rounding up some horses they were running on a ranch on the west side of the San Andres Mountains, near the old Watson Rich ranch. Gould's nephew was a nice fellow and we got to be good friends.

There were eleven riders on this drive, counting Jim Baird, Jim Gould and me. I wasn't really a cowpoke, but had joined the drive because I wanted first-hand knowledge of this phase of western life. I was fascinated by the brands which horses and cattle wore, always wondering from which ranch, in which state, they had come. I remember in a town in Arkansas where I lived when as a boy, I saw a horse branded -W (Bar W). After I came to New Mexico I learned it had come from the famous Bar W Ranch north of Carrizozo.

I also saw a horse in Whittier, California, that was from the Pot Hook Ranch in New Mexico. Horses, like people, do get around. I learned from some of the old cowboys that the Pot Hook got its name in Texas before it moved to New Mexico. In the early days every chuckwagon cook had a pot hook for lifting hot utensils from the fire. It was made this way ⊤ . You can see by the design why it could also be called the "T" hook.

AROUND our campfire in the evening, after a good supper of beans, meat, and biscuits baked in a Dutch oven, the men talked of cattle drives and rodeos. They found an eager listener in me.

I heard of how merciless the Jornada could be to humans and animals. Even in the early nineties when wells were scattered along, it was still a menace. The men bossing our drive, however, were wise to all the moods of the Jornada, and had chosen the perfect time to cut across this stretch of sand, rock, and brush. We were lucky that there had been rains to bring the grass up. I was told that sometimes months went by between rains in this part of New Mexico.

Jim Gould had a stallion he thought was a prize winner. The horse had a pronounced Roman nose, a pot belly, and looked like a small draft horse that should have been pulling an ice wagon. He weighed about 1,200 pounds. He was awkward and his offspring would never have the build of a cow pony.

Mr. Gould's nephew, Ed, told us that a stallion belonging to the Gilmore Ranch had been following us, though Ed had tried several times to drive him away from our horses. The stallion seemed to be "barn-raised" and gentle, was well built, weighed about 1,000 pounds, and was very quick in his movements.

When we reached the Pot Hook Ranch we made a try at chasing the Gilmore stallion homeward, but it was no use. The very next morning he was back with the trail herd horses. He was roped and led behind the chuckwagon the next day, but had to be turned loose that night so he could graze. The next day he didn't show up with our horses, so we all decided that he didn't want any more chuckwagon dust and had decided to go home.

About five o'clock we saw the Gilmore stallion standing on a hill overlooking our camp. He made a beautiful picture with the west wind blowing his mane and tail, head up as though surveying

Typical chuckwagon used on roundups and drives.

Nick Carter at Baird's Ranch, 1908.

his own little kingdom. He came prancing down the hill and was met halfway by Gould's Roman Nose. A fight began. The Gilmore stallion clamped his teeth on the defender's side. He sat back like a dog pulling on a rope, and Roman Nose broke away minus some skin and hair.

Rhodes wanted to separate the horses, but Gould said, "My big horse will whip him and then he'll go home and not bother us any more." That was not the case. After losing about ten mouthfuls of hair and skin and receiving kicks in the ribs from both hind feet of the Gilmore stallion Roman Nose decided his mares were not worth taking this sort of beating. He galloped over the hill, leaving his followers with a new king. The little Gilmore horse wasn't even touched.

Mornings on that cattle drive were a Wild West show. Those New Mexico horses didn't want to work and didn't want anyone sitting on their backs. But the cowpoke is a hardy fellow and ours managed to outstay most of the morning pitching sprees.

Water, even at this best season on the Jornada, was sometimes hard to come by. The cattle and horses went two days and one night without any. The only moisture the men had was from their coffee at meal time.

WHEN we reached the Pot Hook, Mr. Turney told us that we could water our stock at the well ten miles west of his ranch. Well, it *was* water, but not for human consumption. When we were within two miles of that water Gould's cattle started to make a run for it, but the first to arrive were pushed away by the onrush of those behind. An animal only had time to take a drink or two before it was pushed aside to allow a thirstier one to wet its tongue. Finally they all seemed to get their bellies full and drifted off to graze.

We went three miles farther, then bedded the herd down for the night. During our hard-earned supper, rain began to fall. We had to finish our meal wearing slickers. Bone tired, we went to bed in the rain.

About 9:30 lightning and thunder began. One of the herders came in and said the cows had hightailed it to parts unknown. All hands were dragged from their watery beds, but it was so dark we couldn't see anything except by the flash of sheet-lightning. I was riding a twenty-eight-year-old horse that had to be ridden in a walk for a quarter of a mile or so before he limbered up. I figured that he'd be in good shape by the time we got where the cattle had been bedded down.

Of course, there were no cattle there when I arrived, but the old horse seemed to know where to go. I guess he'd seen many a stampede in his long life.

Outlined by an unusually big flash of lightning, I saw the whole herd heading straight toward me. My wise old horse knew what to do, if I didn't. He veered to the left, jumped brush (his joints seemed to have limbered up considerably or else he was so scared he didn't feel any pain) and ran as fast as he could for what seemed to be an hour, but which couldn't have been for more than fifteen minutes. Then all of a sudden the rain stopped; lightning no longer flashed; no thunder rumbled. The moon came out bright and shiny. My old horse and I in some miraculous way had got *behind* those cattle!

We rounded up a few head by moonlight, but most weren't gathered until mid-morning. To our amazement we hadn't lost a single cow critter.

One of the first-shift herders that night had been Buster, the eleven-year-old son of Jim Gould. Buster had gone to sleep before the stampede started. The poor kid was so tired, he just slumped in the saddle. He was probably riding an old reliable horse, too, for he had managed to stay in the saddle all during the storm. Not one of us will ever get over that miracle.

When we at last reached the banks of the Rio Grande we found the river almost at flood stage. Our cattle were held back some distance, grazing, while the bosses decided when and where to cross. At this point a man, John Rhodes (no relation to my friend Ed), rode up and told us that he'd been on the river for many years and knew how deep the water was in most spots, and also how to avoid the patches of quicksand.

"How many of your men know how to swim?" he asked.

One of our riders laughed and said, "I don't. The deepest water I was ever in was the watering trough."

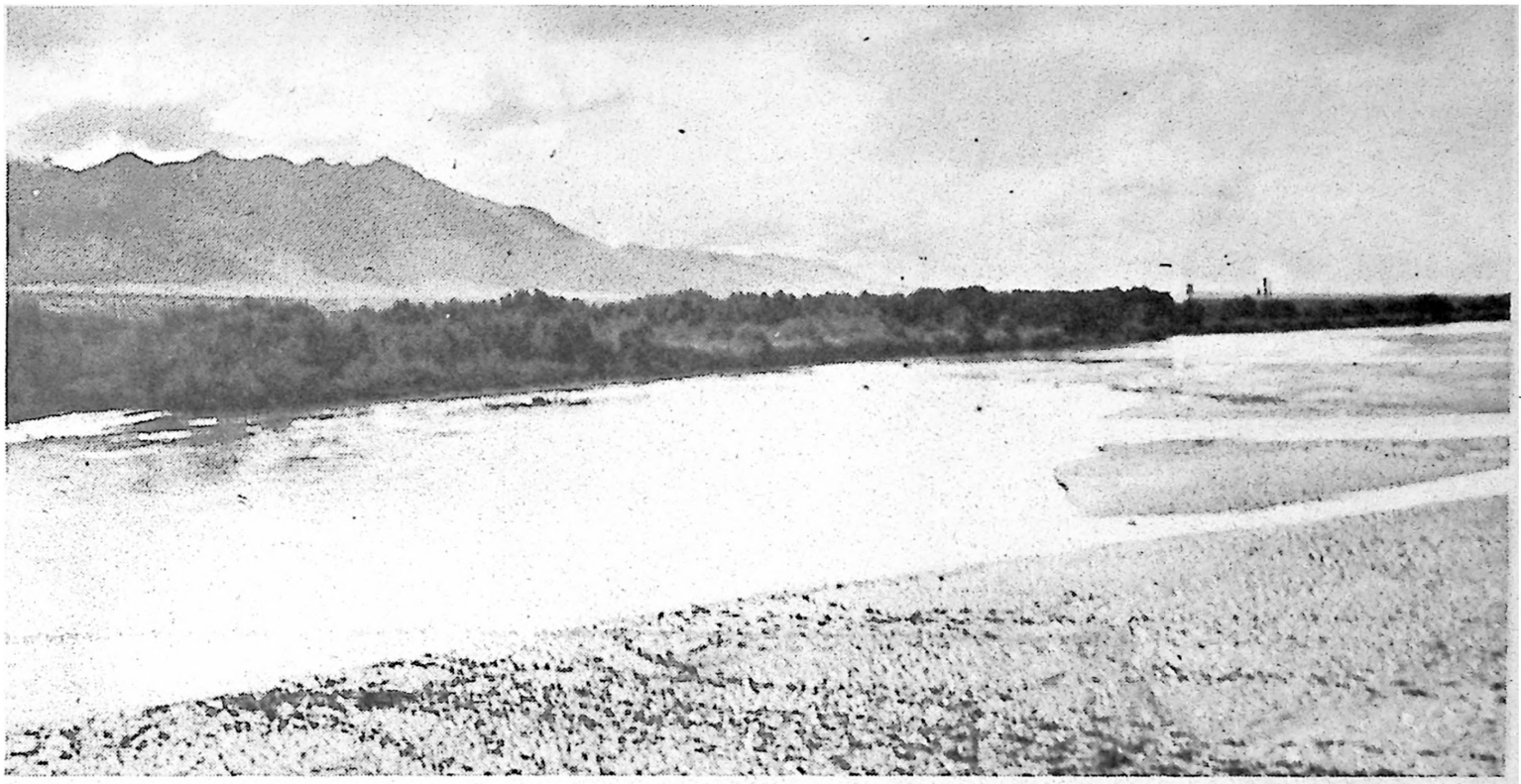
I rode my own horse across the swollen river, and as the horse swam, I could feel his right leg with my left foot because of the swiftness of the current. He was almost on his right side as he swam.

The cook tied the bed of the chuckwagon to the running gear so that the wagon bed would float and keep the bedding dry. Four horses were hitched to the wagon and six riders tied their ropes to it, making ten horses to pull it across. I was fascinated with the sureness of those cowboys at their jobs. No accidents, no wet bedding.

I'D ALWAYS been told that most trail herds have a leader. Jim Baird's had one. She was a Texas longhorn—six feet three inches from tip to tip. Sometimes getting as much as a quarter of a mile in front of the herd on open stretches, naturally she was the first cow to plunge into the Rio Grande, and away she went downstream.

Some of the punchers were on the west side of the river to direct the herd. We were to move southwest, and the river made a big bend to the west here. The railroad track was on a high shelf, chiseled out of the bluff, and to the right of us as we crossed.

To save our clothes from getting wet, we'd all stripped down to our summer drawers, or "scrivens." I'd made several crossings, keeping the swimming cattle from getting all tangled up. Then I was



The Rio Grande in the area of the cattle crossing.

asked to go back again to see if any were lost in the brush which grew between the tracks and the river.

The water was making a big roar, and with the cattle splashing as they swam, I couldn't understand what Mr. Baird was shouting to me. I thought he said, "Look out for the *pasajero!*" I thought *pasajero* meant passenger. I looked up and down the tracks but could see no train. Mr. Baird waved me off the railroad track then, and I put my horse into the river again and swam back to the west bank. When I got onto land Baird was laughing heartily.

"How much Mex do you know?" he asked me.

"Not much," I admitted.

"I didn't think so when I yelled at you to watch out for the *mujer*, the woman who was watching you cavorting in your scrivens."

For a minute I was kind of mad, then I had to laugh, too. He'd been trying to warn me that a lady was watching the crossing. She was standing in a big vertical crack in the rock bluff, and had seen all the fellows in their partly clad stage, but I had unknowingly been within ten feet of her. I was glad I hadn't seen her; my face would have turned a deeper red than it already was.

While Baird was talking to me I saw John Rhodes out on a quicksand bar trying to get our longhorn cow out of trouble. For a minute or so all we could see of that cow was her face and those huge, long horns. Rhodes was taking short steps close to her, which was packing the sand, and every time he passed her he would slap her head. When he'd whack her, she would lunge and rise a little. After a lot of work he finally got her out. Then she sat down on her haunches. That cow was a born fighter. When she finally got up on her feet she spied John at her rear. She lunged at him and just as she jumped he grabbed her by the tail and wrapped the hair several times around his hand. She whip-cracked him around a few times, and each time she did that, John's feet were in space. Baird and some of the other boys gathered on the banks and watched this performance with chuckles.

When John came down from one of his aerial spins, facing toward the bank of the river and the safety of our bunched horses, he just turned loose and sailed toward us like a whirlwind. He dashed among our horses just as the cow reached the bank, shaking her long-horned head in anger. I guess there were too many men around and when she heard the bawling of her calf she turned tail and headed for it. John Rhodes claimed that he didn't step on a single thorn.

A longhorn with his smiling rider.

Baird told us that he'd brought this old cow from southwest Texas when she was a calf. I remember that Gene Baird and I had routed this same cow out of some rocky terrain in the San Andres Mountains. She had chased us down the mountain, blood in her eyes. When she chose a bedding down spot, all the other cattle just seemed to gather around. Those old Texas longhorns are honest-to-goodness fighters, and we always stayed clear of them.

IT TOOK all day to get the cows, horses, and chuckwagon across the Rio Grande. It was a big pleasure to see them placidly grazing, and Gene Baird and I were sitting watching the cattle when John Rhodes came riding up.

"Glad to see you got across without trouble," he said.

Gene asked if he knew a better place for us to cross on our way back east after we left the trail herd, going home.

"Yes," he replied, "if you cross well below the Ft. Selden dam where the river spreads out, the water will be only knee deep to your horses."

While we were talking, Mr. Baird came walking past, and Gene waved him to come over and join us. "John

(Continued on page 51)

Life had as many troubles as cactus needles mixed in the sand—but folks just had to get to California!

Mary Howard around 1915.

By MARY ELIZABETH STORY HOWARD
Written in 1911

Submitted by THAIN WHITE

Photos Courtesy Thain White

Lure of the GOLD Camps

MY FIRST recollection is being placed in the middle of a bed, in a room having a large fireplace, and cautioned to sit still. I seem to have been wrapped up ready to start somewhere. My little brother was placed beside me and my father proceeded to break up an old green cradle to lengthen out the fire. This was a great grief to me and no doubt is the reason I remember it.

We took a boat at Oswego, bound for Wisconsin, with the intention of landing at Milwaukee, but through a change in the management, we were landed at Southport, now Kenosha. Here I remember my mother and us little ones being left with all our goods piled up on the sands (and a small pile it seems to have been) waiting while my father went in search of a conveyance to help us go farther on.

My parents, William A. Story and Isabella Stafford, had been born in England; both came with their parents to America in the same year—1831, I think. They were married in Ogdensburg, New York, on February 24, 1837, lived in Montreal across the river two years, and came back to Wayne County, New York, where I was born at the town of Rose on April 3, 1839. I must have been rather a poor specimen, for I weighed less than three pounds after being dressed. But I had hair so long my grandmother braided it and tied it with pink ribbon; being the first baby, I seem to have been considered worth raising.

About this time my father lay the greater part of a year sick with inflammatory rheumatism. We had no home of our own but when he was able to work he helped farmers and always had plenty to do. Wages were very low and money scarce. I have heard him say he seldom received cash but took his pay in anything offered. In December, 1840, my brother Jerome was born and the next spring my parents decided to move farther west.

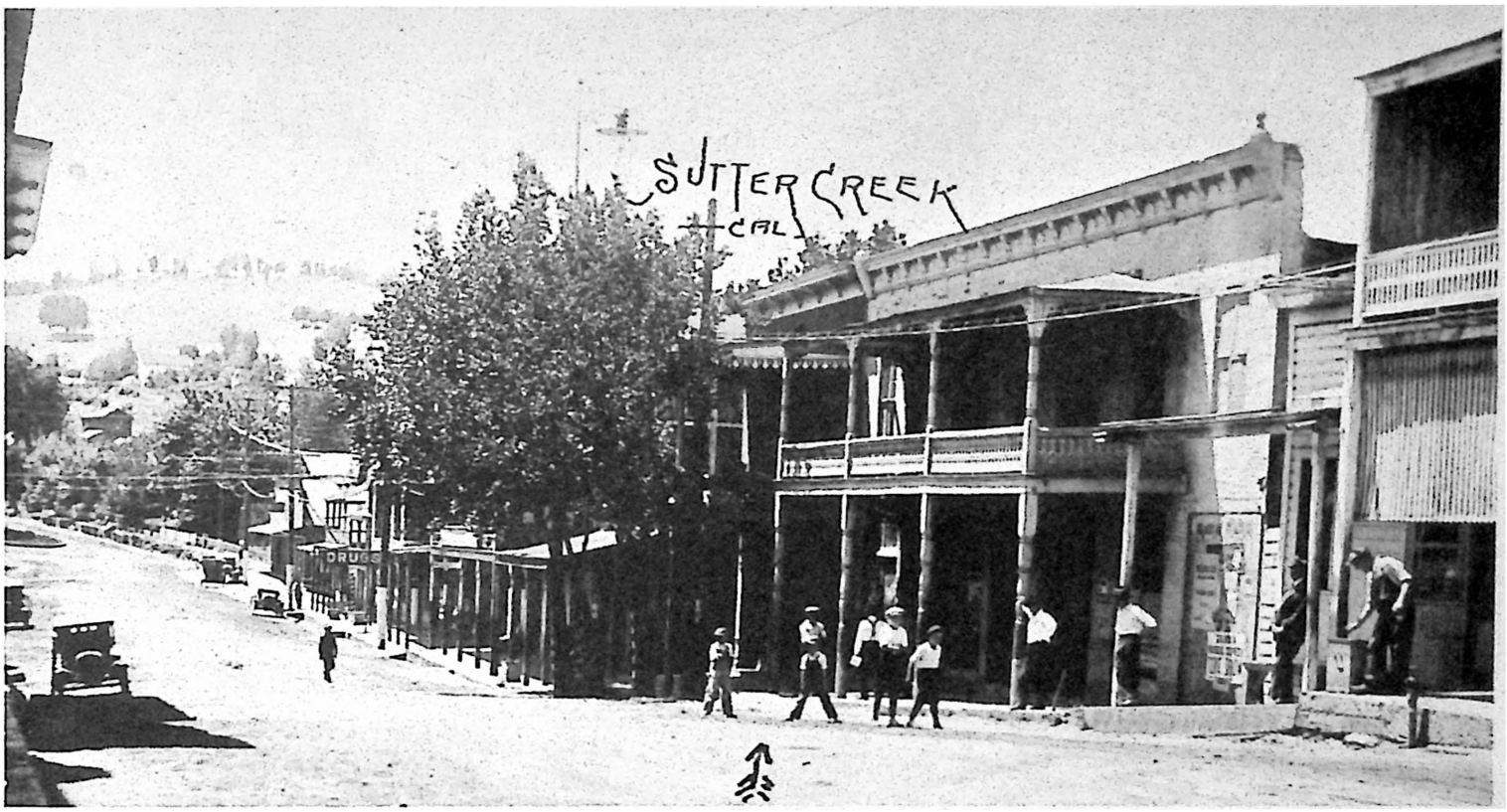
We went, I think, to Benhams Corners, soon moving to a very small house on the west bank of Marshalls Lake, south from Trevor in Kenosha County. Only a few rods south of this little house, my father's step-father had a house where he, his wife (my grandmother) and their youngest daughter were living. It was a wild place. Indians often made calls but they just seemed to be hunters. They would sometimes kill deer, skin them, take only the hindquarters, and leave the rest for us. They never made trouble for anyone; nevertheless, we were very much afraid of them. Grandfather was very fond of hunting and fishing so we fared very well for meats.

My second brother was born on November 23, 1842. The next year my father had good crops and after stacking the grain he built a shed for the stove in order to keep the little house as cool as possible. Some evil spirit tempted me to play with fire and in a few minutes these grain stacks were on fire. The men carried my poor mother, who was sick with typhoid fever, to a safe place and by hard work saved the house, but everything else was gone. What a terrible loss that was, and just through my mischief.

IN THE SPRING of 1844, Father bought 120 acres east of Antioch, Illinois. Here he built a small home, perhaps 10 x 14 feet, with one window, one door, and under it a hole five-feet square for a cellar. The floor was of oak, and not fastened down, as the boards had a way of warping and had to be turned. Though so small and poor, it was a happy home for our family, to which was added one more little brother on July 4, 1844.

After the crops, which were not at all extensive, were in, my father worked for whoever would hire him, never receiving more than fifty cents a day and sometimes taking that in meat, flour or other necessities. He had one cow, two oxen, and a two-wheeled cart. It was as good as the neighbors had, or cared to have, and when Mother wanted to see her friends she would yoke the oxen, place something in the cart for seats, take the four babies, and spend the day with the neighbors over at the lake.

The nearest land office was in Chi-



The arrow shows William A. Story's meat market circa 1915.

cago and Father had to make payments there, when due. Twice he had to walk, starting in the morning and getting back the next morning about the same time without rest or sleep. Yet with all this hard work and privations he was not able to keep out of debt. I think his neighbors were not much better off. He and a Mr. Jewett bought a threshing machine together and both worked very hard but I am sure they were not successful for a mortgage placed on the home was never paid. In the meantime, two more little ones had come, and seem to have been very welcome. There was real sorrow when the dear little girl was taken and her grave made where we could see it at all times. There were no burying grounds then.

A school was started about 1847 in an old log house directly west of us. From that time until the spring of 1852, we had school some part of the year, usually not more than three months. This schoolhouse also served as a church, there being no other place.

By the spring of 1852, my parents had become discouraged by debts and poor crops. Having heard glowing accounts of California, they made ready to undertake the long journey. They had no experience in traveling but were well used to hard fare, so they faced the undertaking with plenty of courage. My mother's mother came on a visit from New York State and she and others tried to persuade my parents it would be best to leave the children, as others were doing, but they would not hear to it.

On March 29, we were ready to start. We had two yoke of good oxen, one wagon with a painted canvas cover to shelter the family and our belongings, and a small tent to protect the sheet-iron stove.

WE FOUND terrible roads all through Illinois. We crossed the Mississippi River at a place called, I think, New Albany. I believe Iowa is considered a very desirable place to live, but my recollection of it is anything but pleasant. The roads were all but impassable, there were almost no bridges—none at all worth the name—and many rapid, narrow streams and the rudest kind of ferries. Crossing was a new and terrifying experience for the children.

In Iowa we fell in with some people by the name of Hennesy, from Brighton, Wisconsin. They too, were traveling with oxen, and we saw them often until we crossed the river a few miles below Omaha. There were so many fitting out at Omaha, living in tents, that some of them had contracted measles and smallpox. We found a crowd at the lower crossing, many there also sick; with only one boat to take them across, there was no little trouble. Whiskey kept up the spirits of the crowd and there was quarreling and fighting day and night. We hastened to collect what we most needed for the rest of the long journey.

With no prospect of crossing soon, and the men impatient to get their families out of the crowd, the Hennesy brothers, my father, and someone else made a raft held together with wooden pins. On the morning of May 24, at four o'clock, our wagon was run down a steep bank, across the mud and onto the raft. My three little sleeping brothers were in the wagon. The wagon tongue hung half its length in the water and the wheels were tight against the log holding the raft together. Mother and I stood on each side of the tongue, between the wheels, to protect the little ones.

How this craft was guided or managed to make a landing, I have no more knowledge than someone far distant, and I think it must have seemed such a frightful undertaking to me that it blotted out all else. We landed two miles downstream, there being no nearer landing. It was mud where we landed, and required hard work to get the wagons onto anything like firm ground. I have no idea how they got that raft back to its starting place for use by others, but Father went back and forth several times. Mrs. Hennesy crossed with us in one of their wagons. They had no children with them, having left their four in Brighton.

When this river was crossed, we were in a big no-mans land. Sometimes we saw Indians, as we were then passing through the Pawnee Nation. They were friendly and made no trouble that I remember.

Father had bought a black cow, thinking that milk would be good for the children. But I believe that cow was the greatest disappointment of the whole trip. When we tried to milk her, she would kick and throw her head around and we had to tie her hind feet to the hind wheel and her forefeet to the fore wheels while Father held her up and Mother milked her the best she could. You may be sure she caused many angry words, and for what milk we got, we paid dear. Each one of us learned to hate that old black cow. I know I have never gotten over it.

We were always expecting to meet Indians, some of whom were friendly and would take salt in exchange for fish. Others were very surly and independent and no doubt would have made trouble for us had there been fewer in our party. The emigrants, as a usual thing, formed companies and traveled that way for protection. Although we never joined one of

these companies, we were never alone as the emigration became very heavy after we had traveled a short distance on the trail.

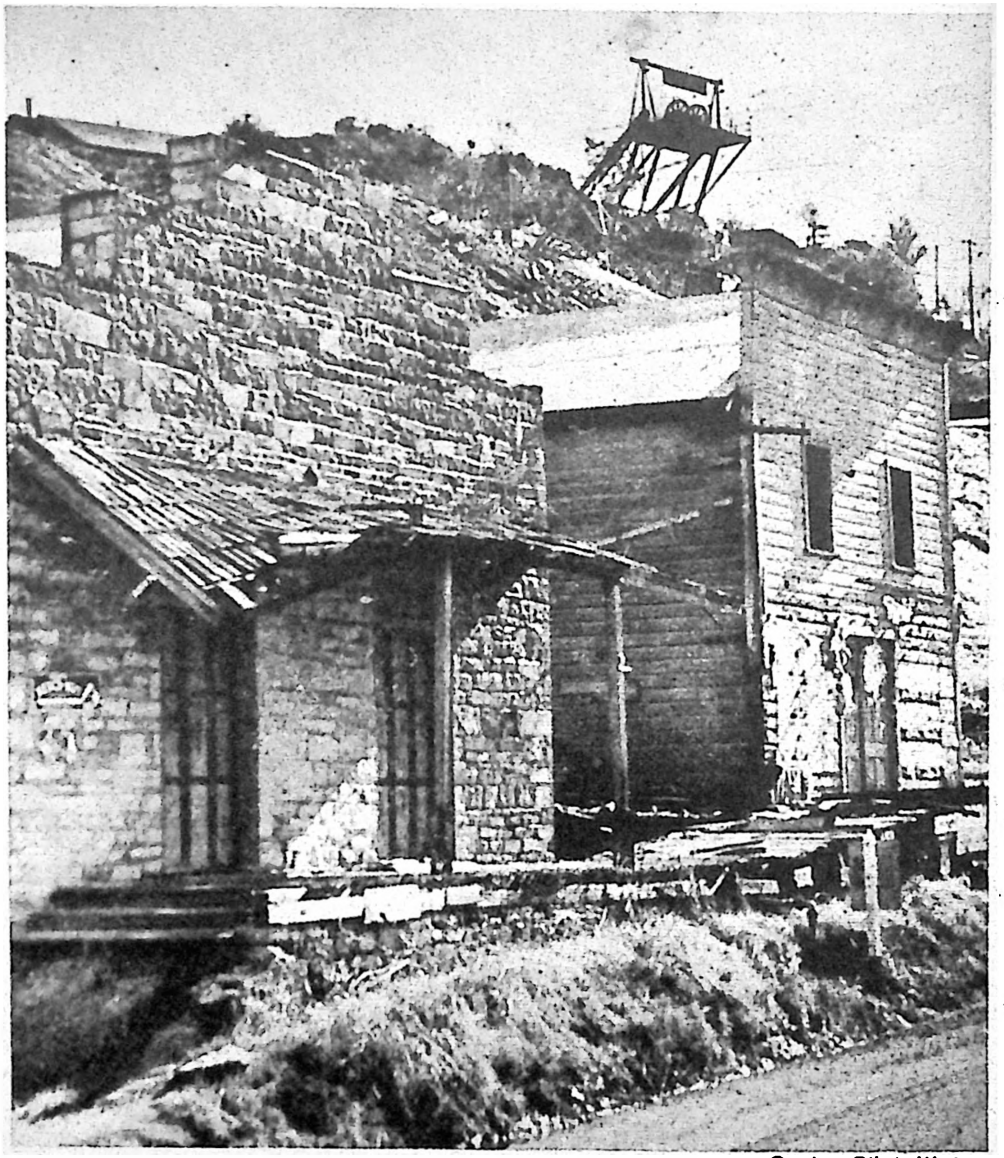
Sickness, mostly cholera, lined both sides of the trail with graves. There might have been some consolation if those who traveled on could have felt their loved ones had been left undisturbed. But no matter how hard they tried to cover the dead with stones or pieces of wagon wheels and boxes they were brought to the surface by coyotes. These sneaking beasts, as soon as darkness came, would set up their dismal nerve-destroying howl.

Sometimes we came to the little prairie dog villages, and although they are very spry animals, we managed to lengthen out many a meal at their expense. The younger men, when in sight of a herd of buffalo, would follow. Sometimes luck befell them and they brought meat back. Sometimes it was a deer or bear, and I recall they are all good meat when one is hungry. We always were given a share, for people under those circumstances are willing to divide the work and the meat.

I well remember one day in the Black Hills when my brother Jerome and I found a bear's head just as it had been cut from the body. Perhaps that would not have seemed so desirable under other circumstances, but it looked good to us, so we took it and made the family a good meal. At that time we were able to get wood enough to cook with, for the hills were covered with a shrub cedar that looked a dusty black, but burned fine. As a usual thing we had to depend on buffalo chips; sometimes they were so scarce we had to begin gathering them long before we came to a camping place.

ONE NIGHT I will never forget. We had traveled long after dark and everyone was very thirsty. My poor mother and I, being ahead, came to a low spot and were surprised to see the stars reflected in water at our feet. It did not take us long to get a drink. There was not enough to dip up a cupful, but one could lie down and get a drink. When daylight came, we found we had been drinking from holes made by some poor thirsty beasts' feet. What we were able to get kept us from perishing and in that way we followed from day to day and week to week, not really with courage, but because there was no alternative. To think of Mother with five children to feel responsible for! I know she only asked that we be spared—so many were leaving their loved ones as food for wild animals.

We passed through a valley where there were said to be a thousand springs. These were hot and cold, not six feet apart, and most of them tinctured with soda, alum, sulphur and borax. Another time we crossed a river thirteen times in going two miles. We were in the river nearly all the time, going from one side to the other for better footing. I would like to be able to tell where that was. It was very narrow and there was a high wall on each side. On the Fourth of July we were at the summit of the Rocky Mountains (the point called South Pass in our guide books). It was snowing hard and great banks of old snow were piled on every side. Those of us not too tired were patriotic enough to celebrate the day by playing snow ball.



Courtesy Otheto Weston

Amador City, California. Left to right, the Fleethart store, built 1851, and wooden boarding house. The silhouette above the house is part of the old Keystone mine.

We passed Great Salt Lake, leaving it nine miles to the south of us, where lived a settlement of Mormons. At that time they seemed about as dangerous as the Indians and were said to be in league with them. The rest of the journey we could make but little headway.

By the time we reached the Sink of the Humboldt, we had but one poor ox left, had shortened the wagon up to a cart, and had thrown away everything that could possibly be spared. We started across the forty miles of desert in the late afternoon, as it was impossible to cross when the sun shone. In the forenoon of the next day we came to a collection of tents called Rag Town. There having been so much suffering in previous years, California had sent teams and provisions to those who could get that far, and some enterprising individuals had opened up eating and drinking places and had even dug a shallow well from which they were selling water for a dollar a gallon to those who could buy and giving it away to those who could not.

My father just had one dollar and fifty cents. There were potatoes for sale—the first we had seen in nearly six months—and he bought a hatful for one dollar. We ate those potatoes raw in less time than it takes to tell it.

We were assigned to a man named Hinkston, who directed the driver to take us to his own home in Dry Town, where he had left his two boys in care of an old black man who had come with them from Kentucky. He told us to stay there until we were rested. That dear old darkie did everything to make us feel welcome and even tried to teach Father to wash for gold, lending him a wooden bowl like those then being used for that purpose.

Father soon tired of gold seeking but found he could cut timbers for the mines. So in a few days we went to Amador, about four miles away, where there were three quartz mills and mines. From that time on we had enough to eat. In the latter stages of the long journey we children often had gone to the campgrounds of the more fortunate travelers after they had moved on to find scraps of meat. The travelers who came onto the main trail from the southwestern states were sure to be well-supplied with dry cured meats.

At Amador there was a butcher called "Colonel" (one name was considered sufficient) who told us we could have all the heads of the animals, so we fared very well for meat. My brother would go to the corral, skin the heads, take the brains and tongues and cut off the cheeks, and we had all the meat we could use.

THE FIRST winter in California we lived in a long building that had been used as a shelter for the mill horses and hay. Before spring a few boards were gotten and a space perhaps eight by eight feet partitioned off. Bunks built one above the other with poles did for us to sleep in. These were not altogether bad sleeping quarters. For some they might have lacked the finer points but we saw nothing in the world to complain of. We had a place where we could all be together and out of reach of the hogs kept by the mill to eat up the waste. They were so starved that everything had to be kept out of their reach. They would come in anywhere if they scented anything to eat.

Sometime in the beginning of the winter of 1852 or '53 there was a big fire in Sacramento which destroyed great quantities of flour and bread stuff. Before spring flour sold for a dollar a pound. What the fire left, the water damaged, as it was in the wet season. But when the rains were over and the flour had dried as hard as bricks, it was ground up again and sold for a good price. There were no gardens then to help out, for we had no seed to sow.

About the first of June, or as soon as it was thought possible to cross the mountains, Father and a young man, Dexter Bartlette, crossed over to Carson Valley to pick up whatever cattle or horses had lived through the winter, as anyone who had the courage to get them could bring them back as their own. Father brought back enough to pay him well for his time and they were in good condition. But soon after he left us, mother was taken sick with typhoid fever. There was no woman nearer than Dry Town, and there just one, a widow. The doctor brought her over on horseback and she stayed one day and night. Sometimes the doctor would stay nearly all night and as much of the time as he could during the day. The rest of the time we children took care of her. We had no bed fit for a sick person to lie on, since all of us had been sleeping in the same eight by eight room, and no pillow for her poor aching head.

There were of good, true men aplenty, or we would have suffered. A store was started by two brothers named Bowman, who were able to supply the camp with necessaries, and we were never hungry. But I am afraid we children were not much troubled as to who paid the bills. Mother was very sick for weeks, not even being able to recognize us children. A John Elliott, from the South, who had a single feather bed and pillow, came to offer them and to help us any way he could. His advice was worth more than gold, for he was able to see where we lacked, and helped me over a great many perplexing places. There were others just as willing who furnished what was needed.

My two older brothers and I would talk over the troubles like older people; we were very much in fear we would lose our mother. I do not remember how long she was sick, but when Father came back with the stock in September, she had recovered enough to be able to do some work.

THE NEXT winter Mother cooked for the Keystone Mill Company. The pay was eighty dollars a month in money and the famiy board. There were fifty-two men, always four meals in twenty-four hours, one being at midnight for the men just out of the mine. We had to wash towels but nothing else, for when the tablecloth needed changing we took off the strip of unbleached muslin and tacked on a clean one. We had enough waste food to feed several hogs and the old table covers were ours to use for clothing. I believe we were there four months. The work was very hard for Mother, so soon after her sickness.

Father all this time was cutting timber for the mines. In the spring of 1854 we moved to Sutter Creek, two miles away, where we had a new house with a floor, board sides and canvas. Here Mother did some washing. An old Spaniard who did washing for his countrymen brought all to us that had to be starched and ironed. Although my limbs, never very strong, made me too lame to walk, I could stand and iron. The boys got wood, kept the fires outdoors, carried irons for Mother and me, and did all the cooking. Jerome made me a rest for the worst foot, so I could kneel on it; that helped a great deal. We all worked very hard and we were very happy until July 1, when my second brother was taken sick with typhoid fever and died. He was buried on a hill not far from our home. It was a beautiful spot for the purpose and has always been used for a cemetery since.

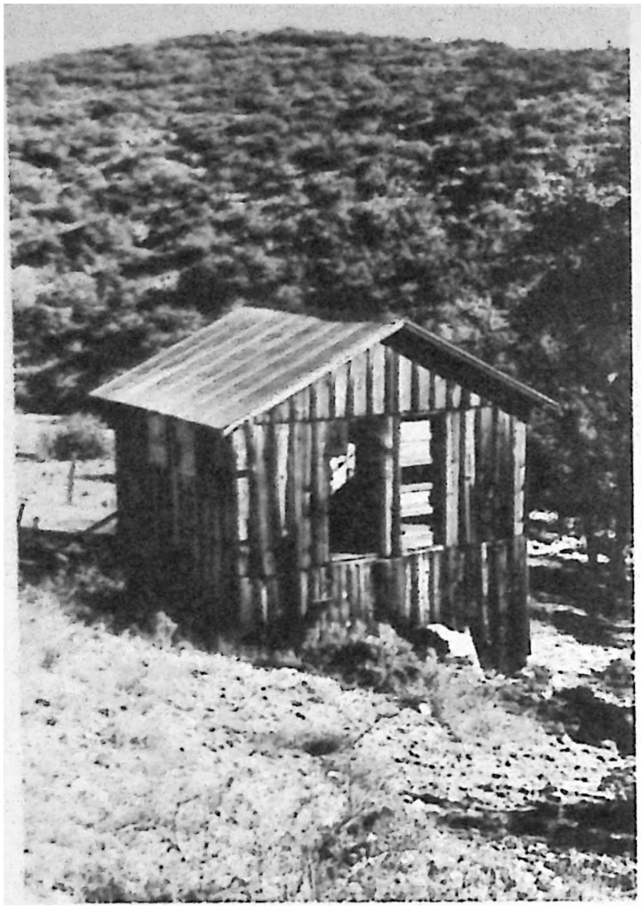
Early the next year, 1855, Father bought a house and built a shop on Main Street, where he had a large trade in meats, buying sheep and cattle from men on ranches in the valleys. These cattle were really wild; they had to be rushed through town on the run to the corral and slaughter house, and woe be unto anyone who dared show a head. As early as the spring of 1857, brother Monroe, who was under fourteen years of age, did the buying of cattle, carrying large amounts of money for the purpose in a belt around his waist. He would go perhaps forty or fifty miles into the valleys, to the roundups, and with the help of men there always got fair play. After he would select a herd, he would get someone to help drive the cattle, which was no small undertaking even for grown men. Brother Jerome was larger and came in for the heavier work.

Sometimes these two boys would go to the corral and do the butchering alone. They had to lasso the cattle from a little platform above the door. One would drop the rope down, the other boy would catch it by opening the door just enough to grasp it, pass it through a ring on the floor, and fasten it to a windlass. In this way they would draw the creature to the ring in the floor, and just at the right time open the door to let him through and not attract the attention of the others. Sometimes this failed and then the boys would each look out for himself. They had some narrow escapes. When they succeeded in drawing a cow's head to the floor, and the door was closed, they would shoot the creature.

Father owned and ran another shop at Amador and a part of the meat was sent there. He had a grey horse that had as much judgment as some people. I think he was wonderful. They would take him to the corral, hitch him to a cart, load it on, and tell him to go. He would come to the shop in Sutter, perhaps three quarters of a mile, back in between posts, and if he did not at first make it, would look

(Continued on page 50)

This map covers the general area of the story. Amador County, California.



This was once the store in Zonia, Arizona.

The Search for ZONIA

Another in a series of little-known ghost towns

By TOM BARKDULL

Photos Courtesy Author

ALL of the little known mining camps are elusive, but Zonia, a tiny ghost in central Arizona, hid from me for many months.

Perhaps it was because so little has been recorded concerning the old town. My original research uncovered only a tiny paragraph in Byrd Granger's *Arizona Place Names*—a few words which would hone the curiosity of any ghost town enthusiast. It read simply, "Zonia: Location not known, but near Kirkland. The origin of this name has not been ascertained."

The land north, south and west of Kirkland is flat and crisscrossed by many roads which separate the lush grazing lands of fine ranches. Even the remnants of a village sixty years dead would have long since disappeared in these inhabited and cultivated areas. However, to the east the country is rugged and ominous. Distant mountains raise their hackles like rusty dorsals, scarred by old abandoned cuts and tailing dumps. Many deep, rocky canyons mutilate the topography, and the only roads are those worn decades ago by mule-drawn ore wagons. This, I judged, was where the corpse of Zonia would rest, if, in fact, it still existed at all.

The search began along an old road which twists its way from Kirkland Junction through the forgotten towns of Wagoner and Oro to Crown King, high in the Bradshaw Mountains. Every arroyo and spur for ten miles was explored in detail, but to no avail. If, during those weeks, I had tread the streets of Zonia, there no longer remained any vestiges of the town.

Backtracking seven miles, I turned onto a side road which forked to the south, and followed it for five tortuous miles only to find myself in tumble-down Placerita. Eating lunch on the familiar old main street was like coming home. It was fall, and the walnut trees were bare and stark against the gray sky. A cold wind moaned across the landscape and through ancient buildings, shuffling leaves along their warped floors. A flock of birds swooped, circled, and made a beeline for the south. The sharp smell of winter was unmistakable.

Another trek at another time led me east on a faint trail off the Placerita road. Late that afternoon while laboring up a narrow dry wash, I spotted a mineral location post high on a brushy ridge. Determined to leave no detail uninvestigated, I parked and started the steep climb to the post. Finding the inevitable tobacco can in a rock mound, I removed the papers carefully, as they were so old as to be parchment brittle and almost illegible. The first real clue to Zonia's whereabouts stared back at me from the age-yellowed page: "This lode claim lies 2 miles west of the village of Zonia." Thus a prospector, passing that way sixty years before, had unknowingly steered me toward the town for which I was searching so diligently—possibly the town where he bought his supplies. But I had not yet gained the actual site of Zonia; another element was already cutting short my search.

Hassayampa Joe's place.

Right, the remains of an ore chute.

Before I had regained the floor of the canyon, snowflakes were swirling around me and the wind had sharpened by at least fifteen degrees. I was in rugged back country, eight miles from the highway, and the first storm of winter had begun. In four-wheel drive I slowly eased my way down the rocky canyon, then over the hills and swales beyond. It was late afternoon when I reached the pavement. I stopped and looked back at the mountains surrounding Zonia. Already they were gowned in white, indistinct in the early dusk and eddying snow. My tire tracks had disappeared.

THE WINTER was not longer than usual, but to me it seemed interminable. With the first thaw of spring I was back at the old mineral claim, ready to push the search eastward. From that time my weekends, however many might be required, were dedicated to finding the lost settlement. And find it I did.

For a mile the canyon's sides remained precipitous. In places I could barely crowd the car between the solid rock walls. Then the ground began to widen to a broad, sandy wash, and at the end of the second mile it fanned out to meet a lush, heavily vegetated valley. Directly ahead of me a swift, clear stream scurried by, scintillating in the bright, spring sunlight. Dim traces of an ancient wagon road wandered down the valley on my side of the stream. I turned left and followed the road for perhaps 500 feet where it veered right and forded the water. On the opposite bank I stopped. The search was ended, as before me lay the remains of Zonia. I left the car and walked into a world of dead mines and buried dreams.

The old street is camouflaged by the leafy spread of giant live oaks. Filtered sunlight sprinkles gold coins on the tattered roofs of buildings in various stages of collapse. Above the town an open tunnel portal stares down.

The first building on the right was once a cabin. Now it sags drunkenly, with the remnants of a screen door dangling from one hinge. Near the back door, scattered wine and whisky bottles recall soireés of many midnights ago.

Crouching close against the abrupt upward sweep of the valley, a store can be identified by its interior arrangement. The structure neighboring the store has built-in drafting boards and yellowed maps on the walls, suggesting the mine office.

Directly across from the old office stands the proudest building in town. Constructed partly of native stone and partly of board and batten siding, this venerable house silently boasts a fireplace in its rear wall and a hand pump near the front door—probably status symbols in that era. The variegated stone of the front wall lends an almost jaunty touch to the old camp.

At its lower end, the main street ends at the double doors of a sway-back boarding house. Evidences of the one-time kitchen and dining room are dim but unmistakable. Ruined stairs still lead to the floorless upper story where partitions lean crazily toward and away from each other. Behind the boarding house, at the end of the usual path, a community annex is partially concealed by underbrush.

The area surrounding Zonia was heavily mined at one time. Many partially caved-in tunnels and shafts, dilapidated headframes and ore chutes, testify to this fact. That it was copper country is evident by the visible mineralization of some canyons whose walls are mottled with the green and blue of carbonates, the red of oxides.

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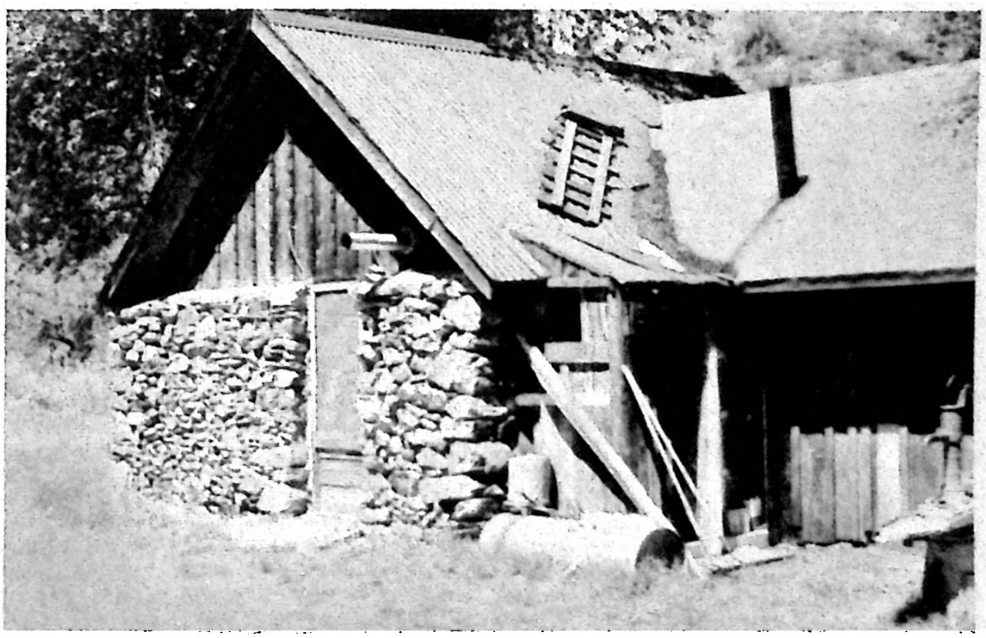
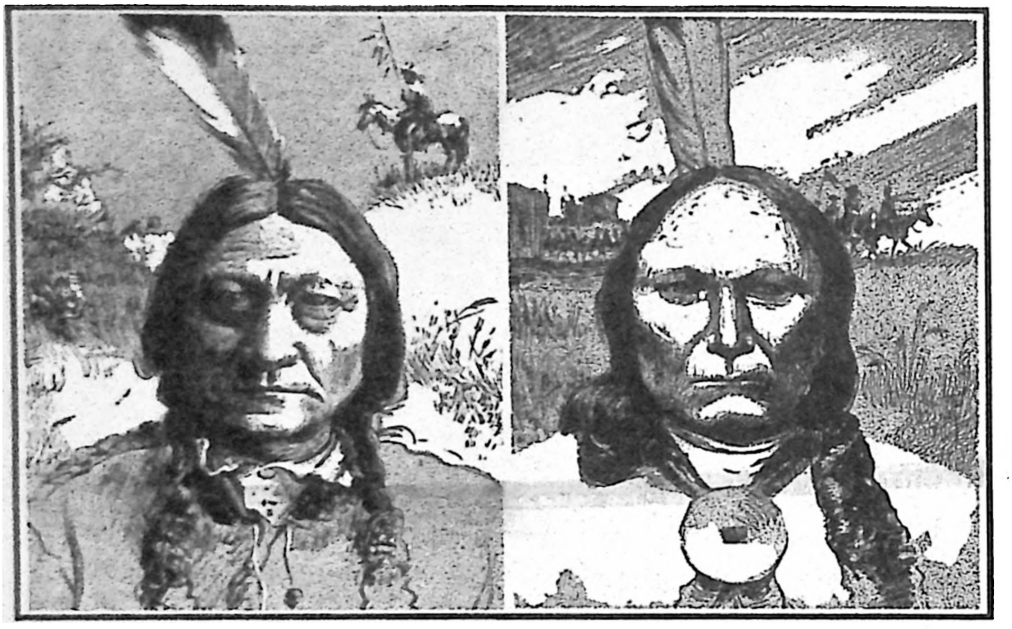
The John McCaffrey house once served as the post office.



Wild Old Days!



The Hunkpapa Sitting Bull who took part in the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

Courtesy Eugene Wounded Horse

The Oglala Sioux Sitting Bull known as "The Good."

THERE WERE TWO SITTING BULLS

By Will H. Spindler

CHIEF SITTING BULL who participated in Custer's Last Stand on June 25, 1876, and who was killed by Indian police on December 15, 1890, was a Hunkpapa Sioux. His namesake, an Oglala Sioux chief of the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, was killed by Crow Indians in Montana. As far as is known, they were not related.

The Hunkpapa Sitting Bull of historical fame, a crafty leader and medicine man, often took the warpath against the whites. On the other hand, the Oglala Sitting Bull, less known in white circles, devoted much of his life to promoting peace between the mighty Sioux and the new settlers.

"My mother, Mrs. Julia Little, is the only living daughter of the Oglala Sitting Bull," Eugene Wounded Horse told me. "He lived on the Pine Ridge Reservation and was one of the chiefs who helped arrange peace between the Indians and the whites. He was born on War Bonnet Creek near Edgemont, South Dakota in about 1833 and was forty-three years of age when he was killed in 1876.

"During his last few years, Grandfather spent most of his time on the Reservation. In 1875 he and other peaceful chiefs were welcomed to Washington, D.C., by President Grant and each was given a rifle as an expression of gratitude from the United States government. They were very proud of those rifles.

"A year later the Hunkpapa Sitting Bull took part in the Custer massacre. Meanwhile, the Oglala Sitting Bull was trying to bring the remaining hostile chiefs into line. He led a party of six chiefs to negotiate with United States representatives near Miles City, Montana. While returning to the Pine Ridge Reservation, the six were attacked by Crow Indian scouts and the Oglala Sitting Bull was killed, along with four of the other chiefs. Only one escaped the attack and upon his return to the Reservation he told about the ambush.

"My mother, now eighty-four years old, still lives on White Clay Creek near Oglala, her old childhood place and home. She takes an active part in the community in spite of her age. She was only about a year old when her father was killed. She was told by her mother and other relatives of the many things her father, Sitting Bull, had done.

"The name Wowape La (Flag Woman) was given to my mother. Once when Sitting Bull negotiated with a United States representative, he was given an American flag—the first ever owned by a warlike Sioux. Mother's name commemorates that event.

"Wowape La attended the log cabin day school near Oglala. She has never visited her famous father's grave, but she knows that it is somewhere around Miles City, Montana.

"In addition to the rifle and American flag, Sitting Bull also received credentials signed by President Grant, including an inscribed silver medal. When the Crow Indians killed him, his belongings were taken. One of these Crows was later arrested by U. S. troops and all of Sitting Bull's credentials were recovered and stored at Fort Meade in the Black Hills. It has been learned only lately that his next of kin should make claims for the American flag, the medal, and other personal effects.

"Sitting Bull did the white man many favors. Whenever covered wagons passed nearby, he would take up his flag, ride into their camps, and lead the trains across the Platte River.

"He often would provide Sioux warriors to escort supply wagons heading for old Fort Laramie. Sitting Bull knew that the Crows were attacking wagon-trains, doing a lot of killing, and destroying property. Once his scouts reported two wagons in trouble. Sitting Bull and his warriors rode to their camp and persuaded the whites to move up near a water hole. One wagon had a broken axle, so he provided men and horses to make a four-day trip to Fort Laramie for repairs. This group of whites decided to remain in this section of the country and became the first settlers on the 'Big Water,' or Niobrara River."

It is a strange irony that the remains of the warlike, arrogant Hunkpapa Sitting Bull lie in an honored grave over which two states have been quarreling while those of the peacemaker and friend of the whites, the Oglala Sitting Bull, lie in an obscure grave on the lonely Montana prairie.

POWDER RIVER, LET'ER BUCK

By John B. Eccles

As told to Grace E. Dean

"POWDER RIVER, let'er buck" is a phrase that has become known around the world since World War I. It was said to have been taken to France by some cowboys in a Western division, but other units soon adopted it. It became a famous battle cry.

I am getting up in years but I'll never forget the first time I heard that yell or how and where it originated. It was in 1893 and I had already been in Wyoming for several years. I had bought the Beal Ranch about two miles from the old Powder River stage post, which is now known as Powder River, Wyoming. The north fork of Powder River flowed right through our yard, when it was flowing!

I had a pretty good layout, and was getting a nice herd built up. There were no barb wire fences, and the cattle used to scatter out to graze many miles from the home ranches. Sometimes the ranchers had a big job rounding up all the strays.

At the fall roundup in 1893 there were around 150 riders from various ranches

covering a territory of about that many square miles, stretching from the Wind River country through the Rattlesnake Mountains and points south and west.

It was a big job, lasting over a month, and the boys were mighty glad when we finally had that big bunch of wild cattle rounded up and cut out. Most of the cows and calves were turned back onto their home range, but there was still a large herd to be trailed into Casper where the nearest large stockyards were located.

A good trail foreman, a fellow by the name of Farlow, was put in charge of about fourteen cowboys who were to trail the herd on in to Casper. They figured on traveling a little over five miles a day, letting the cattle graze along the trail. It was a long hard haul, and waterholes were few and far between.

The boys were mighty glad one day when Farlow told them they had better get good swimming horses out of the cavvy because they were going to ford Powder River several times that day.

Several of the boys had never seen Powder River, but they had heard some tall tales about its raging currents and treacherous quicksand, so they took Farlow seriously and were careful to rope out good broncs from the horse herd.

Before noon that day the leaders of the beef herd reached the river, and it was practically dry. Several riders had to ride up and down the river bed almost three hours before they found a hole with enough water in it to water the herd.

Billy Shultz, better known as Missouri Bill, gazed at the dry river bed for the first time and exclaimed, "Well, I'll be damned! So this is the great Powder River!" Every time the herd crossed the winding river that day he would stop for a few minutes, look at it and repeat his first words in amazement. He was sure flabbergasted about that river.

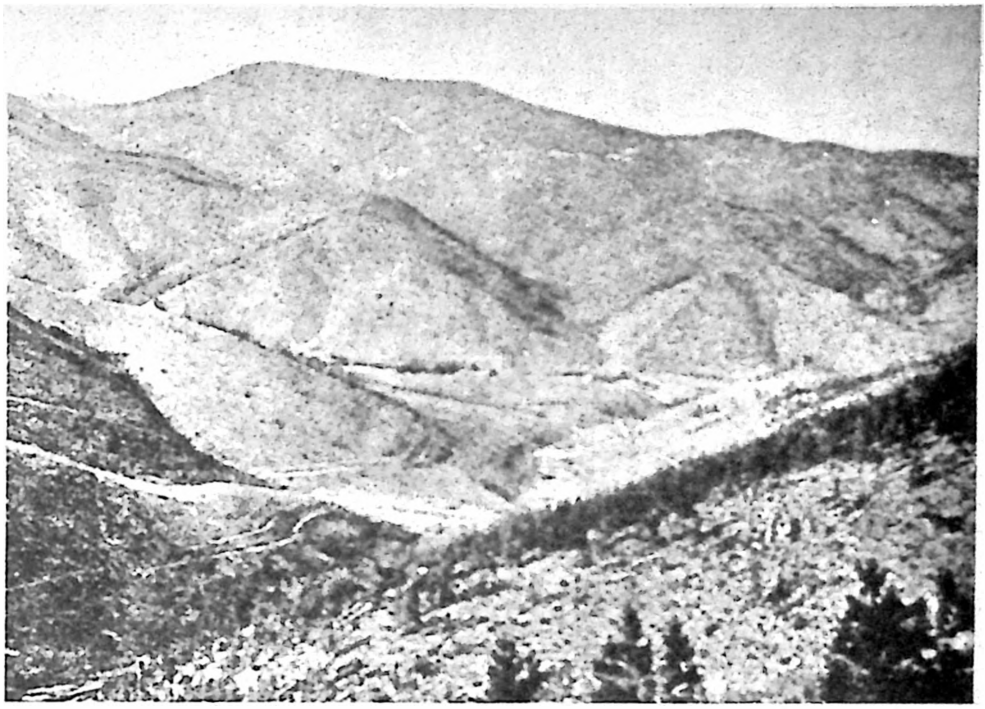
When we finally reached Casper, put the beef in the stock corrals and took care of the cavvy, we all made our way to the nearest saloon to wash the trail dust out of our gullets.

Missouri Bill stomped up to the bar, and yelled, "Come on, boys, and have a drink on me. I'm celebrating because I just swam Powder River!"

We all had a drink, and then another, and then Missouri Bill said, "Set 'em up again for the house. Swimming Powder River has got me all tuckered out!" After we had a few more drinks things were getting pretty lively. The boys were starting to whoop it up and when Billy ordered another drink, he shouted, "Here's to Powder River—let'er buck!"

Pulling out his gun and firing a few harmless shots into the ceiling, he yelled, "Powder River—a mile wide and an inch deep! Yippee! Powder River, let'er buck!"

All of us were beginning to feel our drinks by that time so we lined up along the bar and yelled over and over, "Powder River, let'er buck!" Well, that was the first time I heard that yell, but it wasn't the last time. It soon became common at all the roundups and rodeos, and its popularity has grown through the years.



Seaton Mountain—the mountain of gold!

MOUNTAIN OF GOLD

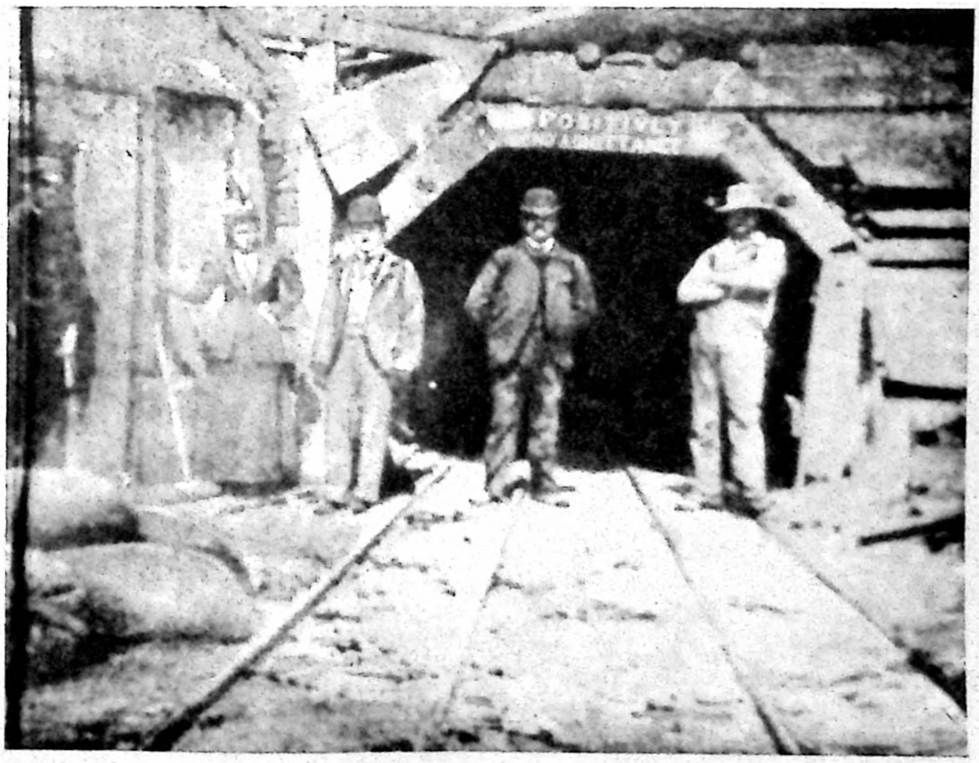
By Vincent J. Plesko

ALTHOUGH gold was first discovered in Colorado in 1850, it was not until prospector John H. Gregory made his famous strike at Chicago and Clear Creeks that the first great rush of gold seekers entered this fabulous region. His discovery in 1859 was the beginning of the Pikes Peak craze.

Around the rapidly expanding Central City mines called the Bates, Bobtail, Hunter, Fisk and Mammoth, was an area commonly called "Little Kingdom of Gilpin." All along the banks of every muddy creek was great activity. Hundreds of men of every nationality were busily engaged in extracting gold, stopping only in time of flood, and when that had subsided fresh gold had been washed down from the mountainsides.

Above them new mines perched on the cliffs in apparently inaccessible places. Still higher up were the crushers, where the gold-bearing quartz was ground to powder and the gold retrieved. In this process, a considerable amount was lost and carried down by the stream in

This tunnel at its farthest point was about 2,000 feet under Central City.



minute particles which became the spoils of the miners far below.

In 1867 the Boston and Colorado Smelting Works was established in Black Hawk, and ore which could not be treated in a stamp mill was successfully processed there. Central City and its environs remained a typical early mining camp until 1878, the year of the advent of the Colorado Central Railroad which was extended to Central City from Black Hawk by means of switchbacks. Four miles of road equalled one mile in distance.

The company began hauling ore in 1888 on a two-foot gauge railroad from the main line to Black Hawk, Clear Creek, Winnebago, Gunnel, Quartz, Hills, Russell and Willis Gulches. Central City stood at the head of the gulch. Although rich in gold and however alluring that metal may be, the city was by no means attractive itself. From her streets could be seen Seaton Mountain—this mass of dark gray stone they called the "golden mountain"—and indeed it was. In estimating the product of her principal mines, two systems have been used by statisticians, illustrating the difference between the value in coin and the depreciated currency in circulation during most of the time in which the record was made. The total product to that date is thus given: Coin value of product, $28,000,000; currency value, $35,000,000. Computed at its coin value, this product is thus classified: Gold, $27,000,000; silver, $690,000; copper and lead, $470,000. The total output of this El Dorado from 1859 to 1891 nearly reached the staggering sum of $60,000,000!

In 1875, ores rich in silver and lead were discovered near Leadville; and on Iron, Fryer, and Carboate hills in 1879. Molybdenum was found at Climax, near Leadville, in 1914 and, between 1898 and 1928, the carnotite mines of Naturita furnished about one half of the world's supply of radium.

The names, Cripple Creek, Bobtail and Willis Gulch, may vanish into the romantic history of the West, but the fabulous mountain of gold, the Seaton Range of the Rocky Mountains, will endure forever.

AN OFFICER'S OVERCOAT

By Carlysle Graham Raht

AT THE HEAD of a score of warriors, Alsate, chief of the Chisos Apaches, marched into Presidio del Norte (now Ciudad Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico) one crisp autumn morning in the year 1867. The salutations given him from every side bore witness to the respect in which he was held. Curious children followed mothers to the doorways and clung to protecting skirts while they gazed with awe at the Indian chief about whom was told many thrilling tales, false and true.

Numerous times these same children had seen the Apache chief enter Presidio del Norte, but never before had they seen him wearing an overcoat of the white man's pattern, an overcoat resplendent with gold buttons and gold braid. The children gawked and wondered what unfortunate American soldier had crossed trails with the fierce Alsate.

The Indians filed past the *casa* belonging to John Burgess, who at the time was on the Chihuahua Trail with John Davis and William Brooks. In common with her neighbors, Mrs. Burgess came to the door to gaze at the passing savages. Suddenly she gave a sharp scream at the sight of the tall Indian in the gold-buttoned overcoat—her husband's overcoat! John had bought it from any army sutler's supply in San Antonio de Bexar!

The Burgess family was one of the oldest and most influential in Presidio del Norte. Mrs. Burgess hurried to the *alcalde* and Alsate and his band were thrown into prison on a charge of having murdered John Burgess.

The day of trial came. In sullen silence, Alsate and his warriors looked through the bars of their prison cells. The chief had related a strange, wholly improbable story. Don Alverete, accustomed to dealing unceremoniously with Indians, had smiled unbelievingly and thereafter Alsate maintained a dignified silence. Heavily guarded, the Indians were escorted to the *juezgado*, where sat the *juez de cordado*—the area's hanging judge—where the trial was to be held.

Presidio del Norte overlooked the Rio Grande from a high, gravelly bluff. As the prisoners were being led to the jail, they cast longing glances across the river to the beckoning hills beyond. A long line of freight wagons, with their teams of eighteen and twenty mules, plowed through the deep sands of the alluvial river bottom just before crossing the stream to the more secure footing on the Mexican side.

It was a customary sight to the guards, who hurried the prisoners to the tribunal. The court, with the *alcalde* presiding, was called to order. The evidence of the overcoat was introduced. Mrs. Burgess swore to its identification. There remained only the pronouncement of the death sentence.

SUDDENLY a disturbance broke out at the door of the courtroom. All present looked hastily around, expecting, perhaps, a surprise attack from Alsate's tribesmen. But it was a white man—an American. Mrs. Burgess gave a cry of relief as she recognized her husband!

Burgess explained that, for mutual protection, he had joined forces with the outfits of John Davis and William Brooks. The three trains were loaded with grain and corn from Presidio del Norte and had been purchased by the U. S. Government for the troops at Fort Stockton. After delivering their cargoes, they proceeded to the salt lake beyond the Pecos River and had loaded salt which found ready sale at the Presidio.

The freighters drove up Alamito Creek, through Paisano Pass, into the grassy plains beyond, without detecting any signs of Indians. But when they drew near Charco de Alsate, where Alpine, Texas, now lies, they were halted by a large force of Apaches led by Alsate and Leon. The experienced frontiersmen immediately formed a large circle with their wagons, corralling their work stock in the enclosure to prevent them from stampeding.

For four hours the Indians tried to trick the whites and their teamsters into leaving their impromptu fort. The Indians swept by on their horses, then turned in a madly racing line to disappear over the nearby hills. Just as the freighters should have concluded that the attack was abandoned, the Indians swooped down from another direction, hoping to catch the whites off guard. But Burgess and his friends remained firmly entrenched.

Finally growing tired of the exhibition, Burgess and Davis walked some distance from the wagontrain (careful to remain within distance of the protective cover of the freighters' long rifles) and, in the commonly understood sign language, invited Alsate and Leon to parley.

When the two chiefs advanced to meet Burgess and Davis, the white men drew pistols which they had concealed and, threatening Alsate and Leon with death, forced the chiefs to order their warriors to withdraw to a distant hill. When they had done so, Burgess stripped off his fine overcoat and presented it to Alsate, hoping to placate the disgruntled chief. After reaching Charco de Alsate, the freighters made themselves safe from attack; aware of this, Alsate and his band gave up their attempt to trap them.

As soon as Burgess had told his story, Alsate and his warriors were set free. No thought was given to the evident intentions of the Indians in waylaying the wagontrain. Attempts at murder, unless successfully carried out, were not considered a basis for prosecution.

Nick Eggenhofer's West

(Continued from page 29)

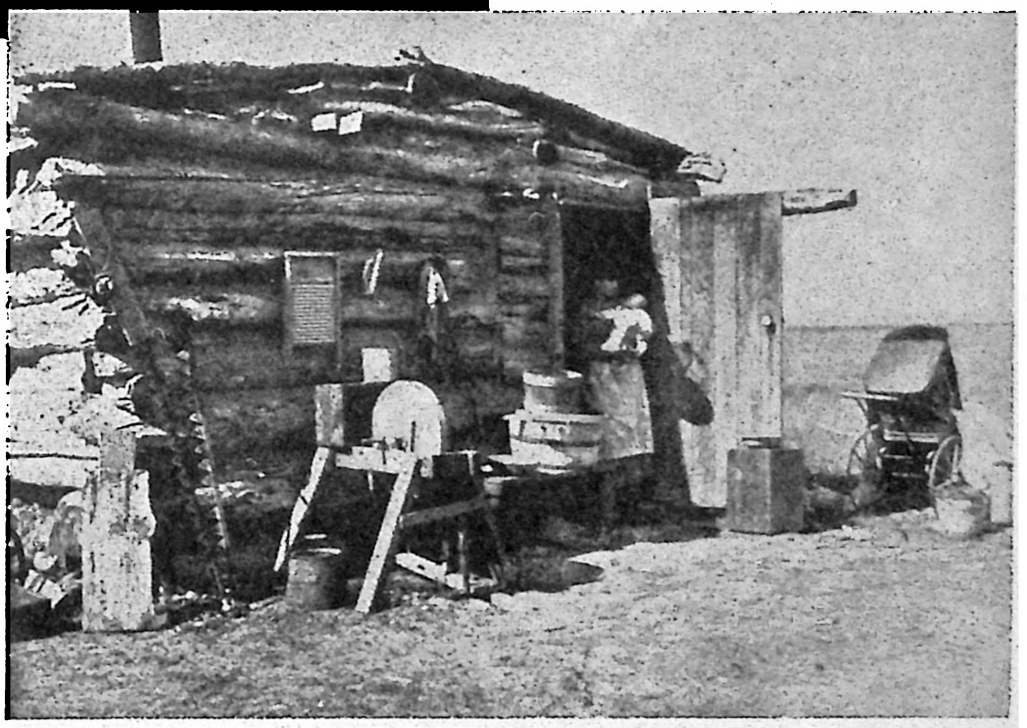
work of his on display at the Whitney Gallery in Cody, as there is, and has been, at several important public and private art galleries and museums throughout the country. Today, the demand for his paintings is greater than he can comfortably supply and his earlier work is intensively sought by dealers from New York to Texas and California, and by hundreds of avid collectors. A far cry from the lean years of the late '30s when Nick's art checks weren't always nearly as much as they should have been to provide adequately for his wife and little daughter.

At the conclusion of this century, when the full record of accomplishment in western art and illustration will have been eventually compiled, perhaps a dozen names will top the list of men who have made this distinctive area of specialization a significant part of our American culture. And Nick Eggenhofer's name will be right up there among the leaders. It belongs up there—with the cream of the crop. Because over the years, through perseverance, dedication, and sound management of his unique talents, he has drawn and painted with consumate distinction a West that's bold and rugged, dramatic and colorful. There is no Truer West than the West of Nick Eggenhofer.

WASHDAY in INDIAN TERRITORY

By OLEVIA E. MYERS

The secret here was organization—which extended right on down the ranks to the six-months-old. Not a split second was lost, still the chore took all day



Scrub board, tub and pails, all tools of the wash, clutter the front of this pioneer woman's home.

Author's Note: Recently my granddaughter complained to me that she simply couldn't find time to do her laundry—with four children, it was just too much! This started me thinking—she would have to measure out a cup of her favorite detergent, throw her clothes in the gleaming white automatic (right there in the kitchen), punch a button and that's it! How would you "moderns" like to do it the Indian Territory way?

WASH DAY! Got to hurry and get the breakfast over. Breakfast meant heating up the old wood cookstove and baking biscuits or cornbread, making gravy, frying side meat and boiling the coffee, going to the dugout and getting the cream, milk and butter.

Six o'clock! Now the man has already gone to the north forty to break some new ground, so run back to the dugout with the butter and milk, quickly stack the dishes in the granite dishpan—no, wait! There's another hole in that dishpan. Find a small piece of cloth and poke it through the hole so the water won't leak out—run to the smokehouse and get about three big pieces of that good homemade lye soap and a few balls of blueing—tie them up in a sheet full of clothes and get going! It's a quarter-mile to the spring branch where you must go to wash and it's going to be hot after a while, so hurry.

The children are six, four, two and six months old, but already the older ones are learning to assume responsibility: "You watch the baby close now, honey, and don't let him put anything in his mouth. Mama'll run to the creek with the clothes then come back for you kids."

Swing that bundle over your shoulder. It's pretty heavy but you can do it, and hurry!

The morning is clear and still and beautiful. Bluebirds are darting everywhere and dew lies sparkling on the wild blackberries just beginning to ripen. A sawbriar catches your leg as you hurry along with your load and you know that your shin is going to burn and itch from the scratch, so you make a mental note to break off that tendril of saw-briar as you come back up the path.

There's the branch, all clear and sparkling in the early morning freshness; you take a quick look to see that the washtubs are hanging in the tree just as you left them. The old black wash pot (turned upside-down to keep out dirt) looks like a grossly swollen spider in the early morning light with it's three short legs sticking up in the air. The washboard and the old case knife you use to cut the soap are in the crotch of a big tree where you always keep them. Everything's all right (sometimes a wandering Indian takes away some of your washing stuff).

Hurry back now—can't leave the kids alone too long! They are fine, playing around on the ground. Let's see now—got to have the pallet quilt for the baby, and make starch before you go. The iron teakettle is still steaming on the stove so there's plenty of hot water. To make starch, use two big spoons of heaped up flour—that's right, flour! Mix in cold water to a thin paste, add boiling water and cook until clear. Now add two tablespoons of coal oil, and stir. The coal oil keeps the flour from sticking to the sadirons.

LET'S SEE how you'll manage at one trip now. Put the baby and the two-year-old on the pallet in the little red wagon (that wagon is a life saver). Pull the wagon and balance the hot starch—the six-year-old can carry a few coals from the cookstove in a little bucket, enough to start the fire at the wash place. The four-year-old can hold onto the back of the wagon. She likes to think she is pushing and so is helping Mother.

You spread the pallet quilt and put the baby on it (one time he put a thousand-legged worm in his mouth), then while you quickly carry water from the stream to fill the wash kettle, the two oldest children run about gathering twigs and small dead branches to start a fire. Pour out the bucket of coals, fan them to a flame with your bonnet, and pile on heavy dead limbs.

While the water heats, quickly sort the clothes, all the time keeping an eye on

(Continued on page 58)

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Line Camp Outlaw

(Continued from page 9)

IT MUST HAVE BEEN sometime in February or early March, according to the haphazard, sometimes forgotten notches on my calendar stick, when a cowpuncher showed up leading his bed horse late one afternoon about the time I was skinning the hide off a white-tail buck I'd killed for meat.

It was overcast and spitting snow and I had the deer strung up by an old singletree just inside the cowshed out of the storm, and out of view of the pole entrance gate. So I didn't sight the horsebacker until I heard the sound of a strange voice.

"No man's land! Where nobody lives and the dogs bark at strangers!" There was a chuckle in the voice but coming like it did, without warning, it spooked the hell out of me.

As I came outside the cowshed to see who it was, I must have made a sort of comical sight with whiskers, long hair, and a bloody butcher knife in my hand, because the grubline horsebacker grinned as he raised both gloved hands shoulder high in mock surrender. And that gave me the few seconds time I needed to size him up.

Years before when I was a pistol kid at the ranch, some cowpuncher, I think it was Frank Howe, told me how to always size up a stranger. First the horse he rode. Then the man. And I'd gotten into the habit.

Both saddle horse and bed horse wore Jim Thornhill's 7P (Seven Up connected) brand on the left thigh, the same horse brand Thornhill had when he and Kid Curry were pardners in the ranch in the Little Rockies. Both geldings were solid black, sired by Thornhill's Morgan stud, Black Ball. It took me only a few seconds to recognize the two horses, and then I sized up the horsebacker.

He wore angora chaps, the long wool dyed a burnt orange color, a sheepskin-lined corduroy coat, a black silk muffler wrapped around his neck, and a Stetson hat pulled down slaunchwise across a pair of squinted gray-blue eyes and a blunt-nosed, square-jawed face. He rode a short stirrup and was of husky build. The wooden butt of a Colt six-shooter was shoved into the slanted pocket of his chaps and he packed a saddle gun.

"Jake Myers said you could use a camp pardner," he broke the short silence. "I bin stayin' with Jim Thornhill. You can put up the scalpin' knife," he added. His grin was friendly and infectious, and I grinned back. I liked him on sight.

I told him to put up his horse—that there was hay in the mangers and bedding in the stalls. I pointed to the river and told him the water hole was open. I told him I was skinning out a deer I'd killed for meat. That's how come my hands were bloody and I had that curved-blade skinning knife in my fist. I said that directly I hung the quartered meat from the outside cabin ridge pole, out of reach of a prowling wolf or coyote, I'd get supper started.

I had the fire going in the sheet-iron camp stove and coffee simmering in the pot when the stranger came into the cabin, stomping the snow from his overshoes. I told him to spread his bed on the extra bunk and make himself welcome.

"I got a notion me'n you will hit it off first rate as camp pardners," he said, then added, "just call me Shorty for a handle."

Shorty had a straight-edged razor and shaving brush, shaving soap, a hone and razor strop, and a pair of barber shears and comb in his warsack.

"In case a feller might take a notion to change his looks," he confided as he unpacked his warsack. "You got no idea the difference it makes in a feller's looks if he's on the dodge," he said, giving me a left-handed smile.

"I ain't on the dodge yet, Shorty," I said, running my fingers through the shock of thick uncut hair and rubbing a hand over my mangy looking whiskers. "But if you could give me a hair cut and I could borrow your razor—"

Putting a floursack dish towel around my neck, Shorty gave me a Gentleman Jim Corbett roach like I wanted, and I shaved myself. It was sure a relief not to have to view that image of Jo-Jo every time I looked in that warped shaving mirror.

SHORTY was about thirty years old, give or take a few years either way. Easy to get along with, he was one of those cowpunchers who could talk a lot without saying much, if you get the meaning. Close-mouthed as hell about where he came from and keeping his back trail covered by careless give-a-damn talk. But right from the start that first night I got the notion that Shorty had heard the owl hoot and was on the dodge; and it turned out during the following weeks that my first hunch was correct a hundred percent.

Shorty packed two hand guns, a single action Colt .45, and a Luger automatic he carried in a shoulder holster, besides the Winchester .30-30 carbine in a saddle scabbard, and a pair of field glasses in a leather case strapped to the fork of his saddle. Every evening after supper he'd get out his guns and wipe them off with a rag soaked with gun oil from a can he kept in his warsack. He'd remove the cartridges from the six-shooter, take the cylinder out, and with a small file would work painstakingly on the spring until he had it filed down to a hair trigger.

Sometimes he would buckle on his filled cartridge belt and tie the gun holster low on his hip. With the gun empty he would practice quick draws. He'd practice fanning the gun, the palm of his left hand whamming down on the hammer. Click-click-click-click, rapid fire, almost as fast as an automatic.

Shorty was a good hand with horses. You could tell it right off by the way he handled the two big black geldings, Star and Baldy, that Jim Thornhill had loaned him. My two winter horses, Big Blue and Standby, needed shoeing, and without being asked Shorty tacked new shoes on one morning while I fed the cattle.

(Continued on page 65)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

SUPERIOR PICTURE BOOKS

Pioneer Forts of The West (Superior Publishing Co., $12.50) by Herbert N. Hart is the fourth volume in a series on Western Forts. This book describes over seventy additional forts, mostly military, and groups them according to common interest or mission. Each fort or site is illustrated with photographs taken by the author. Drawings of layouts by Paul J. Hartle are included where the evidence of original buildings and compounds is meagre. Since many of the forts of the West have been covered in previous series, groupings in this book sometimes seem incomplete. For example, the grouping "War of The Saints" describes eight forts important in Mormon history yet omits Fort Bridger because it was included in volume one, *Old Forts of The Northwest*. The author has volume five underway, and presumably that will complete the series. These are handsome books with good illustrations and informative descriptions of the forts and the major historical events which transpired in connection with them. The author makes no pretense of his material being definitive histories of the forts, but it is evident from his writings, the extensive bibliography, credits and index that much painstaking research went into this book and the others. After volume five is finished, an index to forts described in all five volumes would be helpful. As source of reference or as guides, the books in the Western Forts series make an important and attractive addition to Western Americana.

Tales The Western Tombstones Tell (Superior Publishing Co., $12.95) by Lambert Florin is the author's seventh book in seven years. It is his second book on tombstones. Florin's skill in digging out unusual stories and illustrating them with his own prize-winning photographs make his books highly acceptable to Western buffs. As a matter of fact, many tombstones by themselves tell no story at all. The names and dates serve as a starting point from which to begin painstaking research. Florin has pieced together the colorful events and life stories which culminated in the graves of Captain Jack, the Modoc Warrior; the victims of the Meeker Massacre; the unfortunates of the Mountain Meadows Massacre, and many more. Florin's modern pictures are augmented by choice selections from State Historical Societies and other sources. Many tombstones elaborately tell their own story; others need help. Florin has furnished such help in revealing the true tales of many unmarked graves. There are still many tombstones whose stories are known only to God.

Beginning in 1961, Lambert Florin has written a book a year about Western ghost towns or cemeteries. This series has been so popular that his first book, *Western Ghost Towns* (Superior Publishing Co., $12.50) is on the market again. This book is lavishly illustrated with photographs including a frontispiece in full color. Florin has not duplicated any town in his books. Silver City, Idaho; Virginia City, Montana; Silverton, Colorado; Tonopah, Nevada; and Antelope, Oregon are some of the boomtowns of yesterday that are covered. Florin's narratives are crisp and informative and the striking photographs serve both as an invitation to visit the ghost towns and an accurate guide while doing so. At $12.50 a throw, the book has to be good, and it is. Florin's ability to write about ghost towns and to illustrate them with his photographs is tops for this phase of Americana.

NOT THE EARP OF TV

Alas, the T. V. portrayal of Wyatt Earp, frontier marshal, an all-American hero, was not based on truth. Perhaps even worse, his biographer, Stuart Nathaniel Lake, did not tell all the facts or did not have them. Recent uncovering of more details concerning the near legendary Earp are now brought to light to show that the character of the real Earp was murdered. *The Surpressed Murder of Wyatt Earp* (The Naylor Co., $3.95) by Glenn G. Boyer presents the story of Earp's second wife, Mattie, and other new material. According to Boyer, Earp deserted Mattie and she lived a life of mystery before dying a pauper. Members of Earp's family knew of Mattie, and her name appeared with Wyatt's on a home mortgage. The new information proves that Earp was something less than a hero, but if anything, more color is added to the colorful Wyatt Earp and his legend is even larger.

MORE CUSTER!

A Picture Report of The Custer Fight (Hastings House, $8.50) by Williams Reusswig features 101 drawings by the author—17 of them in two color and 1 in full color. Soldiers and hostiles decked out in full battle dress graphically portray the characters and action of the debacle of the Seventh Cavalry at the Little Big Horn. Individuals illustrated include Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, Gall, Low Dog, Crow King, Custer, and others. The narrative traces the events and political scene which led up to the massacre. The fight itself is described as fully and accurately as the army records and other available information permit. Aftermath happenings including the court martial and exoneration of Reno and Sitting Bull's flight into Canada; his later return and appearance with Bill Cody's Wild West Show, are included. The author raises the usual questions as to who was to blame, and the interlocking roles of various army officers. His interpretations are in accord with recent books such as *Faint the Trumpet Sounds* (David McKay Co., 1966) by John Upton Terrell and Colonel George Walton, the story of Marcus Reno. For the average reader, *A Picture Report of The Custer Fight* is probably the best account yet of the Custer Massacre. A short bibliography and an index are included.

UNDERGROUND

Would you believe a book-length narrative consisting of 2,650 verses with a preface and dedication in the same rhyming style? *Gleams of Underground* (Handcraft Art and Publishing Company, $4.95) by Alexander Chisholm is just such a book. Alton Lang, the narrator and principal character, recalls his chilling adventures of romance and mystery in the mine tunnels and surrounding rugged Rockies where he lived. Also woven into the yarn are the Verdun trenches and dugouts of World War I, opium dens of California, and the bloody mining strikes of Colorado. Mr. Chisholm learned much of the red man's lore from the Indians, and tales of the Sasquatch or Abominable Snowman of the Rockies are included. Many of the legends, Indian customs, and folklore are presented in print for the first time. Other books by the author include *Rhymes of the Rainbow*, *Great Days of Creed and Country*, and *The Old Chisholm Trail*. Strangely, the fascinating tales overwhelm the monotonous rhyming, and the book like—

"The gleams of underground entice
Men to its darkness from the day
Till their hearts, caught within its vice,
Can never more be turned away."

RANGE LIFE

Lon R. Stanbery's *The Passing of 3-D Ranch* (Buffalo-Head Press, $8.50) is a facsimile reprint of a long out-of-print and expensive book about the ranches around Tulsa, Oklahoma. The 3-D passed because it was ruined for grazing by the discovery of oil. It is good that the author set down some of its early-day history including quite a bit about the Daltons, the Cooks, Bill Doolin, Cherokee Bill and other outlaws of pre-oil days in the Tulsa area. There is also something on the Mashed O Ranch and its owner, W. E. Halsell, the Texas cowman—one of the few to continue livestock operations well into the oil era. The book is illustrated from photos and it is good to have it back in print even if the publisher did fail to add a badly needed index.

My Mother

(Continued from page 11)

moved to Beeville she would go among businessmen and others of the town raising money for a distressed family. During the terrible times of hunger and unemployment of the Great Depression, the trail to her door was well marked. Many days her kitchen fed several men. The majority of them were young, and in these she took a special interest. She thought of them as being each the son of some mother and as having an immortal soul, and with the generous plates of food went kind words out of a kind and generous heart. She kept a supply of the Gospels printed in pamphlet form, and with a free meal she gave a free Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John. She never offered to feed a hungry man on a sermon, however.

Mention of a certain woman brought this remark: "A good woman, but she has missed one big thing in life—the joy of giving. I've had my share of that. Maybe I have a softer heart for Mexicans than for any other class of the needy. They seldom save anything for the next day, but they are so responsive to kindness and help." Of course, her knowledge of Mexicans was restricted mostly to the laboring class at a time before they went to school.

Mama worried at times, but "cheerfulness was always breaking in." She never felt sorry for herself, never complained. Her spirit buoyed up others. One day when I was fuming at the wind and ice of a prolonged cold spell—other times too, but I particularly recollect this—my mother said, "Son, I will give you an old adage:

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy or there is none.
If there is one, go find it;
If there is none, never mind it.

When one of us boys started out for somewhere—no matter where, no matter how old the boy was—she would say, always gaily, "Remember whose boy you are."

I think of her especially at Christmas and shall as long as I live, for she was especially Christmasy. Most mothers are, but mine had so much gusto and vitality that her high spirits stood out. No child was ever more delighted with Christmas than she was. No matter how, when, or where I remember her, feelings of cheerfulness come over me. During the years of Santa Claus, with six children on the ranch, she was at her best.

Then came maturer Christmases as Time wove the swift shuttle of life. Before long our Christmases were reunions. Mama seldom knew at what hour her "younguns" would arrive, but while busy she somehow kept watch, and as a car she expected drove up near the back door she would emerge shouting like a Comanche Indian. On Christmas morning her greeting was usually the old-time one of "Christmas Gift!" That greeting, I believe, used to be given by some servant or other dependent expecting a gift. Mama knew the gifts were coming, all right. She was elated by every Christmas card and every other form of remembrance. She outgave all other givers.

"I don't always get what I want," she would say, "but I always want what I get."

AFTER I became a kind of book man, she didn't give me books any more, for she judged rightly, that my taste was no longer in her domain. I doubt if she ever realized how much she had done to formulate that taste. A poem entitled "The Reading Mother" by Strickland Gillilan used to be popular. The last stanza is truly of my mother:

You may have tangible wealth untold,
Caskets of jewels and coffers of gold;
Richer than I you can never be;
I had a Mother who read to me.

She had a hearty laugh and a great gusto for life, and no doubt she would have traveled more had she not taken more pleasure in giving than in receiving, for during the prolonged years of her vigor she liked to see new places and to learn. She was so eager that the night before a trip she could sleep little. "I was journey proud," she would say. Her eyes never became too dim for her to enjoy beautiful landscapes and the rising and setting of the sun.

She had many sayings out of the Bible and many folk expressions. One Bible saying was, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

Where was Moses when the light went out?
Sitting in the window with his shirt-tail out,

was often spoken by her and in turn by her children whenever, as often occurred, a strong breeze blew out the kerosene lamp at the ranch. I still like to say this. I don't know why. Sheer gaiety of spirit occasioned her speaking another rhyme with a biblical flavor:

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John
Saddle the cat and all jump on.

She did not play bridge or any other card game, except solitaire, but Charles Lamb's immortal Mrs. Battle never played whist with more animation or zeal than she played dominoes and "42." She kept score and she brought any delayer of the game to reality with the injunction to "Shoot, Luke, or give up the gun." To determine who would have the first down in a game she would chant out rapidly an extraordinary rigmarole of syllables, one word to each person around the table, the last one she pointed to being "it." The rigmarole, perhaps older than the King James Version of the Bible, went:

One-ery, two-ery, ickery Ann
Filison, folison, Nicholas John,
Quccvy, quavy, English navy,
Stinglum, stanglum—buck.

She relished what she ate and loved to see other people relish their food at her table. She walked as if she wanted to go where she was going and expected to get there. "Come on and quit piddling around," she might say to some dawdler. She was very direct. "Fiddlesticks!" was her disposal, delivered with a mild snort, of some indirection or of what she considered sophistry. "He doesn't know A from Adam's off fox" or "He doesn't know B from bull's foot" she might say of some muddler. She had a peculiar combination of drive, impatience and patience. Many things were out of her sphere, but she was anything but lukewarm in reaction to those things within it.

ALTHOUGH toward the very end her memory dimmed, she was never one to look backward. Probably she accepted the story of the Garden of Eden, but really she never believed that perfection lay behind. The "good old days" never existed for her. She did not resent change. Without analyzing the matter, she welcomed the principle of social evolution. At a time when I had almost no other interest than the pageantry of the past, about which I was writing, she said to me, "Son, why are you always looking backward? You are acting like an old man."

Having helped rear a brother and a large collection of half brothers and then having had four sons of her own, besides a husband, she seemed to take men for granted more than many women take them. She understood them. She was a man's woman and she was a matriarchal chieftain. She did not fret against nature.

Most of us remember old people as old. I remember my mother as old, too, but often I remember her without any gray hairs, eager and active, joying in little experiences. I can see her now, young and buxom, her long, thick sorrel hair coming down nearly as low—or so I remember it—as the hair of Lorna Doone in the novel of that name.

I recall her hearty description of a fiddler named Duff Hale, whom she characterized as a "Dickens character." He had a fiddle with the head broken off and at a dance he'd say, "Look, it's beheaded, just like Jesus Christ." Mama would always add, "Of course he knew that Christ was not beheaded, but he liked to talk that way to show off."

Very much against drink and drinking, she used to tell with gusto about some character—maybe she gave his name—who would say about Christmastime. "Now I've got to get on my annual Christmas drunk, and how I hate it!"

It was her way of hitting off characters that I can't equal—just an incident or a saying or a glimpse that lighted up the whole figure, the ray of light coming out with a fine heartiness and with a laugh. I was spending a few days with her in Beeville when at dinner, the meal before supper, Mama was poking fun at herself for being a little slow with eating.

"Now my Grandfather Fusselman always said," she observed, "that his father—back in Pennsylvania—never would hire a man on the farm until he had seen him eat. If a man wanted a

(Continued on page 49)

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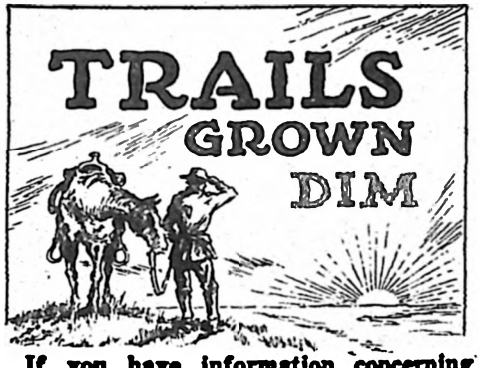

If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

August Carroll

Would like information of August (Slim) Carroll, sixty-four years old. Last heard of in Sacramento, California. A friend of mine I've lost contact with. If known, write Bill Clendenen, Quartzsite, Arizona.

McEntire

I recently purchased an old Bible at a junk sale. Inside was a complete family record of the McEntire Family. The earliest recorded birth was that of Henery McEntire, born March 22, 1805. The last McEntire name to be entered was L. McEntire, born November 7, 1884. Other names mentioned are: Larcus (Laraus?), Dixon, Gaskins and Bolton. Deaths were also recorded.

I would gladly correspond with any of the family of these people. Also there was a Certificate of Progress (writing certificate) of Bernard McEntire from the Austin Public School (Fulmore School) for January 30, 1931.—Mrs. D. E. Crockett, 5337 Olan Center, El Paso, Texas 79924.

Jason Morrell

I am interested in locating any descendants of my dad's Uncle Jason and Aunt Annie Morrell. Jason had three boys: Ralph, Walter and Harold. They left Eastern Colorado sometime in 1916 or '17 and went to Sand Point, Idaho.

I would appreciate any information at all about any of the family, living or deceased.—Robert I. Morrell, Rt. 2, St. Francis, Kansas 67756.

Sarah Middleton

Does some reader have information about Sarah Middleton who married Phillip Copple in Bolivar, Polk County, Missouri in 1850? She was the mother of Nicholas, Millard and Ella. Ella married Columbus Holt and they homesteaded in the Oklahoma Strip. We have reason to believe Sarah was an Indian. We are tying to establish this as a fact and if so, what tribe? Any postage use for this information will be returned.—Mrs. R. E. Burnett, Box 123, Humansville, Missouri 65674.

Rufus Church

Would anyone have knowledge of the parents, brothers or sisters of Rufus Church, born April 2, 1786 (by U. S. Census) somewhere in New Hampshire? He married Lucinda Bradley, July 3, 1809, in Salisbury, Vermont. They had a son, Marvil M. Church, who had two sons, Martin and Moses, and a daughter, Candace.

A daughter, Laura, married Charles Hosmer, August 31, 1854. Another daughter, Betsey Caroline, married a Van Ornum. We know that some of the families moved west but cannot connect to later data. If I could contact some of the younger generation, possibly, I could get the needed information—L. J. Scribner, 687 W. Mariposa St., Altadena, California 91001.

Johnston

I am very interested in finding the missing children of Lewis S. Johnston and his wife Zelida Wortham Johnston. They were married in Maury County, Tennessee, February 21, 1826. He was the son of Amos Johnston and Elizabeth Preston. In 1850 census they were in Cotton Gin Port, Mississippi. The place is no longer there. The oldest son William married his cousin Ophila Wortham. Nancy Johnston (my great-grandmother) married Harmon K. Hodges. They moved to Grayson County, Texas sometime after 1850 and lived in that county. Lemuel Johnston married a cousin Zelida Wortham and a sister to Ophila, William's wife. Jesse Johnston married Mattie Sanders. He and his family lived around St. Jo, Texas and Love County, Oklahoma. Willie Johnston married in Tennessee or Mississippi to

(Continued on page 72)

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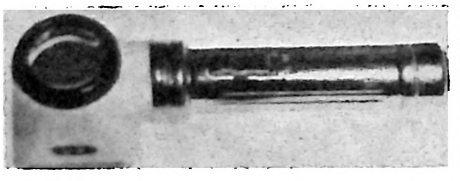

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Hell for Leather Rangers

(Continued from page 23)

secure some kind of preservative for their trophies.

Jim Norton lived up to his nickname of "The Terrible Sailor" by volunteering to cut off the two heads. Jack's head had a ragged bullet hole through it and was in such bad shape Norton decided to cut off his disfigured hand instead. He dropped the grisly trophies into a flour sack.

Since no treasure had been found, Norton tried to intimidate the two prisoners, threatening them with a similar fate, but the prisoners wouldn't talk.

Having the two outlaws decapitated usually has been written up to make it seem a necessary action taken only after the most thoughtful deliberation by Love. This was not the case. The rangers didn't hesitate for a moment to behead Joaquin. On the contrary, it was a custom dating back hundreds of years. When a reward was "on a man's head," that was exactly what was meant, and the rewards posted on Joaquin were no different.

If a criminal were killed in those early days, a head was needed for identification and a head was all that was brought most of the time. Also, a head on exhibition around town did much to deter crime —or so it was believed.

Rangers Sylvester and Byrnes made good time across the valley despite the searing July heat. They arrived at the rough little town of Millerton, ninety miles away, after an eight-hour trip. In later years, Sam Bishop was to recall ferrying the two dust-covered riders across the San Joaquin River. By this time the sack and its contents were smelling pretty bad, and when the rangers reached the other side of the river, they dumped their trunkless companions on the ground. Bishop offered Sylvester and Byrnes an empty ten-gallon whiskey keg to carry the head and hand, and the men galloped on their way.

MILLERTON was a small mining community of rough unpainted shacks on the banks of the San Joaquin River. The two rangers headed for the closest saloon, which was Ira Stroud's, and it wasn't long before half the town was trying to crowd in to get a look at the remains of the outlaws. Sylvester and Byrnes didn't have to worry about drinks for the next few days.

Two slits were made in the top of Joaquin's head and a leather thong was passed through them. The hand of Three-Fingered Jack was treated similarly; whenever someone wanted to see the prizes, they were lifted out of the keg and displayed by this means.

As soon as they could get away from the crowd, the rangers sought Dr. Leach, one of the two local doctors, and asked how to preserve the head and hand. The doctor couldn't spare any alcohol but suggested that whiskey would work just as well until they got to Stockton.

Love, in the meantime, had given up the chase after the remainder of Joaquin's men had struck out for Millerton also. One of the prisoners drowned (either intentionally or accidentally) while crossing a slough, and the party proceeded with the remaining captive, José Ochova.

After picking up Byrnes and Sylvester at Millerton, the ranger group rode to Mariposa, arriving July 31, 1853. The prisoner was turned over to Sheriff Boling and he stood trial on August 5. A record of the trial, signed by eighteen citizens, declared that the prisoner had known Joaquin Murrieta well and that he was a member of his band. It further stated that the head now in possession of Captain Love was that of "the great robber and murderer, Joaquin Murrieta." A few days later, Ochova was lynched by an irrate mob.

The head and hand were exhibited in Quartzburg from August 1 to 8 while the rangers gathered affidavits as to the authenticity of the head. Justice of the Peace J. H. Keen took the testimony of John Green, Henry C. Long, Hosea Vaga, Susan Banta and many others who said they definitely could identify the head as Joaquin Murrieta's. As a matter of record, Ranger Bill Byrnes also made out an affidavit in which he stated that he had been acquainted with Joaquin since the spring of 1850.

It was the end of Joaquin Murrieta and yet only the beginning of a California legend. News of the death spread to the settlements. The San Francisco *Alta* ran a brief account of the battle only five days after the affair. Newspapers up and down the state recounted the thrilling news.

And then it started. The Sacramento *Union* slyly stated that Love had returned to Stockton with the head of "a Joaquin." The Los Angeles *Star* stated on August 13 that Joaquin was still alive and was in the neighborhood of San Fernando with twenty-five men. Other newspapers followed the lead. To add to the confusion, the San Francisco *Herald* published the following letter:

"Señor Editor Herald: As my capture or supposed capture seems to be the topic of the day, I will, through your kindness, inform your readers of your valuable paper that I still retain my head, although it is proclaimed through the presses of your city that I was recently captured. Signed, Joaquin Carillo."

Despite affidavits to the contrary, some people were beginning to come forward and declare that the head was a hoax. A Stockton newspaper probably expressed the opinion of the majority when it said, "Some of the newspapers seem to doubt whether the rangers have really got hold of Joaquin. What is the object of their ill-natured remarks? Why do they on this, as on all other occasions, cast a slur on the reputation of as brave a body of young men as ever entered the field."

Still, the rumors persisted that have continued until this day.

On August 10 Love and Connor took Murrieta's head and Three-Fingered Jack's hand to Stockton and obtained a large glass jar. The trophies were displayed for one day at the Stockton House on August 12. More affidavits were obtained and Love returned to the rangers, who were in camp in Mariposa County.

Connor was put in charge of the exhibit but he returned to camp when relieved by Rangers Black and Nuttal, who displayed the head at San Francisco on August 17.

By August 27, Love was at the capital at Benicia presenting affidavits to Governor Bigler. The governor was satisfied that Love was entitled to the reward and signed a note to that effect. He had Love sign a statement that he couldn't have taken Murrieta alive and that he had ordered him shot while he was mounted and trying to escape.

On August 30, 1853, Love was presented the $1,000 reward check and a few days later the money was equally divided among the ranger force. On May 15, 1854, the State Legislature passed a special act rewarding Love and his rangers with an additional $5,000 for "expenses incurred in the capture of the notorious robber Joaquin."

OF THE rangers' later activities, little is known. William Howard seems to have kept in touch with some of them and in later years was to record that many of them died violent deaths. Some were killed during the Civil War, some in gunfights and others in various types of accidents. Howard himself was the last of the California Rangers. He died at Portland, Oregon, in January of 1924, at the age of ninety-seven.

William Byrnes, who had been so instrumental in the death of Joaquin, was a man of adventure all his life. By the middle 1870s, he had so many bullets lodged in his body from various fights that he suffered unbearable pain. He died screaming in the Stockton insane asylum in the early 1880s.

Patrick Edward Connor was to go on to a colorful career in the U.S. Army. He enlisted as a colonel with the California Volunteers at the opening of the Civil War and marched with a command of 700 men to Salt Lake City. He established Fort Douglas near the city to protect the settlers and the mail route from marauding Indians. In 1863 he defeated the Shoshoni and Bannock Indians on Bear River, ending a long series of depredations. Two years later he personally led one of the three participating columns of the Powder River expedition. Connor made the first discovery of silver in the Wasatch Range and did much to develop mining in Utah. He also was the founder of the *Union Vidette* and for many years was prominent in the anti-Mormon movement in Utah. He reached the rank of general officer during the Civil War and died in 1891.

Harry Love, the ranger captain, operated a sawmill in the Santa Cruz Mountains but in 1862 his mill was wiped out by floods. He was a spectacular figure in those early years and became known as "The Black Knight of Zayante." In 1858 he married Mary Bennett, a widow who owned most of the property in Santa Clara. It was not a happy marriage; they quarrelled constantly and lived apart a great deal of the time.

This situation and his business reversals seemed to prey on Love's mind. He took to drinking and became increasingly morose and jealous. Mrs. Love hired a German laborer to help out on her farm and to aid her in getting into and out of her buggy (she weighed 300 pounds). In the former ranger captain's tortured mind, this man—Chris Iverson—became a rival for his wife's affections and Love threatened them on several occasions.

On June 28, 1868, Iverson accompanied Mary to San Jose to transact some business. Love saw them and became violently angry. He hurried home and armed himself with a pistol and a shotgun loaded with birdshot, and stationed himself behind a fence in the yard. As he crouched behind his barricade, he munched crackers and boiled a pot of coffee as though waiting out a seige.

Iverson and Mrs. Love were about fifty yards from the house when they spotted Love. Iverson pulled his revolver and both men fired simultaneously. Love hit Iverson in the face and arm but did no serious damage. The German's shot missed completely.

Although Love was protected by the fence, Iverson coolly advanced on him. Love fired the other barrel of his shotgun and emptied his six-shooter. The first five shots missed but the last one struck Iverson in the arm. Reaching the fence, Iverson fired point-blank at Love. The ex-ranger let out a howl and ran for the house clutching his right arm and shouting for help.

The German leaped the fence and caught Love on the porch, where a desperate struggle ensued. As they struggled, a carpenter and some other men rushed up and managed to separate them.

Iverson wasn't seriously hurt but Harry Love had received two severe wounds. When the doctors arrived they decided his arm would have to be amputated. During the course of the operation, large doses of chloroform were administered to the suffering man but it was no use. By the time the surgery was completed, Harry Love was dead.

It is said that Love and the other rangers were haunted by the headless ghost of Joaquin Murrieta, but this is not true. Harry Love's only enemy was himself. As a group, the rangers were as fine a force of fighting men as California or the West ever saw.

My Mother

(Continued from page 46)

job, he'd put him off until he'd fed him. If he dilly-dallied at his food, he wouldn't have him, said that's the way he'd work. But if he went at his food like he enjoyed it and meant business, he'd hire him on the spot." She used to tell about Grandma Byler and other characters. She was a character herself.

There is the story she loved to tell of the quail pie. Our ranch neighbors on up Long Hollow from us were the Wrights. One day about noon "Bud" Wright came along. He was a large man with a large manner and a large appetite. There were other extra people for dinner that day, as happened often, and the children waited for the second table. The main dish was a very large quail pie, made of quail we boys had trapped. Mr. Bud took to it with enormous gusto.

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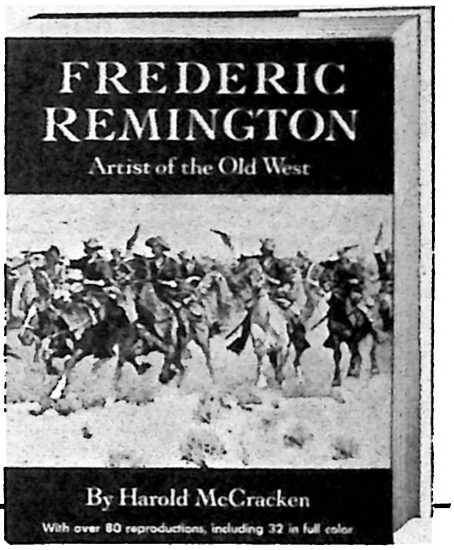

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With thoughts on her children waiting for the second table, my mother watched Mr. Bud's pile of quail bones mount. He had begun by piling them on one side of his plate, but the pile grew top-heavy and finally he cleared them all off on the tablecloth. He ended by picking the flesh from another quail or two, r'ared back and said, "Ella, that pa'tridge pie was mighty good but it would have been better if you'd of fried them pa'tridges before you put them in with the dough."

"I didn't say so," my mother always concluded the story, "but I was thankful I hadn't fried them."

RELIGION and all church services were a positive joy to my mother. Her tolerance of the respect for some dim-minded preachers and for moralistic vaporings seemed to me beyond all demands of charity and against reason. Yet, however unintellectual such an attitude was, nobody who knew her ever charged her with lacking common sense. Common sense was emphatically one of her strong points. Her religion was spiritual, only slightly ecclesiastical, not at all ritualistic. A part of her religion was to give "a tenth to the Lord," but her giving was never rationed according to what she could charge off against income taxes. She tithed her gross income, not her net. Foreign missions got part.

She devoutly believed in prayer, but she ridiculed some kinds of prayer. She used to quote as not going far enough and wide enough:

God bless me and my wife,
My son John and his wife,
Us four and no more.

She told a story of a man too lazy to get on his knees at night who wrote out on a sheet of paper his chief desires, tacked it to the wall at the head of his bed, and every night would make a weak knee movement toward the prayer and say, "Lord, them's my sentiments."

She had absolute faith in immortality and heaven. Meantime this earth was a mighty good place on which to live. Long after she began going downhill, if someone asked her how she felt, she might reply, "Slightly disfigured but still in the ring." She confidently believed that if everybody were a Christian the world would be all right. If I argued that the people who have charge of affairs must have superior intelligence and be well informed, she would agree; at the same time she would stick to her original thesis.

If everybody were as genuinely good as she was and had as much common sense as she had, the world would not need much managing. She disciplined herself into serenity. Time and the world tamed the impetuous and wildly free spirit with which nature endowed her, but they did not break her spirit of independence, and nothing soured her wholesomeness.

In the final addition, she lived more positively than most people. She was out of the old rock. In her way, past eighty-seven, she died with her boots on.

Lure of the Gold Camps

(Continued from page 37)

back, take a step forward and try again. When those in the shop had taken what was needed, they would tell him to go and he would proceed to Amador, where Martin Howard, later my husband, had charge of the shop. That horse would back in, as at the other shop, and when relieved of the load, would go to the stable, where I hope he had good care. He did this for more than two years.

Our sister, Belle, was born at this home in July, 1856. She was loved by all of us but lived a short life and on November 23, 1858, was laid on the hill beside our brother. In the spring of the next year, 1859, our dear brother Frank was buried there also.

SOMETIME about 1856, at a place called Rancharia, which all old Californians well remember, there was a terrible massacre. There was great excitement and many a poor innocent Spaniard and Mexican lost his life. I remember well sitting on the veranda of the American Exchange Hotel when a Mexican was being tried. I don't think he was proven guilty, but nothing would pacify the crowd. He was taken to a tree just north of town and hanged. He had a poor sister there who wanted to have his body taken down but the crowd threatened to shoot anyone who dared touch the body.

Little Jerry Howard, who was always ready to dare most anything, told the sister he would help her, but that lawless crowd threatened him. He stood back, opened his coat, and told them to shoot. When they backed down, he cut the Mexican down and after waiting awhile, went with the woman to Barnard's store in Spanish Town, where they got someone to fix a box. The two of them took it up to the tree and, I think without help, put the man into it. There were plenty of reasonable people who did not approve of all that was done but, as is aways the case, it is the rougher and more lawless who rule in lynchings. I often wonder if there is anyone in Sutter Creeek who remembers this incident.

BROTHER FRANK died very soon after arrangements had been made to return to Illinois, our parents having sold both shops and home. It was very hard to leave our little graves on the hill but farm life had always appealed to my father and no good title could then be gotten to land in California.

I do not know how many days it took to reach New York but it was a beautiful Sunday morning when we arrived. Church bells were sending their delightful chimes to us across the water and some of the passengers sang "Home again, Home again." But it was not our home. We were in the city several days sightseeing and trading. We had started as light as possible, very little baggage being allowed, and now needed something to wear until we were settled in a place of our own.

We went from New York to Oswego, where my mother's relatives had lived since they had come to America years before. Here we stayed some time; I don't

remember how long. Mart Howard, who had returned with us, went to his father's home at Polaski. He stayed there until November, when he again joined us at Antioch, Illinois, where my parents had located on a farm, and here we were married on January 1, 1860.

My father died in Waukegan in 1884; my mother in Antioch in 1891; my husband, Mart Howard, in Antioch in 1898. They all lie in Union Cemetery in the township of Antioch, Illinois, from which place the long journey to California had begun. Were I but a little younger, I would like to go again to California. I do not think I would have any complaint to make, either of its climate or its people.

Jornada Cattle Drive

(Continued from page 33)

here is telling us a good place to cross on our way home," he told his father.

The old man gave us a wave of his hand and walked on. "You are three times seven, and should understand English," he said tartly, and went on his way. Gene looked after him a little chagrined, but didn't say anything.

Mr. Baird did appreciate John Rhodes' advice and his rescue of the longhorn from the quicksand. "Though I'd have tied a couple of ropes around her horns and had the boys pull her free," he grumbled.

"Hell's fire, Dad," Gene protested indignantly, "you'd have broken her neck that way." Mr. Baird just gave his son a sour look and grunted something we didn't understand.

Seeing that Gould could handle the drive from there on, Baird, Gene and I left them and turned homeward. We brought back seventeen horses to the Baird Ranch. Mr. Baird rode the beautiful Gilmore stallion. We made very good time.

WHEN we reached the west bank of the Rio Grande the wind was blowing real hard. Mr. Baird's dilapidated old hatbrim was down over his eyes, and he was talking up a storm and waving one arm as he talked. Gene motioned for me to turn off down the river with him, and I opened my mouth to yell at Mr. Baird as I could see that his horse was headed for the river where the water looked mighty deep. I figured we'd better follow Jim Rhodes' advice and go on down below the dam to cross where the water spread out shallow. Gene put his fingers to his lips, and shook his head. He didn't want me to warn his dad.

The stallion struck the water and for a minute we could see nothing of the rider except the top of Baird's Stetson, and the ears and top of the horse's head. Then the horse began to swim easily.

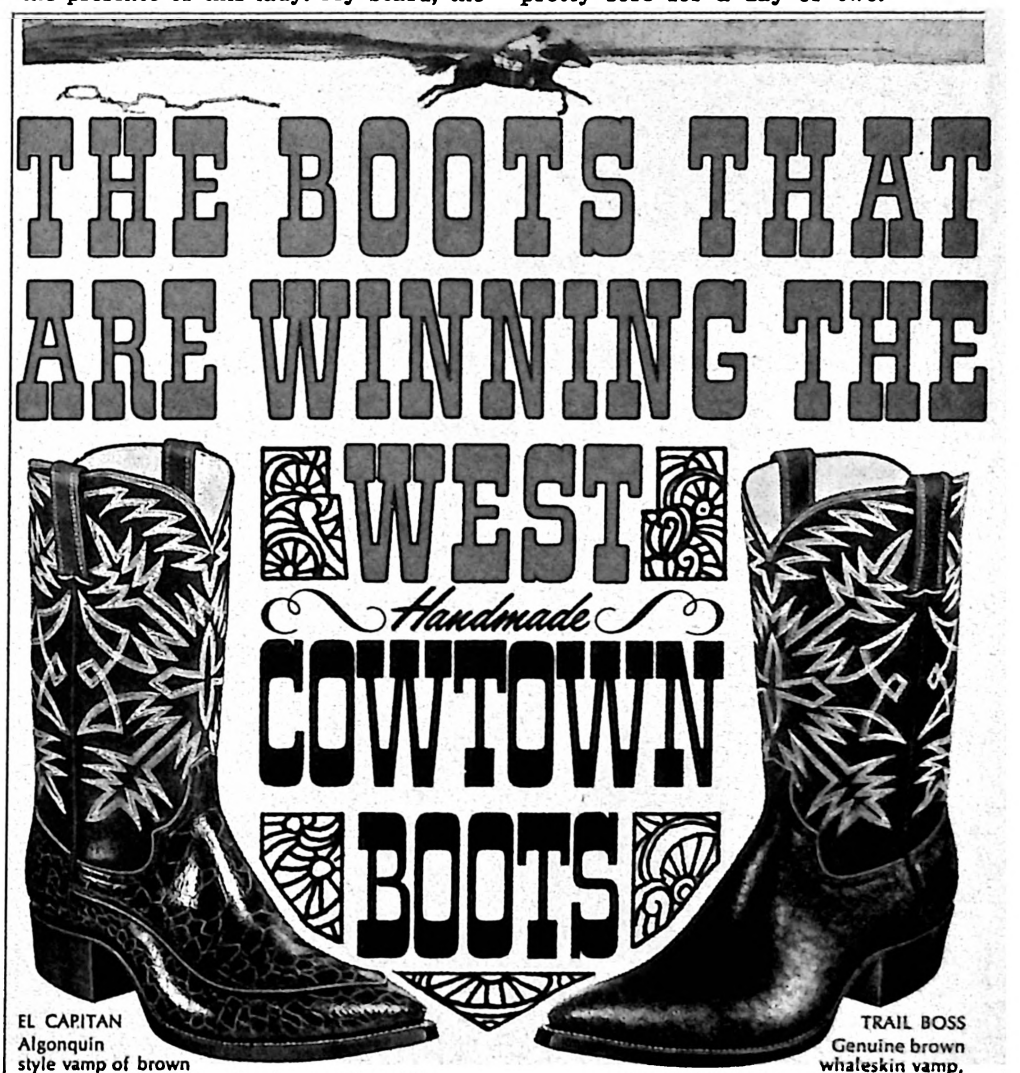
Gene and I went down the river, following John Rhodes' tip, and walked our horses across. When we reached Baird he was wringing water from his clothes, pouring it out of his boots, and filling the air with language that was hot enough to dry his wet garments out pronto.

He gave Gene hell in all forms, but didn't say anything to me. Gene unloaded on him then because he had been mad at his father for not listening to what Rhodes said about the river crossing. Sometimes the tricks those two played on each other were a bit rough.

When the old man was about half dry we started east at a fast gait. Even riding hard we didn't reach the Pot Hook Ranch until well after sundown. Mr. Turney met us at the gate. After we'd corralled, watered and fed our horses we were taken to the house for supper. The light of the kerosene lamp was warm and friendly, and the meal was the kind of cooking that makes a man loosen his belt a notch or two.

The foreman's wife was cook. I was all hands and feet, feeling awkward in the presence of this lady. My beard, the color of a carrot, hadn't felt the touch of a razor since the third of July. My hair though was dark brown, and so long and shaggy it made me look about the age of my father. I just felt I wasn't "fitten" for any lady to look at. We stayed at Baird's two weeks.

The eleven who went on this drive were: Jim Gould and sons Lige and Buster (the eleven-year-old); Jim Baird and son, Gene; Albert Burch; Ed Rhodes; Chon Duran; Nick and Chick Carter; and Jess Goodsell, the cook. Goodsell was a good cook, and kept our tin plates clean. I knew him before we started on the drive, and spent one day on the wagon seat beside him after a horse had fallen with me on night herd. I was pretty sore for a day or two.



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I've always liked horses; still do. I guess I came by this liking and respect for good horses from my father. I know I inherited my dad's love of "horse trading." And I suppose I did inherit some of the Quaker traits of my father, but I also developed a yen for traveling, and that is what brought me to Alamogordo, New Mexico, from my parents' home in Kansas.

MY GRANDAD had a team of horses that were getting old, and he offered them for sale along with a wagon and harness for $190.00, but found no takers. One morning my dad, a youngster of nine, was sent to a neighbor's farm on an errand with the team. Near a campground on the way he passed a fagged-out team hitched to a new covered wagon.

A man stood beside the team. As it was the custom in those days to greet all strangers, my father spoke to him. The traveler asked if my father would trade teams with him—the whole outfit, wagon and harness. Dad saw that the wagon and harness were good. The team had been hard driven, and needed rest and feed. Dad examined the horses' mouths, and found that one horse was four years old, the other five. He thought he could make a good trade. The stranger transferred his load to Granddad's wagon, and left hurriedly.

Dad went a mile farther with the fagged team to the home of the neighbor where he put the horses in the barn. He had been given permission to spend the day there with his friend, son of the neighbor.

It was late that afternoon when he started home, and though the team had rested some, he drove them slowly so it was almost dark when he arrived. The whole family was out in the front yard waiting for him, worried because of the lateness of the hour. When Granddad saw the new team, he demanded an explanation. He decided my father had made a good trade.

"We'll have to get the team in shape," he said. "A lot of feed, rest, and a good currying morning and night will do the trick."

In a few weeks those horses were in good condition. Father mixed a wonderful "conditioning powder" which he gave the horses, and they were a real good looking team. The horses were worked that summer and in the fall one was sold for $175.00 and the other for $150.00. Now that shows my father was a good horse trader even at nine. I wasn't so bad myself. I remember how I started my horse swapping when I was fourteen, and made $15 on a $10 investment.

I remember Dad telling about my grandfather's owning a thirty-five-year-old horse. When the family moved (by wagon, of course) from Illinois to Kansas this old family friend was led behind a wagon. My granddad held horse shows for his three boys as often as the work around the farm permitted.

I'm glad I lived in the lusty days in New Mexico before it was given statehood. I was drawn to Alamogordo because I'd been told that wages were big there—$6.00 a day for skilled labor. After only two weeks in that lively town I began contracting building jobs and made, for those times, the magnificent sum of $10.00 per day.

But though the money was nice to have, the happiest memories I have of the sunny Southwest are those days I spent on the herd drive, when New Mexico and I were young.

Lame Charlie Speaks

(Continued from page 19)

explaining that he was already "pretty old man" when the palefaces forced the Indians to make war with them.

According to Charlie many were the deeds committed by a chosen band of roving renegades who traded the peace and starvation of the main tribes for the full-bellied, exciting plunder trail. Their atrocities were usually limited to two points, the Emigrant Trail along the Humbodt River and the freight road to the south. The former, however, furnished the most booty and excitement.

He touched but briefly on Nevada's winters for they were best forgotten. The renegades were then forced to mingle with the friendlies camped around the fortified express stations forty miles south of the Humboldt River. Stebbin's Post at Robert's Creek Mountain was a favorite hangout. Here the station master not only let the squaws screen the undigested grain from manure piles but doled out sacks of barley when the storms got too rough. At times, when the pine trees produced no nuts and the *taboose* roots failed to grow, this was their only sustenance.

Even when these crops were plentiful and stored for winter the whites hunted out their caches. Such acts left the tribes further weakened and only served to add more lean-bellied recruits to the renegade band. Then, let summer roll around and these rabid cutthroats felt all the more reason to murder and plunder, and as our fire cast weird shadows Charlie pulled a three-foot square of braided rabbit skin over his limbs and relived many of these red-blooded days.

HE, known then as E-sha (Coyote), and several clansmen had been loafing around an emigrant camp on Maggie Creek pondering the mysteries of blacksmithing. A tough road lay ahead over the high summit of Emigrant Pass and down Stonewall Canyon to Gravelly Ford. Due to sheer, volcanic palisades which hugged the Humboldt rapids for several miles the road made this half-moon detour to the north. Tender hoofs and wagon wheels had to be prepared for this fifteen-mile, boulder-strewn stretch. One buck (dubbed "Two Shoe" since a drover had given him a pair of castoff shoes), his body gaily painted with ochre dust, had ventured so close to an animal being shod that it had kicked over the farrier and stampeded. This resulted in Two Shoe getting lashed across his face and back with a bull whip until he took to the hillside where he sat nursing his wounds and planning revenge.

Even though they had been given food, two hatchets, sulphur matches and many trinkets by the emigrants, these Indians were only watching for a chance to help themselves, not only to food but some firearms which they had observed. Now the bleeding redskin added murder to their plans. He talked it over with E-sha and the others, and although the majority were against anything more violent than relieving the emigrants of their food and guns, some listened with more sympathetic ears.

The next day in the depths of Stonewall Canyon, after spying for an opportune moment, they closed in on the wielder of the bull whip. Luck, both good and bad, found him lagging far behind the half dozen other wagons. Professing friendship, the Indians quietly and deftly overpowered the man and his young wife whom they trussed with thongs. Then, as the helpless parents looked on, they had taken the two infants, presumably twins, and amused themselves by tossing them high in the air and letting them fall on the boulders. Once death had come to the children, Two Shoe had methodically "fixed him and him squaw." Remembrance caused a smile to play around Charlie's wide mouth.

Each sun found them bolder and more kill-crazy as they harassed the emigrants along the Humboldt trail; each raid, though, was becoming increasingly heavy with casualties. The emigrants, forewarned, carried more and more "shoot-sticks." Even though the Indians had obtained a few guns they knew little about their mechanics and when the gun's ammunition was exhausted the weapon was useless.

WON-GATA (The Striped One), arrogant and vengeful, had gained his name through his yen for painting bright stripes down his body from forehead to heels. Claiming the powers of *Tu-ya-lu-ha Che-e-vo-gah-lu* (One Who Speaks for Another) Won-gata had gone off on a mountaintop and held a two-sun communion with the Great Father *Te-lu-gu-pu*. That mighty protective Spirit had told Won-gata to make war bonnets of yellow-topped rabbit brush and no white man's "shoot stick" could harm them. From the moment these terrifying headgears were completed the band became eager to try out their charm. An opportunity soon presented itself.

The band had been visiting peaceful members of the tribe who had long been camped along Maggie Creek at its confluence with the Humboldt, begging food and all else they could wheedle from the wagon parties who all summer dotted the landscape. "One moon before leaves fall" (which would place the time at early September) several renegade bucks were basking in the afternoon sun, digesting the bread and beans given them by a young member of one wagon "with rag around head, and him squaw." It was to be their final feed from these two wagons which had fallen a day behind the others. Already the two families were readying their wagons and stock for the hard drag over ten miles of rocks to the summit. (Most parties tackled this

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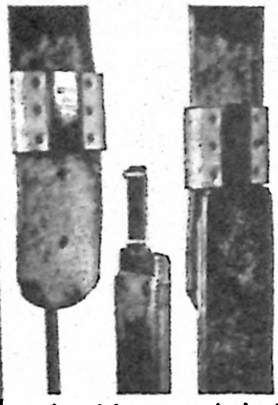

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stretch during the cool of the night).

Won-gata suddenly appeared. He had just ridden in from a hard day's jaunt, having visited a medicine man to have the evils of a rattlesnake beaten and sung out of his leg. At the moment of Won-gata's coming every buck present was startled witless when the "young squaw with hair like ripened grass" had unwound the bandage from the young drover's head. "Him look from only one side of face," Al told me, meaning the man had but one eye. This statement caused me to hang on Charlie's every utterance as Al interpreted the matter-of-fact recital.

According to Won-gata, any paleface with such a jagged red hole in his head could be nothing short of a devil and "bad medicine." It took but a few moments of his exorcism to purge the gullible bucks of the last morsel of food given them by the evil one. Vomiting until they could retch no more, the frightened braves pushed weak legs over their ponies' backs and slowly wended their way to the Indian village by the river.

Here, Won-gata immediately assembled a *pah-nu-e-tu-ve* to discuss the destruction of such a devil-possessed one. For unless he and those about him were killed, every Indian who had partaken of their food would wither and die. Against Won-gata's haranguing the peaceful members of the village, and especially one young squaw, held out against harming the white travelers. Won-gata, having revised his plans, now talked louder and faster. With the fervor of a born leader he harped on the loot from flour to shoot-sticks and "boom-powder"(ammunition). Besides, did they all want to dry up like an old moccasin and die?

BEFORE DAWN seven renegades mounted their ponies and, with their weird warbonnets flapping in the breeze, galloped west. Two members carried rifles, the others hatchets and knives, and one a bow and arrows. Reaching the crest of the range at sunrise they scanned the pass where the wagons should be. No wagons. Separating, they rode both canyon rims towards the river. Still no sign of life. Won-gata had hoped to be lying in wait at the narrow spot where Two Shoe had had such easy pickings. They were nonplussed over the distance their quarry had traveled during the night, when a splotch of dust far down the rock-walled canyon sent them galloping to head off the two wagons before they could reach the river. Usually many wagons would be resting up at this point.

Their planned ambush in the canyon failed. The wagons had already rounded the last walled turn and had reached the flat when the Indians swept around the lead wagon with blood-curdling whoops, causing teams to jack-knife and go tearing out through the brush. Before the savages had time to fire their rifles or loose an arrow, a volley from the rear wagon tumbled the two rifle-toters from their mounts.

The lead wagon had been swung back to the road by the drover's wife but hit a wash and rolled over, scattering occupants and their worldly goods every which way as the covered bed tore loose from the running gears. Two more smoking blasts came and two more of Won-gata's fearsome braves were sent clawing in the dirt.

But it had not been one-sided; hatchet and arrow had gotten in their work on those of the wrecked wagon. As the Indians closed in on the second wagon the team added to the bedlam by bolting. Won-gata tried to grab a leader's bridle but only succeeded in swerving the horses in a gravel-throwing circle until it also upset and was dragged on its side until the double-tree tore lose.

Their shelter gone, a man and the one-eyed youth were seen trying to reload their rifles while heading for a deep wash. The man went down immediately from a well aimed hatchet but a bleeding-faced girl grabbed up the fallen man's gun and joined the youth in the wash.

It now behooved the three disorganized renegades to get clear of the line of fire and hold council. Warily approaching from a blind quarter they saw the girl and a buckskin-clad woman running toward the river. Exposing themselves to give chase would be foolhardy, so Won-gata crept close, bellied down and peeked over the cut bank. An explosion and an eruption of black smoke attested to the evil one's presence as Won-gata's rabbit-brush charm was blown from his head along with half his face. The one-eyed devil was a tough one!

"Indians pretty scared of him," interpreted Al. Another powwow brought new strategy and soon an armload of burning sage and grass was dumped down on the youth's head. As he leaped clear of the inferno, a heavy, well-aimed rock was heaved on his skull.

While they had won the skirmish and removed the curse of the evil one, it was a costly ending to what had promised to be a one-sided lark. Neither pausing to pilfer pockets nor to appropriate the two death-dealing rifles, the remaining Indians set fire to the overturned wagon-beds and tossed their annointed warbonnets, which had so utterly failed them, into the flame.

GALLOPING DOWN the north bank, their quarry was soon spotted, though they could scarcely believe their eyes. One was a woman of their own race—a recalcitrant member who, the night before, had argued bitterly against harming the whites. They now knew why they had failed to waylay the wagons in the canyon. First they would attend to this blood traitor who was now "running like scared rabbit downriver."

On learning, the evening before, of Won-gata's intentions, the young squaw had sneaked away and stumbled through the night until she overtook the party camped at the summit. Apprising them of the planned slaughter, and accompanying them for her own safety, the desperate group fled down Stonewall Canyon. If they could reach Gravelly Ford the squaw was certain they would find many wagons camped. If not, there

was a friendly Indian encampment a few miles farther down the river.

No such good fortune awaited them at the ford, however, and now the Indian girl lay panting among the willows, her lungs near bursting from exhaustion. Then began a torture reserved for just such traitors. Her sight was destroyed with the points of blazing sticks. This finished, they left her to rue her perfidy; a huge mistake on their part. A party pulling into the ford on their way east found her sitting in the thick underbrush. The following day she was returned to her people on Maggie Creek where she named the raiders, and despite the horrible ordeal, lived to a very old age. (The incidents regarding this kind-hearted squaw—as related by Lame Charlie—we later found corroborated in part in the *History of Nevada* published in 1880.)

The Indians began a systematic search for the girl whose blood-caked tresses at that point must have resembled anything but "ripened grass." While one beat the willow thickets the other rode the high points north of the stream. From a big hill, far down the river, the luckless girl was spied crouching in the sagebrush near the wagon trail. Before mercy, in the form of death, came her way, though, the fiends had well-sated their hate for the whites.

Three days later Charlie (E-sha) and two other of their henchmen, who had arrived in the Maggie Creek camp from a foray to the south, accompanied the two murderous raiders to the scene of the carnage in the hope of finding valuable booty. Their only reward was to see crows and magpies pecking at the swollen bodies of their fallen brothers and to view several fresh mounds where some of the victims had been found by other emigrants and buried where they fell.

THE ferociousness of this raid climaxed this particular band's work for all time. Col. Warren Wasson hastily dispatched Capt. Everett Poole with cavalry from Fort Ruby to the Indian encampment. Here the peaceful members of the tribe, having already viewed the renegades' handiwork in the person of the blind, disfigured squaw, put the finger on the perpetrators. One chose to make a run for it and was riddled with army lead. The other paid his debt as he strangled below a cottonwood beam at Fort Ruby.

With the army now in constant patrol of the Humboldt and especially the Gravelly Ford sector, any Indian having a yen for pillage and murder had best try his luck in the remote regions farther south. And there is little doubt of it being down there that bullets brought about E-sha's less romantic title. Al put this question to him. A gleam of hate and suspicion burned in his eyes as he studied our faces, but instead of answering he suddenly pointed as if alarmed at something momentous.

Far across the valley the glow of a rising sun was peeping over the mountain crest—apparently a signal to old Charlie that Te-lu-gu-pu's wrath had been appeased. He wasted no time in reminding us of our promise of meat, flour and tea.

So, out of Kilpatrick's meager knowledge, coupled with Lame Charlie's nightmarish tale we can only try to piece together a misty tragedy that had its ending right where we had started—at a massive cross on a lonely butte. For there remains one irrefragable fact: Although Lame Charlie had not revisited the scene of that bloody raid in upwards of half a century he was able to give us the exact location of where the white people fell. And it was through the acuteness of this memory that we succeeded in finding three of the graves which he had seen when they were fresh mounds of dirt and stone.

One of these sunken, coyote ravaged, brush-grown scars of an era of savagery, in all probability, marks the last resting place of Obediah—the one-eyed friend of little Lucinda—whatever his surname.

I believe that the bones which now repose beneath the huge cross directly across the river from the "big hill" described by Charlie, are those of Lucinda Kilpatrick, erroneously labeled Duncan. As to how the names became garbled one can only surmise.

Today, on Highway 40, we speed over that same road from Carlin through Emigrant Pass and in ten minutes cover the distance it took an emigrant wagon as many hours to negotiate. And, to the south, as one looks down Stonewall Canyon and across the river, one may see the Streamliners race alongside the very trail where once the feet of plodding teams and myriad wheels left their deep and lasting marks. Just a few miles east of Beowawe, the conductor may point out the giant cross and inform his passengers they are "now passing one of Nevada's historical spots."

Perhaps the passengers may be moved to wonder over that massive monument off there on a lonely butte—and ponder those solemn, black-lettered words, MAIDEN'S GRAVE.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 5)

including the cost per person to get to go on a once-in-a-lifetime treasure hunt. I need to know as soon as possible how many people would be interested. Before embarking on a hunt with this potential, everyone would have to sign agreements. All going along would be equal shareholders. All treasures and artifacts found would be the property of the group and all proceeds derived from the sale of treasures or artifacts would be divided equally.

Before sailing, officers would be elected and all business would be conducted exactly as any business or corporation would operate. I do not know as yet what the cost of the ship and crew would be but I would guess it would run between $100.00 and $200.00, or possibly even more, per person. That would depend on how many would be interested enough to go along.

If any readers want more information, just write to me.—Bill Mahan, P.O. Box 1565, Garland, Texas 75040.

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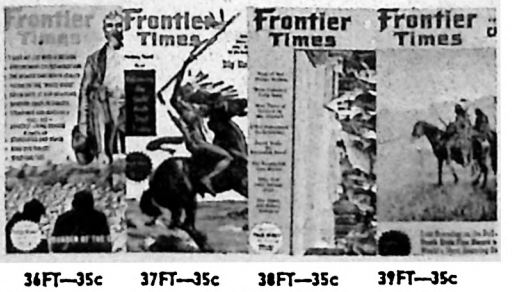

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Washday in Indian Territory

(Continued from page 43)

the children. Now get your knife from the crotch of the old tree and cut one piece of lye soap into the kettle.

The water is warm enough now to start rubbing so you dip out half a tub-ful and start on the white things. Each piece must be carefully soaped, then rubbed by hand on the brass washboard. Soap-rub-rub-dip and wring—soap again and put in the wash pot to boil. A clean, peeled hickory stick jabs each piece down into the now boiling water.

The next batch of clothes goes in the tub now. Again the back breaking rub-rub-rub and the second boiling is ready. Pour out the tub of dirty water and carefully lift the first boiling out of the kettle into the tub—carry more cold water from the creek to cool the clothes so you can give them another quick rubbing, and wring hard—until your wrists hurt—to get the soapy water out.

Now carry more water to fill two tubs for rinsing and blueing.

Put the calico dresses and bonnets along with the homemade blue shirts in the warm soapy water to soak a bit (they don't have to be boiled) while you stir, shake, dip and wring the "first boiling" from the rinse water. Arms about to give out? Back, too? Well the baby is fretting to eat, so wash your hands and face in the creek and sit down on the pallet quilt and you can rest while the baby nurses. You don't have much trouble keeping the children away from the fire or the water. Pioneer children are taught to mind. They must mind if they are to survive.

The baby is asleep now and you can get back to the wash. The sun's high and dinner has to be ready at twelve o'clock. Rub the dresses and shirts, wring them, lay them on the clean-scrubbed bench to be washed through the clean water left from the towel boiling. Rub hard, twist and wring. Examine each piece carefully to see that no spoiled spots are left—whoa!—that collar band is not clean; rub it generously with lye soap and rub some more.

Put the overalls (we called them "overhalls") in the soapy water to soak, leave the colored things in the cool rinse water and get home to fix dinner. You'll have to hurry—dinner has to be on the table when the menfolks come in at noon. Start the children ahead of you up the trail and you can pick a quart or so of those ripe blackberries to make a pie for dinner. You can put the sleeping baby in the shady place by the berries while you pick. You've got enough now and the children are far up the path ahead of you, so you walk pretty fast with your sleeping baby and bucket of fruit.

HOME! Send the two oldest to the woodpile to pick up chips for a quick hot fire in the cook stove while you peel and slice the potatoes you dug from under the vines last night. Build your fire, quickly now. Give the oldest child the berries to pick over, taking out the leaves and stems. What? Oh, sure, she can do it, just as well as a grown-up.

Run to the smokehouse for some side meat to fry and now that the potatoes and side meat are on the stove, wash the berries and get them on. Now run to the cellar for milk and butter—send Helen, the oldest, to the garden for a big bunch of green onions, and set the table while she's gone, being sure to turn all the dishes upside down on the table—flies, you know. They are awful bad for, of course, there's no such thing as window screens in Indian Territory.

Sweeten the berries with sorghum molasses, and slice cold biscuits on top for crust. Put your pie in the oven along with the pan of cornbread you've stirred up. Clean the onions Helen has brought in and send her out to break a good bushy limb to keep the flies off the table. Dinner is ready!

You hear the rattle of harness as the menfolks bring in the team and you hurry to hang up a clean towel for them to dry on.

Dinner is eaten, almost in silence. No finicky appetites here. You are tired and hungry and you eat what's on the table without comment. What little conversation there is comes in short words and sentences.

"Guess I'll finish the north forty 'bout four."

"That so? Guess I'll finish the washing 'bout the same time, maybe a little later."

"Shore hot. Stuff dries 'bout as quick as the plow hits it."

"I guess I'll wash up the dishes while the kids take a nap. Hate to leave the dishes—makes the flies so bad."

Half-past two o'clock and the baby is still asleep. Got to get that washin' done so you can pick a waterbucket of blackberries in the cool of the evening to can early tomorrow. Gently lift the sleeping baby and carry him softly. If he wakes before his nap is finished he will be cross all evening. Start the other three ahead of you down the path.

It's cool under the big trees and your back and wrists are somewhat rested. It won't take long to finish. The sun says it's half-past three and the clothes are all done and spread on bushes and low limbs to dry.

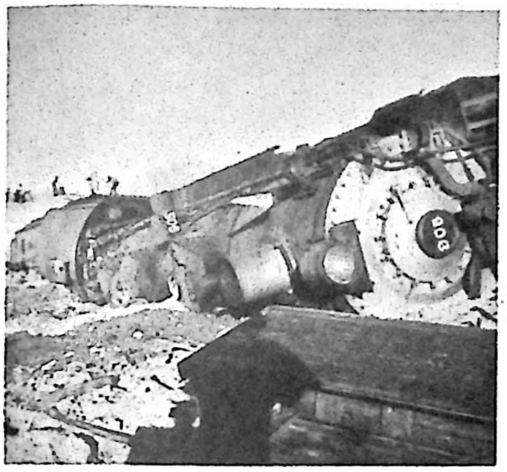
Pour water on the fire now. Careful! Too much will make hot steam and ashes fly all over you. Now empty the wash pot, turn it upside down and wash out the tubs. Hang them on the tree, scrub the dirty overall water off the side of the rub board. Wash off the soap knife and climb up on the wash bench and put it high in the fork of the tree. Give the kids a bath in the clear cool stream and wash day is over in Indian Territory!

Horny Toad Man

(Continued from page 27)

"During the flooding of the Rio Grande about 1920, I was firing for Syd Hockett. Water was lapping at the ties between Los Lunas and Belen. We got a slow order. Superintendent Ogg had his private car hitched to the engine. Mr. Ogg was not our most popular superintendent.

"Syd was going about four or five miles an hour, as per instructions, and



The wreck of the 905.

Superintendent Ogg came out on the platform of his car and highballed us. Like I said, he was the superintendent, and he may have been called "Mr." Ogg elsewhere, but nobody on the Horny Toad ever called him that.

"Syd turned to me and said, 'Don't look back—Ogg is signalling—and if we don't see his signals, we can't obey them. This kind of track and he wants us to open the throttle! Maybe he thinks we can fly over this stretch if we get to going fast enough.'

"Well, when we got to Belen, Ogg came over to the engine and said 'Syd, why didn't you take my signals?'

"Syd said, 'Ogg, you don't draw enough water to tell me what to do.' I guess it was a good thing that Ogg shut up, because I can tell you Syd's eyes were popping.

"There was always plenty of high water, believe me," Mr. Keller went on presently. (I did believe him, and so would any Horny Toader who had seen almost yearly floods over The Toad.) "I was still firing for Syd Hockett on passenger. During one high water rampage, we ate dinner at San Marcial at the Harvey House, then went on south. You remember the bridge just south of San Marcial? Well it was full of water. They handed us up a message that the roadmaster would wade ahead of us and test the track. The roadmaster was there when we arrived and he crawled up on the engine and said he'd tried to wade it, but couldn't. He said, 'Syd, I found one hole washed out four feet deep, and I won't wade into it.'

"'What do I do about this order to go through?' Syd asked.

"I spoke up. 'Well, I'm not going over it.'

"The conductor was Ed Quinlin—and he came up about then, tagged by the trainmaster. "What's the matter?' the trainmaster asked sharply. 'You've got an order to go through.'

"'I know that,' said Engineer Hockett, 'but—'

"'Do I have to draw you a map?' the trainmaster wanted to know.

"Syd looked at him real mean and said, 'We'll let the fireman off, cut the engine off, and I'll take you through. We'll be two brave men, dead or alive. By the way, can you swim, sir?'

"The trainmaster hummed and hawed—and he backed down.

"There were other incidents, but these are the ones I remember best," Mr. Keller concluded. Engineer Benjamin K. Keller, *Muy Hombre!*"

ANOTHER ENGINEER, W. T. Bryant, also had his share of exciting experiences on the road. Mr. Bryant hired out firing in November, 1916. He remembers one day in 1919 when he was called to get out on a helper to Engle. In those days there was so much tonnage that they always ran a double header to Engle, because there was a steep grade and one engine couldn't make it.

"Before we arrived at Engle, the head brakeman came over and told us the fireman on the other engine was seriously ill, and asked me to take the train on to Deming. I had no change of clothes and no extra money. When I explained my predicament, someone said he would take care of that, so I asked the returning crew to let my wife know why I had gone on to Deming on freight. Charlie Folk was my regular engineer, and he went back to San Marcial on the helper. After he arrived at San Marcial he caught an extra-board man as fireman on his next trip, since I had traded off with Jesse Deering, the sick man.

"The next trip Charlie's fireman was a young man named Moore. Over between Engle and Crocker the engine broke loose from the tender and fireman Moore had both legs cut off, and bled to death. He dropped down between the cars and was run over. They made a fast run to San Marcial with him where he was pronounced dead on arrival.

"*If* is still a big word. If the fireman on Charlie Folk's regular turn hadn't been ill, and I hadn't had to take his place, I might have been the fireman on this trip when young Moore was killed. One wonders about such things."

Mr. Bryant fired for engineer C. A. (Charlie) Folk for many years. Mr. Folk had hired out as fireman in February, 1904.

"We had a lot of experiences together," Mr. Bryant reminisced. "I remember a time, about 1923, when Charlie and I were on the Lake Valley branch line. There we had a three hundred class engine and we got caught in a terrible snowstorm and were literally buried in a cut. The engine froze up stiff. We couldn't budge her. An official came up and asked, 'Why the hell didn't you drain the water?' He meant of course, the reservoirs, boiler and so on. Charlie gave him a look of disgust, and asked in that cold voice that he sometimes got. 'And just how do you drain an engine that is covered with seven feet of snow?'

"When did I hire out? Well, I made my first student trip November 5, 1916. Conductor Walter Hester and brakeman H. L. (Slim) Hair were on the run. Elmer Dils made a student trip before I did, and got into San Marcial before me. However, I gained seniority over him because he went fishing before taking his test on the book of rules. I came in early from my student trip and immediately started on my test. I was real tired, and

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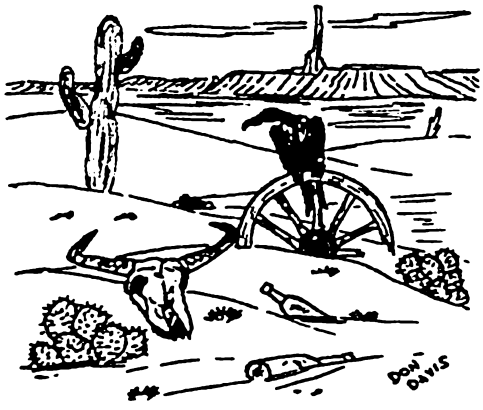

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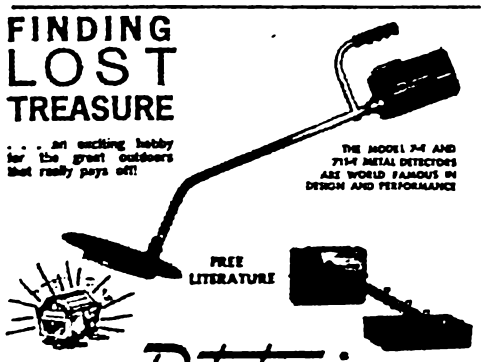

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"I went up to the office and Mr. West flipped through the book and said, 'You didn't sign your name on the back page.' I signed, and West called the roundhouse to mark me up on the board. By getting marked up on the board first, I gained enough seniority to give me a regular job some time before Elmer did.

"What was I paid? Well, road engines were paying $3.05 for ten hours' work, switch engines $2.70. In 1916 one of my really big checks was for $90 for a month's work.

"Diesels? I was engineer on the first diesel in freight service. I had Henderson, I forget his first name, he was a new man—for fireman. That was on January 2, 1949, and I had engine number 136."

Another first for Mr. Bryant was the taking up of the track at Engle after construction on the Elephant Butte Dam had been finished.

"Charlie Folk and I were on the train that took up the last of the track used for work trains to take material to the dam site. J. B. (Cap) Sutton, who hired out in 1907, was the conductor.

"THERE were some amusing moments," Mr. Bryant confessed. "I remember once at Rincon when I sideswiped a box car while we were backing up on the Deming main line. Louis G. McKinnie, who had hired out in 1916, was the engineer. Well, McKinnie got his foot caught in the Johnson bar when the cab shifted, and bent the bar. He had a time getting his foot out. At the same time the boiler sprang open at the seams and steam filled the cab. McKinnie stuck his head out the window to keep from being blinded.

"I was down on the deck and I jumped back. The steam covered my face with asbestos with which the seams were packed. Valves were opened to shut off the steam pressure. Funny thing, but I had been to El Paso, gone to a discount house and bought a box of canned goods. And those cans went everywhere. Elmer Dils climbed up on the engine, took a look at my face, and said, 'Good God, you're scalded. Come on, let's get into the Harvey House and fix you up. Don't rub your face or the skin will come off."

"He led me into the Harvey House, and Margaret King, now Mrs. Lee E. Beahler, almost fainted. She and some of the others there helped me to get my face cleaned up, and we learned I wasn't burned after all. I was just plastered with that asbestos.

"Scared? Oh yes, plenty of times. But I think what caused me so many sleepless nights was different from the run-of-the-mill accident. I remember I was firing on the local in 1922, and just south of Belen three or four miles a man was on the roadbed on the fireman's side. We saw him cross himself, then jump in front of the engine. Of course it was impossible to stop the train. When we finally came to a stop, we learned he was a Mexican national. He had about fifteen dollars in his pocket and a suicide note, asking that the money be sent to his wife. I have often wondered what brought him to this mad deed."

Many of the railroad engineers remarked about people trying to beat the train to the crossing. "A car can turn out of a train's path, but it takes a long time to bring a speeding train to a halt."

ONE OF the most horrifying experiences was told by the late Frank Davey. Engineer Davey started out on The Toad in November, 1913, and was promoted to engineer in June, 1920.

"This happened," said Mr. Davey, "soon after the flood of 1929, when San Marcial was washed away. I was on a work train working on the roadbed across from San Marcial. The crew had just left the mess car where they had eaten their noonday meal, and had then stopped by the caboose for a moment. They all took their places on the train then, and I got the signal to shove the dump cars full of gravel down the track toward the place where we were filling in.

"It was against the rules for anyone to ride in the dump cars, so the trainmen had to ride on the bumpers of these cars. For some reason one of the automatic dump cars dumped early without any help. When we reached the end of the run, where we were supposed to dump all the cars, a civil engineer came up and said, 'Where are the two trainmen? I hope it's not what I think—but there's blood on the front truck of the first car.'

"We climbed off the engine," Mr. Davey contiued, "and we found both of them. They were cut into dozens of pieces. One man, I remember, was fat and the other was thin. That's the only way we knew how to sort them out on blankets. W. C. Gott was the thin man, and P. A. Weber was the chunky one. Next day we didn't work, but took the train over the ground again and again making tests. They tried to blame Johnnie Sullivan, the brakeman, who was on top of a spreader next to the engine. They thought he must have turned the air into the cars, causing them to dump. McKee was superintendent, a man who was as fair as they come. W. W. Walters was trainmaster.

"After this tragedy, there was, of course, the inevitable investigation. The whole thing was so sudden, so uncalled for—mysterious even. No one knew when or how it happened. In the investigation everyone wanted to get at the truth. The officials asked me over and over again if Johnnie Sullivan was in my view at all times. I assured them again and again that he was never out of my sight for a moment. Johnnie kept saying, 'I'd like to ask a question.'

"They paid no attention to him, but he was so insistent that Mr. McKee finally said, 'Let him ask his question.'

"'If I turned the air into it to dump the car, who turned the handle to bring it back to level?'

"'Well, Mr. Walters, what's your answer?' asked Mr. McKee.

"Mr. Walters shook his head. 'I don't know.'

"Next day the claim agent came to talk to me, this time personally. I guess he thought I could shed some new light on this thing, but I couldn't. I told him

sadly, 'I've given you all the information I had during the investigation.'

"'Don't you know the trainmen are not allowed to ride in the dump cars?' he asked.

"'They'd be alive today if they had,' I reminded him soberly.

"This was the experience that kept me awake nights for a long time. I'd go over and over the situation in my mind, trying to find some piece to the unanswerable puzzle."

ENGINEER DAVEY told of another sad experience. "Oh, we all had troubles," he confided. "I think it was about 1923 when we were going into Deming. Lou Hildebrand was bridge and building foreman, I remember. We were shoving a car ahead of the engine with piling on the cars. A switch engine pulled out onto my track. A brakeman was riding on the poles, and an old bridge man was riding on the cars. The cars hit, slamming against the ties and the old man was mashed—killed instantly. I was judged liable and pulled out of service. You see, I had disobeyed the rule, 'Approaching train will be held responsible for accidents upon entering yards.'

"Any of the men superstitious, you ask? Well, perhaps. I remember a conversation of P. L. (Snort) Davidson, who hired out on The Toad in 1922. While Snort and Rattlesnake Harris (I think his name was Harry, or maybe it was John—there were two firemen named Harris) were waiting for the ore cars to be loaded at Santa Rita on the 5th day of July, they got into a sort of argument.

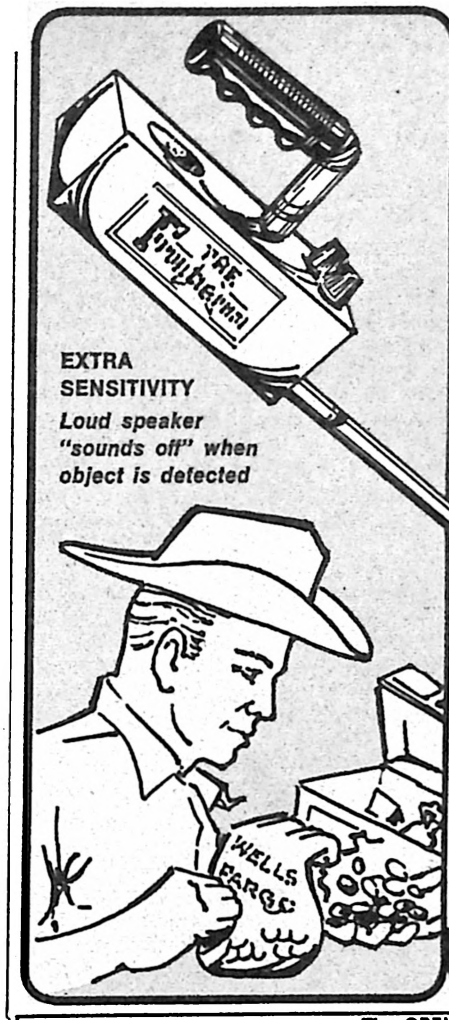
"You see, on the grand and glorious and rip-snorting fourth, there had been a rodeo held at the stockyards in San Marcial. Rattlesnake appeared to be about half loaded, and Snort got him to ride a mean horse. Well, the horse threw Harris off, and he got cinders ground into his face. (He carried the scars for a long time.)

"On the day following the celebration they both caught the ore train into Santa Rita. Harris got to telling about how a man in Arizona had beat him out of some money. 'I told him it wouldn't do him any good,' said Harris. Then he looked at Snort, a real hard, searching look. He put his hand to his face, feeling the rough places, and we all knew what he was thinking. It had been Snort, he thought, who caused his face to be scarred. Now he looked at Snort and said soberly, 'You, Snort—you're not gonna live over a year for the mean trick you played on me.'

"A week later Snort came to me and said, 'Frank, what Rattlesnake said worries me.'

"I told him it was just a bunch of foolishness, and to forget it. However, less than a year later, Snort Davidson was killed between some cars at Deming, when engineer Thad Mossman backed into him."

Mr. Bryant remembered the incident, and said Snort was caught between two drawbars and he talked to the crew and was very alert, asking the men to break the news to his wife gently. When the cars were pulled apart he fell down dead. Paul Little was a brakeman on the crew.



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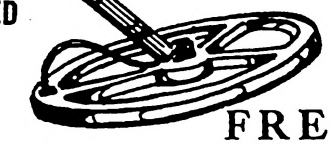

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Signed, L. E. Schwartz.

I am indebted to Alvin Terrel Ash for the following poem, which Mr. Ash has read at numerous Memorial Services. He doesn't know when he first heard it, and the author is unknown, but certainly it applied to the Horny Toad man.

MEN WHO DIED IN THEIR OVERCLOTHES

Now that we've scattered the flowers of May
Over the graves of the Blue and the Gray,
Over the graves where the women weep,
Over the mounds where the heroes sleep;
Now let us turn to the graves of those
Who have lived and died in their overclothes.
Are they not heroes? Have they not died,
With their engines, side by side?
Have they not stood by the throttle and brake,
Gone down to death for their passengers' sake?
Calm, undisturbed, grant them peaceful repose—
Those men who died in their overclothes.
We would not take from the soldiers' graves
Not even a blade of grass that waves,
Nor would we ask you to hand us down
A single star from a soldier's crown;
All honor to these, but forget not those
Who lived and died in their overclothes.
When the moon's cold ray grows dim and pale,
And lightning leaps over glistening rail;
When the sharp sleet pelts each eager face,
As over the mountains and hills they chase;
Dreary indeed are the battles of those
Who fought and fell in their overclothes.
'Twould be sweet to know when we're laid to rest
With our hands folded silently over our breast,
That a woman comes to the grave once a year,
Bringing wreaths of flowers and a falling tear,
To dampen sadly the grave of those
Who lived and died in their overclothes.

This article was excerpted from *Horny Toad Man*, Boots and Saddle Press, copyright Lenore Dils, 1966.

Prowling for Loot on Delaware Creek

(Continued from page 15)

Since it was his discovery, he was let down on a long pole. Charley shouted gleefully as he pocketed the coins, sifting through all the dirt seeking others.

When he got out, the coins were examined. He had two $10 gold pieces, four silver dollars dated 1878 and a number of quarters and dimes. Were the cisterns some kind of wishing well into which Indian students tossed money? The others were entered but no more money showed up.

ONE SATURDAY when we were not able to engage in our regular lark, I met Barnett in town. His wife had driven him there in a buggy.

"I been thinking far back," he began earnestly. "Seems to me now that Cook told me they crossed the creek where there was a spring box (cooler house) in a draw running into it. Right after passing it is where they stopped and the two was killed off."

Dunk McMillan, the cowman, was a friend of the family. He informed me that there had once been a spring box between two short tributaries of the Delaware inside his pasture fence in a corner west of Simmons' farm.

The spring box was a new lead and needed looking into; however, we couldn't get to it right away. After the end of the school year I went to riding the Red Hills range with Father's two hired cowboys. Sometimes I rode alone. This range lay in two counties toward upper Delaware, Coal and Pontotoc. One day I had little to do so I rode across the big McMillan pasture and around to Dodson's farm. He was cultivating a cornfield near the house when I rode up and tied my horse.

After talking awhile I asked if he knew anything about an old spring box. Without answering my question he yelled at the house, "Hey, Mary!" When his barefooted daughter appeared in the yard he instructed, "Take him over to where the spring box used to be."

Such a cooler meant that a family certainly lived close by at the time of its use, yet none of the oldest settlers in the country recalled a house on the creek. Back in 1894 there had been only a few Indians scattered through that wooded region.

The girl, chattering every step of the way, and I walked to the creek, following a cow path to a shallow draw. Water coursed down it in a thin stream from a small spring. This spot I had seen before, but had not given it much attention. Now she pointed out, visible through the weeds, the outlines of rotted timbers on each bank. The spring box had been built across the draw. A rock dam below had raised water to the slats in the floor of the cooler house.

Lining out from there, with the girl following closely, I searched through briar patches, low vegetation and timber into Dodson's milch cow pasture. There wasn't any evidence of graves.

It was late, well after dark, when I got

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home. Father met me at the saddle shed.

"Had a visit from that Clem Simmons today," he began. "He claims you boys have been pestering him by monkeying around on the Delaware where you have no business. He's real put out and says he's going to shoot somebody or sue the parents for damages if his land is trespassed again. Best I could find out, he demands you all stop it and that us parents better see that you do."

Of course Simmons knew we had been going to the Delaware as often as possible—not always the entire bunch but at least three or four. Since our first run-in we had carefully avoided him, and except for that first time we hadn't even seen the man. Obviously he had kept watch on us, though, when we went through Dodson's farm.

While walking toward the house for my supper I explained that we had not mixed with Simmons a second time, and had stayed away from his fence line.

"Just the same, Simmons says he's going to shoot you boys to keep you out of there. He was real ringy mad," Father said.

WHAT I didn't know until much later was that Father and Simmons had had quite an argument. The cranky old man had been informed that as long as it didn't harm him, what we did was absolutely none of his business. If he took a shot at any of us, or caused us harm, Father warned that he would ride over and take care of him. "Taking care" of somebody meant only one thing.

When the others heard of Simmons' threats they told their parents, who thought his attitude merely stupid, not actually dangerous.

The next time we resumed our search, Elmer, Charley and I drove there the long way by way of Bromide off the Wapanucka road in Father's car, one of the first Fords in that part of Oklahoma.

On arriving at Dodson's we were told, "Boys, Simmons has been slipping around on the creek toting his greener. The man's crazy in the head. Better watch out."

The glowering Simmons' actions lent the buried loot more fascination than ever. We were determined to find it whatever the risks.

On this trip we hit partial paydirt. We found the graves. Well out from the timber, old stumps showed that the area had been cut over in recent years. The evidence matched up—that crossing the Delaware near the spring box, the outlaws got this far when they had the fatal falling out; that is, if the sunken spots and a few scattered rocks once forming a ring about them actually marked some graves. It was necessary to find out for sure.

Going to the Dodson tool shed we got shovels and picks. The family had driven a wagon to Bromide for sugar and flour and were not at home.

We disturbed only one grave. Down four feet in the black soil, embedded human bones were uncovered. Not excavating further, we refilled the hole, mounded both graves and piled stones around the edges.

Convinced these were outlaw graves, an imaginary line was extended east to the manganese blocks. It very definitely cut across one corner of Simmons' small horse pasture into McMillan's range. Although only scattered trees remained there then, once a forest of hardwood extended over it. It was hoped that Cook went through far enough to have buried the sacks on McMillan land.

There wasn't time that day to do any hunting, but the three of us returned the following Sunday. The trail had now become so exciting that we did not go on the community picnic where half the local population was gathered.

Charley, Elmer and I hiked into the McMillan pasture. At the fence separating it from Simmons' farm we hunkered down in hiding to consider the situation. It seemed important that we work out the line from the graves. A good many trees still stood in the clear. Maybe one of them contained the grown-over sign heard about from the early settler.

No sign of movement showed through the timber around the house. While Elmer remained on watch to warn us should Simmons appear anywhere, Charley and I crawled under the fence and through tall weeds and grass to the corner of the horse pasture. We poked and hunted for ground sign without finding any. At each tree old enough to have been standing when Cook came through, we risked standing up behind it. Yet all those examined was covered by unscarred bark.

Retreating from the danger zone, the McMillan pasture on the same tangent

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was gone over. Every big tree was inspected for sign that never appeared. By late afternoon we sat resting under the cover of a tree-lined draw.

"You know," Charley began thoughtfully, "I saw a place inside his pasture where no grass or weeds grew. Running water has washed the surface off to gravel. I'll bet it has been dug into some time or other."

He talked on speculatively, making up his mind to look there again. A sort of daredevil type, trespassing where warned to keep off was a challenge to him. We promised to maintain strict watch, and Charley crawled back from the dividing fence.

ON THE EDGE of the draw, perhaps Elmer and I exposed ourselves carelessly. At any rate Simmons discovered us there. He appeared out of the timber, headed in our direction, cradling the long barreled shotgun. The course he took bypassed Charley by at least a furlong.

Hoping we could keep him from seeing Charley lying on the ground, Elmer and I watched him all of a minute before breaking loose, sprinting through the timber of the draw.

Still on his own land and far away, Simmons stopped, threw the shotgun to his right shoulder, and fired. Shoving in another shell quickly he blasted a second time—at nothing but blackjack trees. We were out of sight, under cover, watching to see if he looked around for Charley. Simmons remained there several minutes before stalking back toward the house.

After the situation quieted down, Charley crawled out to join us. He was greatly excited and shaking, but not scared by Simmons' shooting.

"I found it!" he cried. "Sure as anything, I found it!"

According to him he had dug into the place he had spotted before, with his Barlow knife. Down less than a foot through the gravel he had found fragments of what he felt sure was rotted sacking. What else could it be but the wrappings of the outlaw loot?

The shotgun blasts had stopped him from further digging—"But we can crawl back in there after dark and get it!" he asserted ringingly.

Accordingly we settled down to wait. That proved hard with tingling nerves of anticipation plaguing us. Night finally came on with a cloud-darkened sky. Half a mile away yellow lamplight in the Simmons' house grew visible as we stole across the McMillan pasture.

It took Charley a little time to relocate his digging. Soon after he did, the dogs at the house set up a loud barking. They would sashay out into the timber toward us, then retreat to the house yard. Sooner or later Simmons would come investigating. While Charley and Elmer dug into the hole with pocket knives, I closed near the timber to watch.

Within minutes the dogs set up another howling. Behind them came Simmons as they rushed the trees. He appeared a very dim figure, and whether or not he carried the shotgun I couldn't tell. Led by the dogs he would surely come directly to us. It was time to move.

Crawling fast back to Charley and Elmer, the warning was given.

"We're to it," Charley whispered. "Some kind of odd-feeling rotten stuff in my hands."

"Fill up the hole and let's go!"

Suddenly the dogs charged across the open. Charley and Elmer slammed dirt into the hole, filling it quickly. I stoned the dogs off and the three of us then sprinted for the McMillan fence, tearing our shirts in our haste to crawl under. Probably Simmons never saw us, as he did not fire the shotgun. He could be heard yelling at the dogs. Maybe he fancied they were chasing rabbits or had been aroused by a bobcat.

Rain started falling before we reached Clarita. The barber shop there was still open. Stopping before the lighted window on the wooden sidewalk Charley pulled the mass of rotted material from his pocket. It came apart in layers, looking like he had torn off one thick corner of a packet of twenty dollar bills, but so decomposed was the paper that we couldn't be certain.

"It's part of the buried loot!" Charley insisted. "The silver and gold is still in the ground and it won't rot!"

Maybe so, but our parents laid down the law. Simmons was too mean to risk another encounter.

That winter Charley and I met Dodson on the street after school let out for the day.

"Simmons done moved away," he reported. "Starved out when his grain crop and cotton failed. I bought his land. You boys come over and dig all you want to."

A snowfall prevented making a try until spring. We three then went there in Father's Ford. At the Dodson house we picked up the farmer and walked into Simmons' former horse pasture. For two solid hours we walked over and over every foot of it. In the end Charley was forced to admit that he couldn't find the spot he and Elmer had dug into that dark night.

It seemed impossible that Charley could fail to relocate it, but that happened to be the case. Subsequent searches with plenty of help also did no good. Heavy spring rains had flooded out the pasture, depositing gravel and dirt all through the weeds. Dodson never found it either and he worked both farms until selling out in 1920.

Today the Dodson and Simmons buildings have all disappeared. Otherwise the country there looks about the same as it did more than fifty years ago. The area is easily reached by roads from Bromide and Clarita. If the cache is ever found, the gold and silver coins will be intact.

The Search for Zonia

(Continued from page 39)

Tranquil old Zonia seemed to deserve additional research which I began immediately—and with some results. A check of official records revealed that a post office was established in the town on February 9, 1900 with John M. McCaffrey in charge. The service was short-lived, being discontinued December 31, 1900. So, another small fragment of the

jigsaw puzzle was added. Subsequent pieces came from a most unexpected source: a real, live citizen of old Zonia—the only one left, to the best of my knowledge.

I MET Charlie during a summer visit to the old camp. He was stretched full length on a wooden bench under the trees. The bench was five feet long, and neither his feet nor his head extended beyond its ends. As I approached, he lifted the battered, sweat-stained hat which had covered his face. We shook hands and traded names. I guessed him at eighty-five—pounds and years. From the sun-faded hat to the cracked and rock-scarred boots he was the classic sourdough prospector. He grinned and waited for me to open the conversation.

"Live around here?" I asked.

"Used to—over sixty years ago. Had a room up over the boardin' house." He pointed a stubby pipe toward the end of the street. "Live in Prescott now."

"Miner?"

"I was then. Prospectin' a little now. Got over twenty claims located around here."

"Tell me about the town," I urged. "What was it like when you lived here?"

"Nice, friendly little place—prob'ly about 150 souls. We used to have dances in the store there on Saturday nights. They'd haul the music out in a wagon, clean from Kirkland."

"Who lived in the stone house?"

"John McCaffrey. Had a post office there for a while. Town's named after his wife Zonia." Another mystery was solved. Charlie went on: "That cabin down the street, the one with all the likker bottles, was where Hassayampa Joe lived. I still call it Hassayampa Joe's place. They had to take him away one night—had the shakes somethin' fierce. Never came back."

A faraway look passed behind Charlie's eyes for a moment, then was gone like smoke in the wind, and he continued, "On days off I used to hike over to Placerita. More goin' on over there, and it's only a chaw an' a spit over that spur." He nodded toward the steep, rocky skyline about three miles distant.

I closed my notebook and rose. When I thanked him for the information, he was already stretched out on the bench. He waved a gnarled hand in acknowledgment, or perhaps in dismissal because by then his face was again covered by the tattered hat. And that's where I left Charlie B.—drowsing among his memories, on the lonesomest street in the world.

Line Camp Outlaw

(Continued from page 44)

With both of us working we had a few spare hours each day, so we'd saddle up when our morning chores were done, and ride out rawhiding for any cow-brute that was gaunt and needed feeding. But mostly we rode that mid-day circle cutting sign for wolves or coyotes. Shorty said he was a stranger to this part of the country and he wanted to get to know it, just in case. So we'd ride up on some long hogback ridge and he'd

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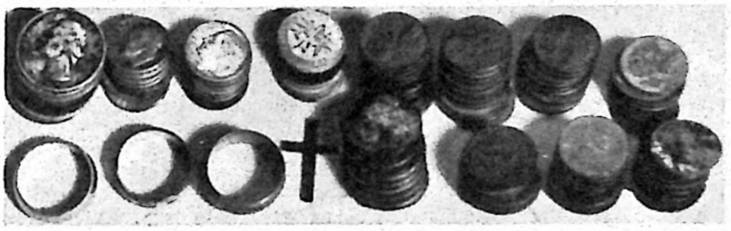

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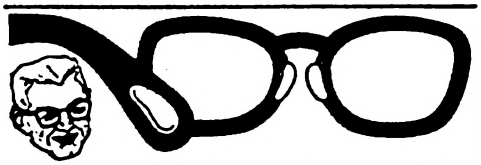

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spend a long time studying the rough country on all sides with his field glasses. Sometimes we'd cross the ice to the south side of the wide Missouri and into the brakes. We often sighted the bunch of Big Horns that ranged in the deep-cut box canyons, and sometimes the field glasses would pick up a mountain lion. One day when we were getting low on meat Shorty knocked off a big six point blacktail buck with my Cavalry Winchester with one shot at 200-yard range, a running shot that proved his markmanship. That and the few big wolves he shot.

But Shorty was leery about too much shooting, because the sound of a rifle shot on a still cold day would send its echoes to hell and gone in all directions. "Too much shootin'," he was wont to remark, "might attract the attention of some bounty hunter. A feller on the dodge has to be careful about such things."

Each day we went out on our midday circle we prowled in a different direction and Shorty cut for sign of any horsebacker, his squinted restless eyes watching the skyline in all directions. He was always a little edgy at camp and was always listening. At night he'd hang a gunnysack over the frost covered windowpane and pull the latchstring in. Little by little, as the days passed, Shorty would drop some hint that he was on the dodge—that there was a reward for him on the walls of post offices throughout the western cow country.

At times when we were bedded down asleep in our bunks, the thick ice would suddenly crack in the frozen river, cannon loud in the silence of the cold night. And Shorty would be reared up in bed, his six-shooter in his hand, or standing in his sock feet and underwear on the dirt floor alongside his bunk, listening to the far-flung echo of the loud exploding sound that had awakened him. He would remain crouched in the dark until he made certain in his mind that it was not a high-powered rifle shot, but just the harmless cracking of river ice. River men like Old Tex Alvord and big Gregory Doney were long since accustomed to the loud cracking ice and paid it no never mind. To them it was just another trick of the Big Muddy.

No matter how tired out Shorty was of a night he was a light sleeper. Any unusual sound outside the cabin and he was wide awake, gun in hand. And after a while I got into the same habit. Shorty's constant wariness, by day and night, was contagious, and I rode with a restless eye on the skyline. I found myself cutting for horse track sign on the snow. Thus I learned secondhand how an outlaw felt when he was on the dodge.

IT MUST have been two or three weeks after Shorty showed up when he said he was going to Rocky Point to pick up his mail at the blind post office at Tex Alvord's saloon. He pulled out at daybreak, traveling by way of the frozen river, packing both his hand guns and saddle gun. He said to look for him when he showed up, that he might stay overnight with Old Tex.

For some years I'd known about that blind post office at Tex Alvord's saloon, where outlaws on the dodge left messages in unstamped envelopes for one another. Or word-of-mouth information with Old Tex who could be trusted with such secrets. This word-of-mouth passing of messages was known as "the rustling of the leaves" along the Outlaw Trail that led from the Thornhill place and Kid Curry's hideaway in the Little Rockies of Montana, south to the Hole in the Wall, Brown's Hole, Robbers' Roost in Utah, to the upper Animas in New Mexico and the Mexican border.

Shorty failed to show up that night and it was getting along toward the short twilight the following evening when I sighted him coming up from the river through the feed lot, headed for the barn. I could tell by the way he sat his saddle that he was drunker'n seven hundred dollars. He had a squat brown jug of whiskey tied by a whang leather string looped to his saddle horn. He was singing in an off key;

One of these days
And it won't be long,
You'll look for me
And I'll be gone!

There was a loose grin on his whiskered face and his puckered pale gray eyes were bloodshot when he reined up at the barn where I was standing. He unhooked the jug and handed it down.

"Have a shot of Old Tex's forty-rod," he said. "Guaranteed to put curly hair on your chest and eat the linin' out of your gizzard."

That evening after supper while we settled back on our bunks smoking Bull Durham cigarettes, Shorty commenced running off at the mouth. It was whiskey talk for the most part and he knew he was talking too much, and I told him so. But he just laughed and shook his head.

"If I figured you'd ever spill your guts," he said, the grin wiped from his face, "about what I'm telling you, I wouldn't be givin' you the time of day. Hell! Me'n you is side pardners, and I know you've been brought up to keep your mouth shut." He uncorked the jug and we took a drink to bind the bargain of secrecy.

"Directly the green grass comes," Shorty said, "me'n my pardner and my pardner's friend is goin' to get us a South America stake." And he started singing again in that hungry tuneless voice;

Me and my pardner
And my pardner's friend
Roped all the horses
In the Horse Shoe Bend!

It ended in a hiccough. Then he started a song about the Johnson Boys;

The Johnson Boys
They built a still
They built it on the side of a hill
The still it ran both night and day
But they couldn't make
The damn still pay!

He tilted the jug and took a couple of swallows and set it on the floor.

"Me and my pardner and my pardner's friend," he explained with drunken gravity, "all belong to the Johnson Boys. I done got word from 'em at the blind post office last night." He closed an eyelid in a sly wink and asked, "You ever hear tell of a tough hombre goes by the name of Wester? A deputy sheriff at Zortman and Landusky in the Little Rockies?"

I had plenty of reasons to know the big deputy sheriff, and all of them bad. But I just nodded my head and kept my mouth shut and let Shorty get it out of his system.

"I got word from Jim Thornhill," Shorty hitched at the slanted cartridge belt and six-shooter. "This deputy is packin' around one of them John Doe bench warrants, makin' inquiries about a feller that fits my description and tellin' how the warrant reads dead or alive, and how he aims to collect the bounty on my dead carcass."

He narrowed his bloodshot eyes and for a time was lost in brooding black silence.

"From what Old Tex tells me this badge polisher built a tough rep by gun whippin' drunk miners. Never tackles a man till he's got the bulge. When the sign comes right I aim to make Wester chaw that bench warrant and swaller it, if I have to shove it down his throat with a gun barrel."

Shorty never raised his toneless voice, and I knew for sure this wasn't any kind of whiskey talk, that he meant what he said. He aimed to carry out his plans at some future date and when he made his move he'd have the bulge.

"I ain't slept," Shorty broke a lengthy silence, "since I left. It's time I caught up on some shuteye."

He unbuckled his cartridge belt and shoved the Colt under his warsack pillow, slid the Luger from the shoulder holster and shoved it under the tarp. He pulled off his boots and Pendleton wool pants, with the buckskin-foxed seat, and crawled into bed. He was sound asleep and snoring when his head hit the pillow, his hand under the pillow close to the six-shooter, the Luger alongside his lean flank and the saddle gun within easy reach under the bunk.

I LAY AWAKE for a while trying to figure things out. Tonight for the first time the renegade Shorty had revealed the other side of the coin, the sinister dangerous side. It contrasted to his easy going, give-a-damn side. Shorty was biting off a big chunk of tough meat when he tackled Wester. The deputy had been traveling on his tough rep for too long. High time somebody cut him down to size and I sure wished Shorty all the luck in the world, and for good reason.

A year or so before in a saloon ruckus in Zortman the deputy had come up from behind and bent the barrel of his six-shooter across my older half-brother Will's skull, knocking him senseless. Only for Jake Myers, the Circle C foreman, who had just come in, the drunk deputy might have beaten Will to death.

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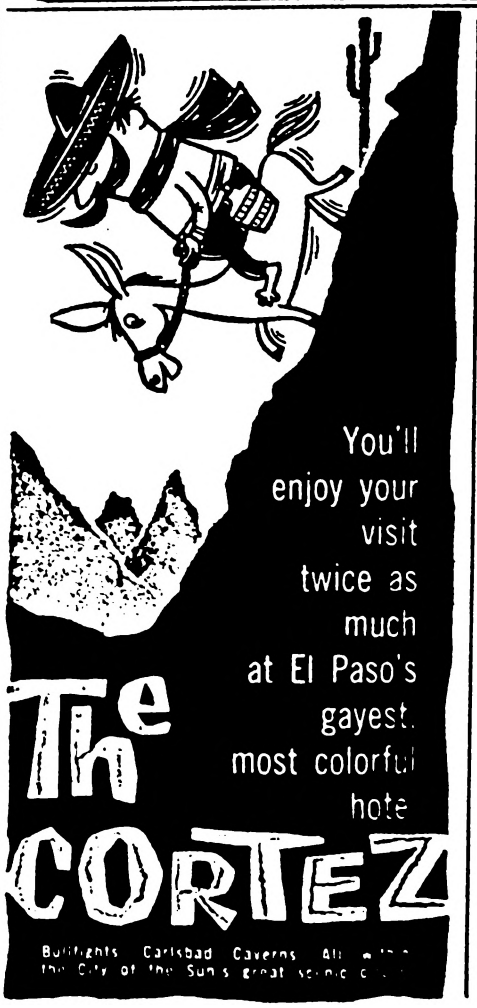

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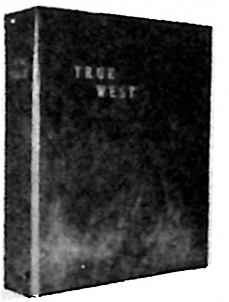

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While Will was under a doctor's care with a fractured skull my brother Wallace sent word from the ranch to Wester that he was coming in to Zortman to kill him on sight, that if he'd wear his tin star on the left side of his shirt it would make a sure target. And Wallace Coburn at that time was the champion rifle, shotgun and pistol shot in Montana. But Wester, who had a yellow streak a foot wide down his back, was long gone and holed up somewhere by the time Wallace reached town. From then on out Wester was duly warned never to set foot on the Circle C range. I knew that Shorty was fully aware of all the circumstances because Jim Thornhill had wised him up regarding the lay of the land, and Old Tex had added his six-bits worth.

The following day me'n Shorty had us a little medicine talk, and he said he aimed to stay with me until the warm Chinook wind cut the winter snowdrifts. After that he had his own personal business as one of the Johnson Boys to tend to. He was referring to the South America stake he and his pardner and his pardner's friend had in mind.

The long awaited Chinook came sometime during the night a few weeks later. For a cowpuncher who has ever wintered in some remote snowbound line camp, the night sound of a warm Chinook is the sweetest and most beautiful music on earth. Even in the dead of night the warm wind has a different sound, unlike the snow-driven Montana blizzard from the glacier banks of the Canadian Rockies with its icy breath of death. Wind blasted dry snow that seared the flesh of man and hairy beast. Snow as dry and brittle and deadly as ground glass, searing the eyeballs of man and beast, shriveling nostrils, throat and lungs from within while its icy blast froze hide and flesh and bone marrow from without. The stark raw howl of the northern blizzard carried its summons of death within its sound, while the soft warm Chinook wind held its true message of relief after long snowbound months of captivity. Its warm breath gave promise of green grass and tree buds and bird song. Summer blue skies. Nature's mating season for beast, fowl and flower.

I came awake in the night not fully aware of what unusual sound had roused me from deep sleep. Then I was aware of the steady wind and the unaccustomed warmth inside the cabin. Then the dripping sound of melting snow from the sod roof. I shoved back the bed tarp and propped myself up on an elbow.

Across the cabin there in the darkness I saw the firefly glow of Shorty's cigarette as he sat up in bed, and I knew without being told that my renegade camp pardner had been awake for a long time and that he was absorbed in his own thoughts.

"This is it," Shorty's quiet voice finally came through the darkness. "A long time a-comin', but she finally got here."

After the morning chores were done I helped Shorty throw the diamond hitch that tied his roundup bed on his pack horse. He was saddled up and ready to pull out and there came that awkward moment of parting. Both of us were aware it was for the last time, that we'd never see each other again, and each of us dreading any sort of sentimental words. I was relieved when Shorty swung up in the saddle and picked up the lead rope of his hackamored bed horse.

"So long, Walt," he grinned as he rode off. "Take care of yourself."

"So long, Shorty," I called back. "Good luck on your South America stake!"

I stood there by the cabin and watched him out of sight. I thought of the bond of pardnership that had grown between us during those few weeks. Not exactly a true friendship that a man holds treasured, for I knew no more of Shorty's past or anything pertaining to his youth or heritage than I did the day he rode up to the line camp. Because from the very start the renegade had put up an invisible barrier like chain armor that concealed and protected his real self. He made it plain day by day and every night as we sat and smoked that we were pardners in a winter line camp, that and no more. Hell, I didn't even know his name. Only Shorty.

IN A certain way I felt a big relief as I watched him ride away for good. For too many days and long nights I had been sharing his outlaw life with all its uneasy tensions, knowing that if a range detective or other type of law man, including the tough deputy sheriff, was to show up, alone or with an armed posse, if there was a shooting scrape I'd be forced to take an active part in the violence. In short, I'd been forced by circumstances into sharing the hunted life of an outlaw on the dodge. And I'd gotten a bellyful.

No more gunnysack covered windows. The whang leather latchstring could be hung on the outside from now on. That day I plugged the gun port holes Shorty had made in the chinking on all four sides of the cabin. I could sleep peaceful at night without coming awake with a six-shooter in my hand, to see the dark blot of Shorty prowling around with a Winchester, peering out through the holes into the night. I'd no longer ride that mid-day circle cutting for sign of prowling horsebackers.

The Chinook blew for about a week, night and day, melting the winter's snowdrifts, baring the long bald ridges in the badlands and along the slopes. The thick river ice breaking up stood on end and every which way to form huge ice-jammed islands in the wide Missouri, cracking like cannon in the night. Then came the spring floods, and the deer, bobcats, coyotes, jackrabbits, wolves, skunks and other animals, warned by the rising water, left for high ground and went into the brakes.

Old Tex Alvord's log cabin saloon was flooded. He'd gotten a couple of Gregory Doney's big stalwart sons to help him move his belongings onto high ground to an empty cabin. He'd managed to salvage a half barrel of whiskey and that was all that mattered to him.

A couple or three weeks later Old Tex helped me move the cattle I'd been feeding from the Rock Creek line camp, trailing the small herd along the hog-

back ridges through the brakes to the old Jim Winters-Abe Gill place, turning them loose in the pasture.

I was glad enough to leave the line camp and get back to the home ranch. A month or two later I had the chance to ride over to Jim Thornhill's place, and in strict confidence he fetched me up to date on the latest.

Jim Thornhill, called Jimmer by his three sons and close friends, had his own inimitable roundabout manner of telling any story pertaining to the shady side of the law. No mention of names, with purposely vague details, was Jimmer's way of telling certain things to certain persons, and it was up to the listener to fill in the gaps in the oblique innuendoes with the hidden meanings, like reading between the lines of a letter.

Shorty had fulfilled his threat to make Wester literally eat the bench warrant. He had gotten the drop on the deputy in a saloon at Landusky, made him empty his pockets on a poker table and under threat of Shorty's gun had reluctantly torn the bench warrant into small pieces, shoved the pieces into his mouth, chewed them and swallowed, a mouthful at a time. Shorty had called the lawman every foul fighting name he could lay tongue to, said that he had absolute proof that Wester had been mixed up with a horsethief gang and that the written proof would be in the hands of the sheriff within a week. By tomorrow night the big would-be tough deputy of the Little Rockies would be the laughing stock of the cow country. Shorty had ripped off the tin star from his vest and thrown it into the brass spitoon and tossed Wester's gun out through the swinging half-doors into the muddy street. Jimmer said that as far as he knew the deputy had quit the country for good.

THE FOLLOWING WEEK three whiskered horsebackers, armed with six-shooters and saddle guns, rode along the stage road to the cowtown of Harlem, located on the Great Northern Railway and across the bridge that spanned Milk River.

The stage road passed through the honyaker homestead settlement on the outskirts of Harlem, down a long barbwire-fenced lane. As the bearded riders were passing through the lane, a kid in his early teens overtook them, riding a collar-marked work horse. The three riders let the kid ride along with them for a short distance.

The armed horsebackers were Shorty and his pardner and his pardner's friend, the Johnson Boys, on their way to try for their South America stake by holding up the county bank when the doors opened for business. The presence of the farmer kid posed a question. They could set him afoot, tie him up, gag him and leave him in the wheat field, but there was the chance of being sighted from one of the tarpaper homesteader shacks. So, feeling the farmer kid could do them no harm, they let him go on ahead to town.

It turned out later that the farmer kid's suspicions were aroused by the heavily armed bearded men and he took his suspicions to the sheriff's office.

The bank robbers had timed their arrival at 10 o'clock by Shorty's new Ingersoll dollar watch. On the side street where the bank was located, they reined up. While one rider stayed outside to hold the bridle reins of the two horses, Shorty and his pardner walked into the bank, and once inside pulled their guns and announced that this was a holdup and they meant business. But nobody would get hurt if they kept quiet, kept their hands in the air and obeyed orders.

They produced folded canvas bean sacks from under their shirts. Shorty, a sack in one hand and the hair-trigger, single action Colt six-shooter in his gun hand, walked in behind the cashier's cage. Holding the empty sack in his left hand he needed his gun hand to rake in the stacks of folding money and silver and gold coins. In his nervous state he must have gotten careless and instead of gently laying the Colt down on the marble counter, in his haste he put it down with a sufficient jar to release the hair trigger. The explosion of the .45 caliber cartridge was cannon loud inside the bank's empty silence. The recoil of the explosion kicked the Colt spinning through the air. Before the startled Shorty could get the Luger from its armpit holster, the hidden sheriff and his hastily organized deputies opened fire from their places of concealment. Shorty and his pardner were shot dead in their tracks.

Members of the posse who were stationed in concealment on the street opened fire on the third bank robber holding the two saddled horses. The horses, spooked by gunfire, broke away and the outlaw spurred his horse to make it a running fight. Though severely wounded he made a fast getaway but was captured later in another town.

As Jim Thornhill summed up the whole deal, it all went to show the difference between three green hands and old hands like the Hole in the Wall Gang and the Wild Bunch.

The three bank robbers had everything planned out. How they'd split up after the loot was divided. The timing was right for when the bank opened its doors, their relay of getaway horses was all set and waiting. It was the farmer kid who threw the monkey wrench into the works. No old hands would ever have made the mistake of sending the kid ahead to town. Regardless of the risk of being sighted they would have left the kid hogtied and gagged in the grain field and taken their chances, or called it off and laid low until the sign was right.

Another fool mistake was that hair trigger six-shooter Shorty packed. No man in his right senses would ever file a gun trigger down to a gnat's eyebrow. A hair-trigger gun was dangerous.

Shorty and his two pardners were rank beginners as far as Jim Thornhill knew. Too loose and careless, too rattlebrained. If they'd been old hands, they would have smelled out the danger of a gun trap and called it off. They lacked that certain instinct of old hands at robbing banks and holding up trains. It

(Continued on page 72)

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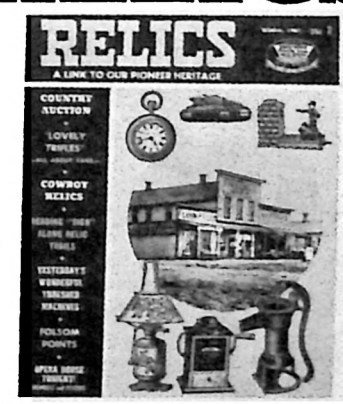

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(Continued from page 69)

required quick thinking and a cool head. Ears cocked, eyes wide open, a nose like a wolf to smell danger, and sound horse sense to figure things out in a tight.

Whenever an outlaw tried for a South America stake he was gambling all he had to lose, including his life, on one throw of the dice. Shorty and his pardner and his pardner's friend had taken that dangerous chance and had lost.

The only thing for me to do, Jimmer offered me sage advice, was to forget it. Ask no questions of anybody. Keep my mouth shut. I'd never met or heard of any man that answered the description of the outlaw who called himself Shorty. Old Tex Alvord was the only man along the Missouri who knew Shorty had holed up with me for a few weeks at the Rock Creek line camp and Tex never talked. Jake Myers, the Circle C ranch foreman, gave me the same advice. Forget the whole thing, because it had never happened.

I took that advice, and now after a long silence of more than half a century, I have put it down in writing for the first time.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 47)

Logan Lorance or Lawrence, and they are listed in the Monroe County, Mississippi 1850 census. Polly Johnston married App Nation. The 1860 census of Smith County, Texas records Lewis S. Johnston from Mississippi. Other children listed were Lewis, age 21, Zelida, age 14, Eliza, age 11 and Robert, age 8. Does anyone know anything about these other children of Lewis S. Johnston? And could anyone around Troup, Texas tell me if they know where the graves of Lewis and Zelida are? I certainly would appreciate any information.—Mrs. Frankie Garrison Followwill, 125 S.E. 57th St., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73129.

Blunt-Hardin

There was a James Blunt who fought in the Texas Revolution and a now large city was started on part of his land. The city is either Austin or Waco. James Blunt was born about 1795.

I am also seeking any information concerning the wife of Jeff Hardin (brother to John Wesley Hardin). Jeff was killed in Clairmont, Texas in 1900. His wife was named May Blunt. If anyone has any information on the name Blunt in Texas I would sure appreciate hearing from you.—Cliff Blunt, 2804 Warwick Drive, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73116.

George William Bonnell

I would appreciate information regarding the Onondaga County, New York State, family of George William Bonnell, who was born about 1800 and later migrated to Alabama, then to Mississippi, and finally, in 1836, to Texas to aid in the war for independence of Mexico.

He owned and/or edited newspapers in Selma and Mobile, Alabama; Columbus, Mississippi; and Houston and Austin, Texas. In Austin, he edited that city's second newspaper, the *Texas Sentinel*, for eleven months in 1840. He helped found and was a charter member of several of Texas' first literary, philanthropic, and military societies; was a friend and confidant of Sam Houston, Mirabeau Lamar, and many other Republic of Texas personalities; was a businessman, Commissioner of Indian Affairs under President Houston, a soldier and Indian fighter, and author of a little book, *Topographical Description of Texas. To Which Is Added an Account of the Indian Tribes.* He joined and marched with the Santa Fe Expedition, the Somervell Expedition, and the Mier Expedition; as a member of the camp guard at Mier, he was killed by Mexicans on the Texas side of the Rio Grande on December 28, 1842. Mount Bonnell in west Austin bears his name.

I am interested also in corresponding with any surviving members of the original Bonnell family of New York. Apparently, no family accompanied George W. on his travels, and he himself never married.—John Wallace, 8900 Little Walnut Parkway, Austin, Texas 78758.

Pratt

I would greatly appreciate any descendants of the Pratt family contacting me. The Pratts came from Colorado and were one of the first settlers in Idaho, then later moved to California. My great-grandmother, Mary Isibell (Mollie) Pratt, lived in Rupert, Idaho until she died. She married (1) John Stacey (2) Jim Ross (3) Henry Becker. The third probably outlived her only because she died as a result of a fractured skull after falling off a horse at the age of 84.

I'm especially interested in contacting Grace Roffey Pratt. I'm sure she is a relative. I have a few pictures and Grandma's gold ring. A book was written about the Pratt family. Does anyone know the name of it? Half of it, as Great-grandma told me, "just ain't the truth," but I'd like to read through it. —Mrs. T. G. Smith, 3444 Glade Street, San Diego, California 92115.

Valentine-Wilcox

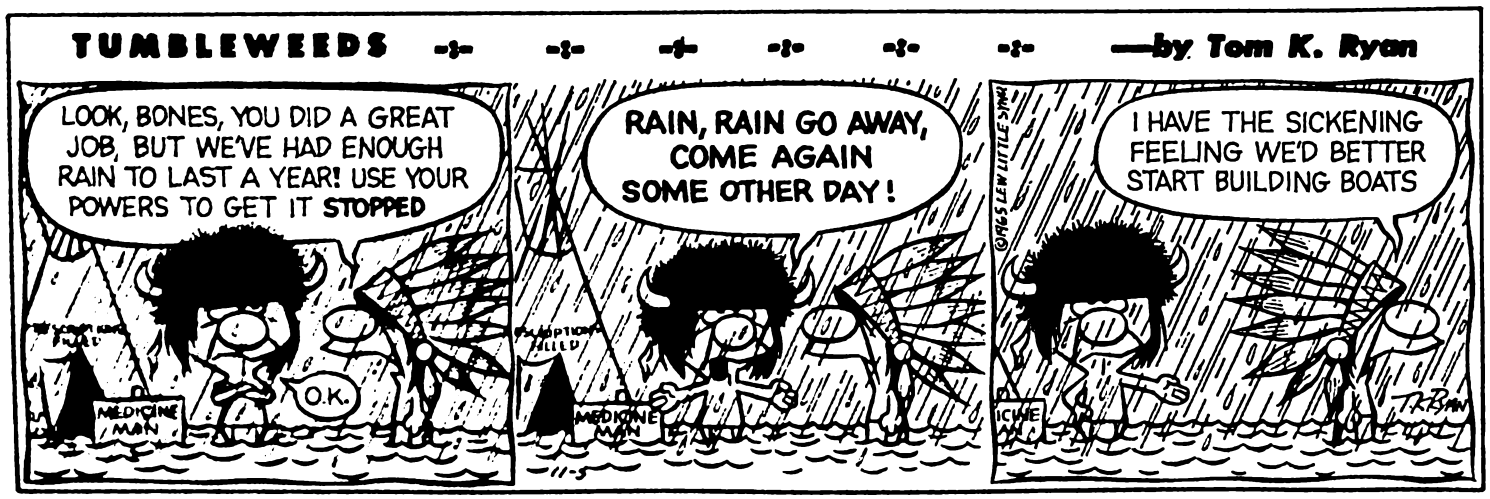
I would like to have information on three children of Earnest Valentine and Josephine (Putman) Wilcox. They were taken from Quanah, Texas to Ft. Worth in 1915. There were two girls, Jewel and Irene, and one boy, Charles. They were adopted. If anyone can give me any information please write.—Mrs. Louise (Wilcox) Harrell, Route 1, Waelder, Texas 78954.

Mitcheal Schaffer (Schafer)

I'm seeking information about my great-great-grandfather Mitcheal Schaffer. He was born August 8, 1835 in Strasbourg, France. When he was twenty years old he was drafted into the French Army, and fought in three wars —the war of 1855 between Russia, France and England; the French-Prussian War of 1870; and in Mexico during the days of Maximilian. After the end of the Civil War in the United States, he came to America as a plain citizen. He was married to Kathreen Huss, September 29, 1873. They were parents of six daughters. They lived in Pueblo, Colorado for more than thirty years. He farmed and worked in the mines all his life. If anyone knows of anything about him, please write to me and let me know. —Mrs. Nora Hunter, 1401 W. 7800 South, West Jordan, Utah.

Chambers

Does anyone know anything about Dobie Chambers, buried near Fort Bowie, New Mexico?—Carroll Hardy, Route 1, Paw Paw, Michigan 49079.



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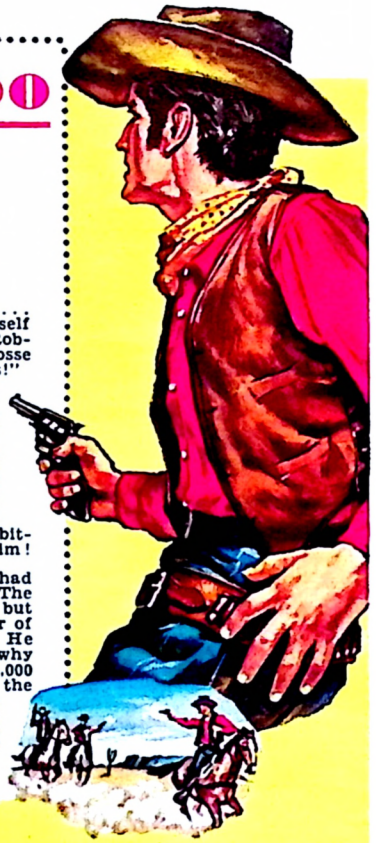

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